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HARE AND TORTOISE

A Novel in Six Instalments — I

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KEBLE EVELEY'S voice, rising and falling in graceful patterns, had lulled his wife's mind into a tranquil remoteness. She had got more from the sinuosity of the sentences he was reading than from the thesis they upheld. Walter Pater had so little to tell her that she needed to know. This vaguely chagrined her, for Keble thought highly of Pater; Pater and he had something in common, something impeccable and elusive, something —

She checked her musings in alarm at the menacing word "affected."

Was it affectation on Keble's part? Or was there perhaps a winnowed level of civilization thousands of miles east of these uncouth hills and beyond the sea where precious phrases like Pater's and correct manners like Keble's were matter of course? In any such *milieu* what sort of figure could *she* hope to cut?

No doubt a pitiful one. And her thoughts drifted wistfully but resignedly down the stream of consciousness.

It was not the first time she had failed to keep stroke with Keble in the literary excursions he conducted on cool evenings before a log fire that had been burning since their marriage in the autumn, six months before. Only a few evenings past he had read a poem by Robert Browning, who was to Louise merely a name that had fallen from the lips of her English teacher at Normal School. She had felt herself rather pleasantly scratched

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and pommeled by the lines as Keble had read them, but they had failed to make continuous sense. And next morning, when she had gone to the book-shelves to read and ponder in private, she hadn't even been able to identify the incoherent poem among the host of others in the red volume.

Once, too, when he had been playing the piano she had been humiliatingly inept. For an hour she had been happy to lie back and listen to harmonies which, though they had signified no more to her than a monologue in a foreign tongue, had moved her to the verge of tears. Then he had played something he called a prelude, a pallidly gay composition utterly unlike many others called preludes, and on finishing it had turned to ascertain its effect upon her. She hadn't been listening carefully, for it had set an old tune running in her head. "It's pretty, dear," she had commented. "It reminds me of something Nana used to hum."

Her remark was inspired, for the suave prelude in question was no more than a modern elaboration of a folk-theme that was a common heritage of the composer and Nana. But the association between a French-Canadian servant-girl and the winner of a recent *prix de Rome* had been too remote even for her musically discerning young husband, who had got up from the piano with a hint of forbearance in his manner. That had cut her to the quick, for it had implied maladdress on her part, and gradually, through an intuitive process that hurt, she had gained an inkling of the incongruity of her comparison. She had wished to state the incongruity and turn it off with a touch of satire aimed at her headlong self, but chagrin had held her mute. It was one of those occasions where an attempted explanation would only underline the regrettable fact that an explanation had been needed. Her ideas, she felt, would always be ill-assorted; her comments, however good *per se*, irrelevant. Her mind was a basket tumbling over with wild flowers; it must be annoying for Keble to find pollen on his nose from a dandelion in the basket after he had leaned forward at the invitation of a violet.

Rising from her couch she crossed the room on tiptoe and sat on the arm of Keble's chair, leaning her head on his back as he continued to read.

"After that sharp, brief winter, the sun was already at work,

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softening leaf and bud, as you might feel by a faint sweetness in the air," read Keble.

The faint sweet airs of a Western Canadian spring, — the first after a sharp *long* winter, — were at the black open window, stirring the curtains, cooling her cheek; and Keble was with Marius the Epicurean in Rome, seven thousand miles and many centuries away.

". . . Marius climbed the long flights of steps to be introduced to the emperor Aurelius. Attired in the newest mode, his legs wound in dainty *fasciae* of white leather, with the heavy. . . ."

Louise placed her hands across the page and leaned forward over Keble's shoulder to kiss the cheek half-turned in polite interrogation. "Are *fasciae* puttees, darling?" she inquired. Not that she really cared. Indeed she was dismayed when he began to explain, and yawned. Penitently she sank to an attitude of attention upon a stool at his feet. Keble got up for his pipe, placing the book on a large rough table beside neat piles of books and reviews.

Louise remained on her footstool looking after him; then, as he turned to come back, transferred her gaze to her hands, got up, biting her lip, and crossed the room for her needlework.

Keble's influence during the last year had been chastening. Her own ideas were vivid, but impetuous; they often scampered to the edge of abysses — and plunged in. At times she abruptly stopped, lost in wonderment at her husband's easy, measured stride. Keble, like Marius, mounted flights of thought in dainty *fasciae*, — never in plain puttees, — and always step by step. She dashed up, pell-mell, and sometimes beat him; but often fell sprawling at the emperor's feet. Whereupon Keble would help her up, brush her, and pet her a little, only to resume the gait that she admired but despaired of acquiring. Beyond her despair there was an ache, for she had come to believe that, as Lord Chesterfield put it, "Those lesser talents, of an engaging, insinuating manner, or easy good breeding, a gentle behavior and address, are of infinitely more advantage than they are generally thought to be." Even in Alberta.

She herself had written pages and pages of prose, and had filled an old copy-book with incoherent little poems of which Keble knew nothing. They sang of winds sweeping through canyons and across sage plains, of snowy forests and frozen rivers; they

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uttered vague lament, unrest, exultation. Through them surged yearnings and confessions that abashed her. She kept them as mementoes of youthful rebellion, shut them up in a corner of the old box that had conveyed her meagre marriage equipment hither from her father's tiny house in the Valley, and then watched Keble's eyes and lips, listened to his spun-silver sentences in the hope of acquiring clues to — she scarcely knew what.

Keble had come to the second lighting of a thoughtful pipe before the silence was broken. He looked for some moments in her direction before saying, "What sort of tea-cozy thing are you making now, dear?"

Tea-cozy thing! It was a bureau scarf, — a beautiful, beautiful one! For the birthday of Aunt Denise Mornay-Mareuil in Quebec. And Louise sacreligiously crossed herself.

"So beautiful," he agreed, "that Aunt Denise will take it straight to her chapel and lay it across the altar where she says her prayers. You know your father's theory that despite oneself one plays into the hands of the priests. How are you going to get around that, little heretic?"

"By writing to Aunt Denise that it's for her bureau! *My* conscience will be clear. Besides, I'm making it to give her pleasure, and if it pleases her to put it on the altar where she prays for that old scamp, then why not? She loved him, and that's enough for her, — the poor dear cross old funny!"

"Would an atheist altar cloth intercept Aunt Denise's Roman prayers? Perhaps turn them into curses?"

Louise ignored this and bit off a piece of silk. "Besides, I'm not such a *limited* heretic as Papa. I'm a comprehensive heretic."

"What kind of thing is that, for goodness' sake?"

"It's a kind of thing that pays more attention to people's gists than to whether they cross their *i's* and dot their *t's*. It's a kind of thing that's going out to the pantry and get you something to eat before bed time, even though it knows it's bad for you."

2

From a recalcitrant little garden in front of the log house, Louise could follow the figure of her husband on a buckskin colored pony which matched his blond hair. He was skirting the

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edge of the lake toward the trail that led up through pines and aspens to the ridge where their "Castle" would ultimately be built. Keble had still three months of his novitiate as rancher to fulfil before his father's conservative doubts would be appeased and the money forthcoming from London for the project of transforming the mountain, lake, and plains into something worthy the name of "estate": a comfortable house, a farm, a stock range, and a game preserve. He was boyishly in earnest about it all.

When Keble had disappeared into the trail, Louise's eyes came back along the pebbly strip of shore, past the green slope that led through thinning groups of tall cottonwood trees to the superintendent's cabin and the barns, resting finally upon the legend over her front door: *Sans Souci*. She remembered how gaily she had painted the board and tacked it up. Had the blows of her hammer been challenges to Fate?

She sighed and bent over the young flower beds. At an altitude of five thousand feet everything grew so unwillingly; yet everything that survived seemed so nervously vital! She dreaded Keble's grandiose projects; or rather, the nonchalance with which he could conceive them intimidated her. There was something jolly about things as they had been: the cottage and the horses and dogs, the two servants, the rattling car, and the canoe. She thought, indulgently, of the awe in which she had originally held even this degree of luxury.

Her ditch was now fairly free of pebbles, and she placed the dahlia bulbs in line. As she worked, the thin mountain sunshine crept up on her, warming, fusing, gilding her thoughts. Spring could do so much to set one's little world aright. In the winter when the mountains were white and purple and the emerald water had frozen black, when supplies from the Valley were held up for days at a time, one was not so susceptible to the notion of a universal benevolence as one could be on a morning like this, with its turquoise sky, its fluffy clouds that seemed to grow on the tops of the fir trees like cotton, and its rich silence, only intensified by the scream of a conceited crane flying from the distant river to the rock in the lake where he made a daily "grub-call" at the expense of Keble's trout.

There was one other alien sound: the noise of a motor, a bat-

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tered car from the Valley that brought mail on Tuesdays and Fridays. But this was Monday. The driver was talking to one of the hands; and a young stranger, quite obviously a "dude" and English, was looking about the place with a sort of eager, friendly curiosity. Then Mr. Brown appeared, and after a short consultation took the stranger in the direction of a road that led around by another route to the ridge.

An hour later, from her bedroom window she saw Keble approaching the cottage, his arm about the shoulders of the visitor. They might have been two boys dawdling home from school: boys with a dozen trifles which they had saved up for each other, to exchange with intimate lunges and gesticulations. She had never seen Keble thus demonstrative. Indeed, she had never seen him before in the company of a friend. She ran downstairs two steps at a time.

"Oh, Louise, here's Windrom out of a blue sky, — you know: Walter Windrom who was at Marlborough with me."

Keble had become suddenly casual again and shut off some current within him in the manner that always baffled her. She knew Walter Windrom from Keble's tales of school life in England, and she had a quite special corner in her heart for the shy young man who had been his friend. She envied him for having been so close to Keble at a time when she was ignorant of his very existence. Walter could remember how Keble had looked and talked and worn his caps at that age, whereas she could only imagine. She remembered that Keble had marched off to war instead of going up to Oxford with his chum, as they had planned, and that Windrom had recently been given a diplomatic post in Washington. The image of Keble in a Lieutenant's uniform awakened another memory: Keble had once told her that he and Windrom had played at warfare with their history master, and with her usual impetuosity she got part of this picture into her first remark to the new man: "You used to play tin soldiers together!"

"And Keble always won the battles, even if he had to violate the Hague conventions to do it!" Walter's tone was indulgent.

"Oh!" exclaimed Louise. "But he would break them so morally! Even the Hague would be fooled."

"The history of England in a nutshell," agreed Walter. "We

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played battles like Waterloo, and I had to be Napoleon to his Wellington."

"But you didn't mind really, old man, you know you didn't."

"Not a bit! The foundation on which true friendship rests is that one of the parties enjoys to beat, and the other rather enjoys being beaten."

"Walter has turned philosopher and poet and says clever things that you needn't believe at all."

"Oh, but I do believe him," said Louise quickly, alarmed at the extent to which she *did*. To cover it she held out her hands with an exuberant cordiality and drew them into the house.

The luncheon table was drawn near windows framed by yellow curtains which Louise had herself hemmed. Through them, beyond the young green plants in the window-boxes, beyond the broken trees that Keble called the Castor and Pollux group, from their resemblance to the pillars in the Roman Forum, the two mountains that bounded the end of the lake could be seen coming together in an enormous jagged V, one overlapping the other in a thickly wooded canyon.

"And to think that all this marvel belongs to you, to do with as you see fit!" exclaimed Windrom. "It's as though God had let you put the finishing touches on a monument He left in the rough."

"We're full of godlike projects," said Keble. "This afternoon I'll find a mount for you and take you over the place."

"Let it be a gentle one," Windrom pleaded. "Horses scare me, — to say nothing of making me sore."

"Sundown won't," Louise quickly reassured him, then turned to her husband. "Let him ride Sundown, Keble . . . He's mine," she explained. "The only thing left in the rough by God that I've had the honor of improving, apart from myself! Like lightning if you're in a hurry, but wonderfully sympathetic. I'll give you some lumps of sugar. For sugar he'll do anything. He's the only horse in Alberta that knows the taste of it. But don't let Keble see you pamper him, for he's getting to be very Canadian and very Western and calls it dudish and demoralizing and scolds you for it."

She paused, a little abashed by the length to which her harmless desire to help along the talk had taken her, and smiled half

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apologetically, half trustfully as her husband resumed inquiries about the incredible number of unheard of people they knew in common: people who thought nothing of wandering from London to Cairo, from New York to Pekin: rich, charming, clever, initiated people, — people who would always know what to do and say, she was sure of it.

3

If it was the natural fate of a tenderfoot that Sundown should have been lame from a rope-burn that afternoon and that his understudy should be a horse that had not been ridden since the previous summer, it was carelessness on the part of Keble Eveley that allowed the visitor to climb the perpendicular trail to the ridge in a loosely cinched saddle. In any case, when Windrom, in trying to avoid scraping a left kneecap on one pine tree, caught his right stirrup in the half fallen dead branch of another, the horse, reflecting the nervousness of his rider, began to rear in a manner that endangered his foothold on the steep slope, and almost before Keble knew that something was amiss behind him, a sudden forward motion of the horse, accompanied by a slipping motion of the saddle, threw his friend against a vicious rock which marked a bend in the trail.

Keble turned and dismounted anxiously when Windrom failed to rise. The body lay against the rock, the left arm doubled under it. Keble lifted his victim upon his own horse and after great difficulty brought him to the cottage, where an astonishingly calm Louise vetoed most of his suggestions, installed the patient as comfortably as possible in bed, and commanded her husband to get in communication with the Valley.

Despite the halting telephonic system, the twenty miles of bad road, and the prevalence of spring ailments throughout the Valley requiring the virtual ubiquitousness of the little French doctor, it was not many hours before he arrived to relieve their flagging spirits. For his son-in-law's naïve wonderment at Louise's efficiency, Dr. Bruneau had only an indulgent smile. "But why shouldn't she know what to do?" he exclaimed. "Is her father not a doctor, and was her mother not a nurse?"

When the broken ribs had been set, Louise remained in the sick-room, and the two men were smoking before the fire down-

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stairs. The situation had put the doctor in a reminiscential humor. His daughter grown up and married, in the rôle of nurse, set in train memories of the epidemic that had swept through the Valley when Louise was nine years old. Her mother had insisted on helping, had gone out night and day nursing and administering.

"And I was so busy tending the others that she went almost before I knew she was ill. . . . Until that day, Death had been only my professional enemy. . . . It was an excellent woman, very *pratique*. Louise is *pratique*, too, but *au fond* romantic. That she holds from me. I'm not *pratique*. I don't collect my bills. But out here, at least, the priests don't get what I should have, as they did in Quebec. Down there they take from the poor people whatever there is, and nothing is left to pay the bills of a heretic *médecin*. The priests thought that was fair, since the *médecin* gave them nothing for their embroideries and their holy smells!

"Here at least one is not molested, — if one were permitted to enjoy one's freedom! All my life I have wanted to sit by my fire and read, one after the other, every book discouraged by Rome. . . . But always when I get out my pipe and take down Renan or Voltaire there is a call: little Johnny has a fit, come quick; *Madame Chose* is having a baby, — *Cré Mâtin: Madame* who has had already twelve! If the baby lives they thank God; if he dies they blame me. And that's life. . . .

"All one can do in this low world, my son, is work, without asking why. We are like clocks that Nature has wound up to keep time for her, and it's enough that Nature knows what we are registering. The people who are always trying to read the hour on their own dials keep damn poor time. Witness my excellent sister. Denise burns expensive candles for her *drôle* of a husband, that *rusé* Mareuil who marched his socialists up the hill to give him a fine showing, then, unlike the King of France, stayed on the hill and let them march down by themselves when they had served his ambition, and got himself assassinated for his treachery. And his devout widow, after fumbling her beads in the parlor, goes into the pantry to count the gingersnaps for fear the hired girl has taken some home to her family. Denise is too spiritual to be a good human clock, and too full of wheels to be of any use to eternity. It's a funny world, *va!*"

When Dr. Bruneau had gone, Keble reflected that it was indeed

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a funny world. Not the least ludicrous feature of it being that he, the product of many generations of almost automatic gentility, should have happened to make himself the son-in-law of a garrulous, fantastic, kind-hearted, plebeianly shrewd, Bohemian country physician, who, more like his sister than he knew, was too spiritual to be successful in his profession, and too close to the earth to be a valid sage, — a man of the people, of the soil from which Louise had come forth as the fine flower.

He recalled with a faint smile the pretexts he used to devise for dropping into the doctor's little house on his long ski-journeys to the Valley: a fancied ailment, the desire to borrow a book or offer a gift of whisky from a recently-arrived supply. He recalled his reluctant leave-takings and the very black, mocking eyes, tantalizing lips, and jaunty curls of the girl who accompanied him to the door. He recalled the shock to his sense of fitness on realizing during the spring the significance of his visits; his abrupt pilgrimage to the family fold in England to repair his perspective; the desolating sense of absence; the sudden cablegram; and her proud, challenging reply. It had been brought to him just before dinner, and he could yet feel the thrill that had passed through him as he entered the dining room formulating his revolutionary announcement.

He recalled with a little twinge the scared expression that had come over his mother's face, the hurt and supercilious protest voiced by his sister, the strained congratulations offered by Girlie Windrom, Walter's sister, who had been visiting them, and the ominous silence from the paternal end of the table. A few days later his father had seen him off to Southampton, with the final comment: "Till the soil by all means, my boy. I can understand a farmer. We've all farmed. But we've never gone so far afield for our wives."

Then, with a more sympathetic impulse his father had said, "Your mother and I had rather set our hearts on Girlie Windrom for you. One of these days you will have to assume responsibilities as head of the family, whether it bores you or not, and it is not wholly reassuring to know that our name will be handed on to nephews of a French Canadian traitor." Keble had reflected that Louise could scarcely be held to account for her aunt's marriage to a man who had brilliantly satirized some of his father's most

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pompous Imperialistic speeches, but he had seen that nothing would be gained by pointing this out.

He could almost wish he had had a brother who might have satisfied the family by marrying Girlie, understudying his father in the ranks of the diehards, and going through all the other motions appropriate to the heir of a statesman, a landlord, and a viscount.

4

Walter was at first embarrassed by having his chum's wife assume all the duties of a nurse, but gradually under her deft régime the two men, and later Mrs. Windrom, who had set out from Washington on receiving news of the accident, took Louise's ministrations as matter of course. Louise saved her pride by announcing that she was a born Martha, but privately resolved that, for the future, her Mary personality should not so easily be caught napping.

Except for strangers who at rare intervals had strayed thither on hunting trips, Mrs. Windrom was the first woman of Keble's world who had entered their house. After her first maternal anxiety had been allayed and she had been assured that Dr. Bruneau had not mis-set her son's bones, Mrs. Windrom made a point of being pleasant to the young woman who was filling the place she had always expected her own daughter to occupy. Unfortunately, Louise *felt* that Mrs. Windrom made a point of it. Being a woman of restricted imagination, Mrs. Windrom was at a loss for ways and means to be friendly with a girl who had scarcely heard of the routines and the people comprising her stock-in-trade. There was not much to say beyond "good-mornings" and "my dears", and the very lack of an extensive common ground made it necessary for Mrs. Windrom to fill the gap with superfluous politenesses. She never failed to commend Louise's tea and cakes, her pretty linen patterns, and her bouquets of wild flowers, but for the quick intuition, the embarrassed private cogitation, and the tortuous readjustments of manner by means of which Louise achieved absence of friction, Mrs. Windrom had necessarily only a limited appreciation.

Once or twice Louise, whose patience was particularly tried by Mrs. Windrom's incomprehensible habit of remaining in her

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bedroom until eleven, experienced a sensation of deep, angry rebellion, for which she ended by chiding herself and went on grimly fulfilling her self-appointed tasks sustained by an undercurrent of pride that would not have been lost on Keble had he not been caught back into the past for the moment, to rebreathe the faded but sweet odors of the hawthorne hedges and the red-leather clubs he had abandoned nearly three years ago.

Walter, towards the end of his recovery, more than once sensed the loneliness of Louise's position. Being conscientious as well as shy, he was at some pains to conjure up discreet words in which to couch his feeling. Meanwhile his glances and gentle acknowledgments gave her the stimulus she needed to carry her through.

On the day set for their departure, Walter made a meticulous avowal of gratitude which reached a chord in her nature that had never been made to vibrate. "Sometimes, at least once in the course of a woman's married life," he said, "I imagine there is some service, perhaps trifling, perhaps important, that only a man other than her husband can render. If such an occasion ever arises for you, I shall be there, eager to perform it. I think I can be impersonal and friendly at the same time. It's my only real talent. Moreover, I'm older than Keble, in imagination if not in years, and am more acutely conscious of certain shades of things that concern him than he can be."

The unspoken corollary was that Walter was also more acutely conscious than Keble of certain shades of herself, and in that moment a ray of light penetrated to an obscure recess of Louise's mind, a recess that had refused to admit certain unlovely truths and heterodoxies, — a recess that had declined, for instance, to put credence in the change of heart of so many women in books and plays: Nora Helmer, Mélisande, Guinevere; and for the first time in her life she understood how there could be a psychology of infidelity. For the first time she understood that one might have to be unfaithful in the letter to remain faithful in the spirit. Just as one might have to break a twenty-dollar bill to obtain a twenty dollars' worth. It was a strangely sweet, strangely unhappy moment, but only a moment, for almost immediately she was recalled to a consciousness of hand-bags, cloaks, veils, and small, nameless duties of eyes and hands and lips. Then Mrs.

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Windrom kissed her goodbye, with an emphasized friendliness that only set her mind at work wondering what it was that Mrs. Windrom had left unsaid or undone that she should feel obliged to emphasize the kiss. Louise could find no words to define the gap that lay between them; but she was sure that Mrs. Windrom defined it to a T, and had stated it to a T in letters to Girlie, who would restate it to Alice Eveley and the Tulk-Leamingtons!

As the car mounted the hill beyond Mr. Brown's cottage, Keble turned to her, with the absent-minded intention of thanking her, following the cue of the others, for everything she had done. The visit of his friends breaking into their long days had been for him an exciting distraction, and he could be only cloudily conscious of the strain it had put upon her, whose life had been socially humble and barren. His face still bore traces of the mask which people of his world apparently always wore. He found Louise pale, with brows slightly drawn together, the mouth with its arched lips relaxed, as of one suffering a slight with no feeling of rancor.

One instinct, to take her in his arms and reassure her by sheer contact, was held in abatement by another, an instinct to stop and reason out the elements that had produced the momentary hiatus. This procrastination on his part had an almost tragic significance for the impulsive girl. She lowered her eyes, pressed her teeth against her lip, straightened her arms, and walked into the house. If he had followed more quickly on her steps she would have succumbed to a passionate desire to be petted. As it was, he reached her side only after she had had time to put on her pride.

There was still a chance, had he been emotionally nimble enough to say something humorous about the visit, something gently satiric about Mrs. Windrom's exaggerated fear of missing connections with the stage from the Valley to Witney, something natural and relaxed and sympathetic, — if only her old nickname, "Weedgie", — to reinstate her in the position to which, as his most intimate, she felt entitled.

A great deal, she felt, depended on what his tone would be. She held herself taut, dreading an echo of the hollow courtesies that had filled her rooms for days with such forbidding graciousness.

Keble had a congenital aversion to demonstrations. Tenderness might coax him far, but it would never induce him to "slop over".

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As he went to the table for his pipe, his eyes encountered an alien object which he lifted thankfully, for it served as a cue.

"Hello, Mrs. Windrom left her *pince-nez* behind. . . . I'll have them put into the mail for Sweet to take out this afternoon. Hadn't you better write a note to go with them, my dear?"

She turned and faced him. In her eyes he saw something smoldering, something whose presence he had on two or three occasions half suspected: a dark, living subtlety that he could attribute only to her Frenchness. Her nostrils were slightly dilated, her lips quietly composed. She walked very close, looked directly into his eyes, and with a little sidelong shrug that brought her shoulder nearly to her chin, whipped out the words, "If I weren't so damn polite I'd smash them!"

The slam of the door, a few seconds later, drove her exclamation at him with a force that, after the first thrill, left him vexed and bewildered.

Chapter Two

Louise had wondered why Katie Salter had not appeared to do the weekly washing. In the light of a report brought by the mail carrier the reason was now too frightfully clear. Katie's son, a boy of twelve, had accidentally killed himself while examining an old shot-gun.

Keble was sitting at his table filling in a cheque. Louise had been silently watching him. "I'll give this to Sweet to take to Katie on his way back to the Valley," he said. "It will cover expenses and more."

"Give it to me instead, dear. I'll take it when I go this afternoon."

"Oh! Then what about our trip to the Dam with the Browns?"

"I'm afraid I'll have to be excused. I must do what I can for Katie. She has nobody."

"She has the neighbors. Mrs. what's her name, Dixon, is taking care of her. Besides, all the women for miles around flock together for an occasion of that sort. It will be rather ghastly."

"Especially for Katie. That's why I have to go."

"Oh, Lord! if you feel you must. I'll come with you."

She rose from her chair and picked up the cheque he had left on the edge of the table. She had thought it all out within a few

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seconds, and in none of the pictures she had conjured up could she find a place for her husband. The fastidiousness which persisted through all his efforts to be "plain folks" could not be reconciled with the stark details of the tragedy ten miles down the road.

"No, Keble dear," she replied with a firmness she knew he wouldn't resist. More than once she had secretly wished he would resist her firmness, for every yielding on his part seemed to increase her habit of being firm, and that was a habit that bade fair to petrify the amiable little gaieties and pliancies of her nature. "You know you've been anxious about the Dam. It won't do to put off the trip again. Katie will understand your absence, and she will feel comforted to have at least one dude present. You know I'm considered a dude, too, since my marriage. Nowadays my old friends address me as stiffly as we used to address the schoolma'am. . . . It's strange what trifles determine the manners of this world."

"Was our marriage such a trifle?"

Louise came out of her reflective mood and smiled, then said, as if just discovering it, "Why, yes, when you think of all the big things there are."

"What about Billy's death? Is that a big thing?"

"A big thing to Katie, just as our being together is a big thing to us."

"What a horrid way of putting it!"

". . . Marriage *is* being together, though."

He let that pass and returned to his point. "A big thing to Katie, but negligible in the light of something else, I suppose you mean?"

"Exactly."

"In the light of what, for example?"

"I don't quite know, dear. I'll tell you when I've had time to philosophize it out."

She kissed him and went out to the saddle shed.

Sundown knew his mistress's moods and decided on an easy trot for the first few miles of the route, which lay through groves of pine and yellowing cottonwood. Eventually the road emerged into a broad stretch of dust-green sage perforated with gopher holes, and Louise set a diagonal course toward the stony river

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bed which had to be forded. A flock of snow-white pelicans sailed lazily overhead, following the stream toward favorite fishing pools. A high line of mountains, pale green, violet, and buff, merged into the hazy sky. The heat was oppressive and ominous.

For an hour not one human being crossed her path. The only sign of habitation had been the villainous dog and three or four horses of a not too prosperous homestead owned by one of Keble's horse wranglers. All along the road she had been preoccupied by the tone of her parting talk with Keble, vaguely chagrined that her husband seemed to deprecate her identifying herself too closely with the life of the natives. Strangely enough he sought to identify himself with them, while, presumably, expecting her to identify herself with the class from which he had sprung, as though, gradually, she would have portentous new duties to undertake.

She couldn't help dreading the prospect. Not that she shrank from duties, — on the contrary; it was the menacing gentility of it all that subdued her. When Keble had first come to them, disgusted with the old order, he had persuaded her that the younger generation, — his English generation, — had learned an epoch-making lesson, that it had earned its right to ignore tradition and to build the future according to its own iconoclastic logic. He had determined to create his own life, rather than passively accept the life that had been awaiting him over there since birth. She had thrilled with pride at having been chosen partner in such a daring scheme. Only to find that, in insidious ways, perhaps unconsciously, Keble was buttressing himself with the paraphernalia of the old order which he professed to repudiate. She could love Keble without gloating over his blue prints and his catalogues of prize cattle, his nineteenth century poets, and his eighteenth century courtliness. The natives might gape at her luxurious bathroom fixtures and other marvels that were beginning to arrive in packing cases at the Witney railway station. She had almost no possessive instinct, and certainly no ambition to be mistress of the finest estate in the province. Her most clearly defined ambition was to be useful, — useful to herself, and thereby, in some vague but effective way, to her generation. Her father, for all his obscurity, was to her notion more useful than Keble. Wherever Keble went he drove a fair bargain: took some-

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thing and gave something in return. Wherever the little physician went he left healing, courage, cheerfulness, and in return took, from some source close to the heart of life, the energy and will to give more.

She dismounted to open the gate of the Dixon yard and led Sundown past a meagre field of wheat, past straggling beds of onions and potatoes, towards a small unpainted house which struck her as the neglected wife of the big, scrupulously cared-for barn. Two harnessed farm wagons were standing before it, and a dirty touring car. A group of men were lounging near the wood-shed chewing tobacco with a Sunday manner, and some small boys, bare-legged, were playing a discreet, enforcedly subdued game of tag. Two saddled horses were hitched to the fence, to which she led Sundown.

One of the Dixon children had run indoors to announce her advent, and as she stepped into the kitchen she was met by a woman dressed in black cotton and motioned into the adjoining room, — a combination of parlor and bedroom, — where two or three other women were sewing together strips of white cheese-cloth. All eyes turned to her.

The walls were covered with newspaper, designed to prevent draughts. There was a rust-stained print of Queen Victoria and a fashion plate ten years out of date. At the two tiny windows blossomless geranium stalks planted in tomato tins made a forlorn pattern. The centre of the room was occupied by a rough box in which lay a powder-scarred little form clad in a coquettish "sailor suit" of cheese-cloth.

Louise drew near and looked wonderingly at the yellowish-white, purple-flecked face and hideously exposed teeth of the boy who had a few days since run errands for her, and who had planned to grow up and "drive the mail".

The women expected her to weep, and in anticipation began to sniffle.

"At what time is the burial?" she asked, dry-eyed.

"As soon as we can git this here covering made. We've had to do everything pretty quick. We can't keep him long."

Louise shuddered and was turning away when she remembered the flowers in her hand, — dahlias and inappropriate, but the only flowers to be had, the only flowers on the scene, — and

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placed them in the coffin, with an odd little pat, as if to reassure Billy. Then she threaded a needle and set to work with the others.

When all the strips were sewn together and gathered, they were nailed to the boards and to the cover of the coffin. Perspiration rolled from the forehead of Mr. Dixon, and his embarrassment at having to make so much noise caused him from time to time to spit on the floor.

The sound of hammering stirred Katie's drugged imagination, and overhead thin wails began to arise. With the continued pounding the lamentations increased in volume, and presently the sound of moving chairs could be heard, followed by indistinct consolations and footsteps on the uncarpeted stairs. The door burst open, and Katie lurched in, her face twisted and swollen behind a crooked veil. Clawing away the man with the hammer, she threw herself across the box. A long strand of greyish-red hair escaped from under a dusty hat and brushed against the redder hair of the boy.

It was some time before Katie could be drawn away. Finally, with a renewed burst of sobbing she let herself be led by Louise into a corner of the kitchen. Mixed with her sobs were incoherent statements. "It was for his health," Katie was trying to tell Louise, "I brought him up here. And I was workin' so hard, only for his schoolin'."

Louise kept peering anxiously out of doors. Black clouds had gathered, and a treacherous little breeze had begun to stir the discarded pieces of cheese-cloth which she could see on the floor through the open door. A tree in the yard rustled, as if sighing in relief at a change from the accumulated heat of days.

After long delays the time arrived for the fastening down of the lid. To everyone's surprise, and thanks largely to Louise's tact, Katie allowed the moment to pass as if in a stupor. The coffin was placed in one of the farm wagons, and a soiled quilt thrown over it. The outer box was lifted upon the second wain, and served as a seat for the men and boys in the gathering. Katie and the women were installed in the dirty motor, which was to lead the way. And Louise, unstrapping her rain-cape, mounted Sundown and galloped ahead to open the gate.

As the clumsy procession filed past her, the clouds broke, and a deluge of hailstones beat against them, followed by sheets of

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water into which it was difficult to force the horses. It persisted during the whole journey toward the mound which was recognized as a graveyard, although no one but Rosie Dixon and an unknown tramp had ever been interred there.

On the approach of the bedraggled *cortège* two men in shirt-sleeves and overalls, grasping shovels, came from under the shelter of a dripping tree to indicate the halting place. Louise dismounted at once and led Katie to a seat on some planks that rested near the grave. Mrs. Dixon, a glass of spirits of ammonia in her hand, pointed out Rosie's resting place and for a moment transposed the object of her sorrow.

The grave proved too narrow for the outer box, and there was another long wait on the wet planks while the grave-diggers shoveled and took measurements, with muttered advice and expletives. The rain had abated. A mongrel who had followed them ran from one to another, and yelped when some one attempted to chasten him.

At length the box splashed into place, scraping shrilly against projecting pebbles, and the assembly drew near to assist or watch the lowering of the white cheese-cloth box. Katie was reviving for another paroxysm.

With a shock Louise discovered that they were preparing to put the cover in place without a sign of a religious ceremony.

"Is there no one here to take charge of the service?" she inquired.

The man with the shovel replied for the others. "You see, Mrs. Eveley, Mr. Boots is away from the Valley. We couldn't get a parson from Witney. We thought perhaps somebody would offer to say a prayer like."

To herself she was saying that not even her father could let poor Billy be buried so casually.

"Let me take charge," she offered, with only the vaguest notion of what she was going to do.

Mrs. Dixon took her place beside Katie, and Louise proceeded to the head of the grave, making on her breast the sign her mother had secretly taught her.

"My dear friends," she commenced. "We poor human beings have so little use for our souls that we turn them over to pastors and priests for safe keeping, till some emergency such as the

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present. In French there is a proverb which says: it is better to deal with God direct than with his saints. If we had acquired the habit of doing so, we shouldn't feel embarrassed when God is not officially represented. With our souls in our own keeping, we could not be so cruelly surprised.

"As a matter of fact, priests and parsons know no more than we do about life and death. Truth lies deep within ourself, and the most that any ambassador of heaven can do is to direct our gaze inward. Although we know nothing, we have been born with an instinctive belief that the value of life cannot be measured merely in terms of the number of years one remains a living person. We can't help feeling that every individual life contributes to an unknown total of Life. Our human misfortune is that we see individuals too big and Life itself too small. We forget we are like bees, whose glory is that each contributes, namelessly, a modicum to the hive and to the honey that gives point to their existence. We do wrong to attach tragic importance to the death of even our nearest friends, for their dying is a phase of their existence in the larger sense, just as sleeping is a phase of our twenty-four hour existence.

"The real tragedy is that we build up our lives upon something which is by its nature impermanent. The wisest of us are too prone to live for the sake of a person, and if that person suddenly ceases to exist the ground is swept from under us. To find a new footing is difficult, but possible, and it may even be good for us to be obliged to reach out in a new direction and live for something more permanent than ourselves.

"We are too easily discouraged by pain. We should learn from nature that pain is merely a symptom of growth. Trees could not be luxuriant in spring if in winter they hadn't experienced privation. What we have derived from life has been at the expense of others' privations and death; if we are unwilling to be deprived in our turn, we are stupidly selfish.

"Instinct tells us that, in a voice that can be heard above the voice of grief. It also tells us to be courageous and neighborly. In that spirit we can say that Katie's loss is our opportunity. It affords us an occasion to prove our human solidarity by giving her a hand over the barren stretch and helping her to a new conception of life.

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"In that spirit let us put a seal on the last reminder of the soul which has passed into the keeping of forces that direct us all, and let us do so with a profound reverence for all the elements in nature which are a mystery to us. Some of us have grown up without an orthodox faith. But we can all be humble enough to bow our heads in acknowledgement of the great wisdom which has created us mortal and immortal."

Stepping back to make way for the men, Louise, on some incongruous urge, again made the sign of the cross with which she had superstitiously preluded her address. From the faces around her she knew she had spoken with an impersonal concentration as puzzling to them as it had been to herself.

One of the grave-diggers suddenly said "Amen," and Mrs. Dixon, in tremulous tones, added, "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away."

The ceremony over, and Katie installed in the home of a neighbor until she should feel able to remove with her belongings to a cabin on the Eveley ranch, Louise rode away in the twilight towards the Valley, to spend a night with her father.

The air had a tang in it that suggested October rather than August, and the storm had deposited a sprinkling of white on the summits of the mountains. Not a sign remained of the landscape which only a few hours earlier had been drooping under a sultry heat. Her knuckles ached with cold as Sundown trotted on toward the town which was beginning to sparkle far away in the gloom.

2

When Louise and her father were alone they dropped into French which gave them a sense of intimacy and of isolation which they liked. The little doctor was greatly pleased on his arrival from a trying case that night to find her in possession of the library. Her first question, issuing from some depth of revery, was even more unaccountable than her presence.

"*Bon soir, Papa,*" she greeted him. "Can you tell me exactly how much money I have in the bank, including what Uncle Mornay-Mareuil left me?"

Dr. Bruneau opened his eyes, made a bewildered grimace, went to a desk in the corner, and rummaged for a bank-book. "Including interest to date," he gravely replied, "eleven

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thousand, two hundred and thirty-three dollars and thirty-three cents."

He came to his own chair opposite her, picking up the pipe which she had filled for him. "What's in that black little head?"

"Many things. More, really, than I know, — or, at least, than I knew."

"Nothing wrong?"

". . . I even wonder if there is anything right."

He was at once reassured. "You've been with Katie Salter. How is she?"

"She's bearing it. Papa, *penses-tu*, I delivered the funeral oration."

"*B'en vrai, tu en as!* . . . What did you say?"

"I talked over their heads, and a little over my own, as though I were under a spell. I thought I was going to say something religious; but it was scarcely that. It was rather like what the cook scrapes together when people turn up for dinner unexpectedly, — philosophical pot-luck. Everybody seemed puzzled, but I wasn't just inventing words, as I used to do when addressing my paper dolls. The words seemed to make sense in spite of me. . . . And I had a strange feeling, afterwards, of having grown up all at once. I don't think I'll ever feel sheer girlish again. And the worst of that is, I don't quite know how a woman is supposed to feel and conduct herself. It's very perplexing. . . . Papa, what do you believe comes after this life, or what doesn't?"

"Precisely that, — that nothing does."

"I told them that we were infinitesimal parts of some mighty human machinery, and although life was the most valuable thing we knew of there was something beyond our comprehension a million times more valuable; that even though we as individuals perished, our energies didn't."

The doctor was chuckling. "I hope they'll take your word for it! . . . We may be immortal for all I know. But if we are, I see no reason why cats and chickens should not be. In the dissecting room they're very much like men."

"They are; they must be! Though not as individuals. The death of a man or the death of a cat simply scatters so many units of vitality in other directions! *Tiens!* when our dam broke, up at the canyon, all the electric lights went out. That was the

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death of our little lighting plant. But the water power that generated our current is still there, immortal, even if the water *is* rushing off in a direction that doesn't happen to light our lamps, a direction that makes Keble grieve and Mr. Brown swear. . . . That's a rock on which Keble and I have often split. I think he sincerely believes he's going to a sort of High Church heaven, intact except for his clothes and his prayer-book. I wish I could believe something as naïve as that."

"*Pas vrai!* You are too fond of free speculation, like your poor Papa. . . . And now, those dollars in the bank?"

"Oh, I was just wondering. . . . Besides, you never can tell, I might decide to run off some day and improve my education."

Her father shot a look of inquiry across the table, but her face was impassive. "You're not exactly ignorant; and certainly not stupid."

She laughed. "*Ah ça!* . . . Will you please get me a cheque book the next time you call at the bank?"

The next morning Louise passed in helping Nana dust and straighten the accumulation of books and knick-knacks in the house. She relieved the old servant by preparing luncheon herself, and the doctor arrived from the little brown shingled hospital opposite the cement and plaster bank to rejoin her, bringing with him a new cheque book, which she carelessly thrust into the pocket of her riding breeches.

"What a sensible Papa you are, not to warn me against extravagance!"

"I've never doubted you, my child. It's not likely I shall commence now. You might have gone far if you hadn't decided to marry; I always maintained that. As it is, you made a match that no other girl in the Valley could have done, — though I for one never guaranteed it would be successful."

"*Hein ça!*" she mocked, absent-mindedly. "I've made an omelette that no other girl in the Valley could have done, and it's too successful for words. Keble is upset for days if he catches me in my own kitchen."

She divided the omelette into three parts, one for Nana, who, more than any other person in the Valley, was awed by the fact that Weedgie Bruneau had turned into the Honorable Mrs. Eveley.

TO BE CONTINUED

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SHALL AMERICA ARM?—A DEBATE

THE United States within a quarter of a century has grown from a minor nation into the greatest of World Powers. Its policy with regard to the ubiquitous problem of war must shape the destiny of civilization for years to come. Two paths are open to the American people,—isolation or coöperation. For the last few years we have flirted with both policies and definitely adopted neither of them. In the present debate, Rear-Admiral William Ledyard Rodgers argues for a policy of isolation, for reliance solely upon our own armed might. General Tasker Howard Bliss believes that the day of isolation is past, that civilization is one, and that we must sooner or later enter into close coöperation and association with other nations for the maintenance of peace and the gradual elimination of war.

PEACE BY ARMED MIGHT

WILLIAM LEDYARD RODGERS

IN the assemblage of the Institute of Politics at Williamstown last summer, many classes of the community were represented. As individual persons it would be possible to group and marshal them in many ways; but as for their outlook on foreign affairs, they seemed readily to fall into two temperamental divisions; those valuing rule, system, and order highly, and those whose opinions are chiefly swayed by sympathy for the distress of others, or even by bare and bold demands. We may well distinguish them as followers in spirit and predilection of St Benedict, Abbot, and of St Francis of Assisi.

St Benedict lived in the sixth century when the Roman Empire and civilization had been broken by the barbarians. He sent his followers out from Monte Cassino, and under his strict yet kindly rule they conquered the wilderness and converted the heathen. They did not unduly yield to demands by others, for they were administrators and governors, standing for the extension and enforcement of law and order, as indicated by the scourge with which the saint's portraits show him. Yet the monastic code of the order was kindly, with little ascetic about it: honest toil, full rations, and good sleep marked it and enabled its great monasteries to become new centres of civilization and

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wise government. The Benedictines did much for the world by taking good care of themselves in order that they might the better care for the unfortunate.

Seven centuries later, when Europe was pulling itself together after the dark ages, St Francis came to preach love and sympathy as the dominating motives in life. He found a multitude responsive to his preaching because the Benedictines, the rulers, had laid a foundation for him. Owing to them, the struggle for existence was diminishing in intensity, and well-to-do people were able then, as such are to-day, without inconvenience to spare sympathy and good deeds to those in distress. To this society St Francis set a spark. He was all compassion and charity for others: he took no thought for himself, and was even ready to sacrifice others to help the poor and afflicted. We are told he kissed a leper, stripped off his clothes to give them to a beggar, and even robbed his father's warehouse to sell the spoil for charity. As the times were not unprosperous, his example was contagious: in a little while he had followers by the thousand, whom he sent forth to preach love and kindliness. But he was no more than a preacher and an enthusiast; he could not guide the world, nor even rule his own people. When he returned from his fruitless crusade in 1220 he was obliged to turn over the governance of his brotherhood to another. His pathetic prayer when resigning his authority ran, "Lord, I give Thee back this family which Thou didst entrust to me. Thou knowest, most sweet Lord, that I have no more the power and the qualities to take care of it. I entrust it therefore to the ministers. Let them be responsible before Thee."

Apparently, to-day, not only the little group at Williamstown, but the people of the United States may be characterized as Benedictines or as Franciscans: one set looking to the future, regarding the maintenance of our national wealth and power as essential to our preservation and to our influence for good in international affairs, and the other set thinking only of the present and emotionally calling on the government to yield to every solicitation. Since the close of the war, we have heard throughout the land the loud cry "give, give" of the spiritual brothers of Francis.

Let us beware of them. This country has been fortunate beyond

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most. Our ancestors came here, bringing the arts and sciences of civilized Europe to a territory almost unoccupied, and, like Benedict and his followers, they conquered a wilderness by toil.

We have entered into the fruits of their labors, and in purely material terms we are the richest and most prosperous people on earth. The development of machine industries and mass production has given us not only wealth but leisure, particularly to the women; and as they look about the world and see distress they listen to its appeals and wish to yield to them; and so we have St Francis coming anew into his own in this country.

To every call from abroad we are urged to reply with gifts. But if we kiss the leper and clothe him, stripping the warehouse for charity, the nation must suffer. Let our people remain doers rather than preachers. Let us rest on solid ground with the kindly spirit of Benedict rather than try to fly on the emotional wings of Francis.

While this country has been growing up it has been isolated from the rest of the world, both in thought and in fact. As we had lands beyond our needs the struggle for existence soon lost its bitterness, and we set ourselves a standard of easy, mutual helpfulness and generosity, and of wastefulness of natural resources which is now becoming embarrassing to us. Our country once had an advancing frontier on the wilderness; that wilderness is now occupied, — the high standards of living which this country has enjoyed since the eighteenth century began, and which, until recently, depended upon great reaches of unoccupied land, must in the future rest on other bases.

We must realize that in Europe population has pressed more closely upon the means of support than with us: character there has been formed by fighting with man more than with nature.

As America has slowly awakened to the situation, our original policy as to immigration has altered from one of unrestricted welcome to one of denial of privilege. We have passed our new immigration law to retain our standards for ourselves, notwithstanding the arrogation of others to share in it, even at a loss to us, the possessors. For the present, our immigration policy is a passive one. We cling to our abundance of land for the greater prosperity of ourselves and our children but are now the most peaceably disposed nation on earth because the density of popu-

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lation is not yet great enough to give us land-hunger, and so we desire nothing of other nations beyond good will and free commercial intercourse. But this complacent kindliness is no more than a popular mood of the day. We are not a military people and have never been sufficiently foresighted adequately to prepare ourselves in peace for future war; but nevertheless we are both militant and sentimental. It is a dangerous, although not a quarrelsome, temperament. If either our sympathies or our interests are adversely touched by a foreign power, we shall commit the country to war rather than sacrifice sentiment. In 1898 the country chose war for a sentiment when it might have had peace. It is the duty of any good government to be more far-seeing than the masses it represents and rules, but in democratic societies the multitude will not permit it to exercise wisdom.

We may expect, therefore, that as our descendants fill up this land of ours, and existence becomes harder, they will lose some of the altruism which the ease of our circumstances allows us now to cultivate. Abundance of land and of natural resources is the foundation of our present mild and peaceful outlook on the efforts of the rest of the world to better itself. We cannot expect economic and mechanical improvements forever to keep in advance of the world's rise in population. As our growing numbers press more heavily on the means of livelihood, our view of war as an international struggle for national well-being will alter. This statement is not to be understood as the expression either of advice or of a wish. It is a prediction only, — just as a man looking out and saying, "It is going to rain," does not utter a hope for rain while yet foreseeing it.

Our recent law checking immigration ought to please every pacifist in the country because it retards the growth of population, and in so far it hinders the formation of an aggressive spirit in our people. Instead, the pacifists are shrieking that by this law we are sacrificing international good-will and they refuse to perceive that other nations ought to be willing to meet us halfway to secure our good-will. By turning the cheek to the smiter, as pacifists like to urge, we earn contempt only, not good-will. So by the time our population has doubled, in two or three generations at most, no doubt our national policy will be profoundly modified by the mere fact of that increase. It is probable

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that, if our posterity preserves our traits and those of our ancestry, it will put aside its present amiable policy and will arm to go out in the world to struggle aggressively against other nations for land and prosperity, subject only to the ability of other nations to protect their own. Provided always that we have not been struck down beforehand by some more ready people. There is a vulgar parody on Shakespeare's well-known lines whose doctrine finds acceptance in many lands, even if ours is an exception.

"*Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just,*
But four times he who puts his fist in fust."

Whatever the future may have in store, for the present we need to protect ourselves against the other fellow's early fist. Let us consider only our situation in the world as it is to-day, while our national mood remains unstirred. Our Franciscans, developed in numbers by nearly three hundred years of plenty, are crying out among us and to us that war is antiquated and avoidable. They say, "Join the League of Nations and all will be for the best in the best possible of worlds." Let us beware of this siren voice,—of this socialism of nations. To us it will be a snare.

On the beautiful bronze door of the fine new Bowery Savings Bank of New York is an allegorical figure in relief of a muscular young man bearing a huge emblematic key. The appended legend is "Security". But it is a false security that the figure suggests, for the splendid turnkey is unarmed, and the lock his key closes can no more than delay the wrong-doer till some righteous force appears to aid the muscular but weaponless young man. Yet this false idea of security is thoroughly characteristic of our people's political thought as to national safety, for too many believe in the strength of the lock of international law as adequate protection for our riches and our rights.

Our Franciscans cannot realize that in the eyes of the rest of the world we have no rights that we are not ready to fight for. Besides its locks and keys, the bank trusts ultimately to the watchfulness and valor of its armed guards, and the nation cannot safely do otherwise. The only reliable defense of our country is in our armed might to sustain our rights and support the sanctions of international law against evil-disposed nations (I name none),

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who wish to wrench the law and thrust upon us obligations of their devisement without our consent. If we wish to go further and indulge our altruism, we cannot afford to forget that our power to aid others depends upon our wealth, but also and in equal measure upon our ready strength to maintain that wealth and its consequent high standards of material prosperity.

The State of Massachusetts has long been an example of good government to the rest of the country, and the motto on its seal is the soundest advice to peoples and to rulers: *Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem* (With the sword she seeks peace and quiet liberty). This idea must be our national guide and principle.

To join the League of Nations and a World Court exercising compulsory powers would be to sacrifice our independence, for we cannot expect such international institutions to be free from politics. As for the World Court, it is very doubtful if it prove to be such an instrument as most Americans assume: namely, something like the Supreme Court of the United States with international jurisdiction. We must remember that such a type of court is familiar only to English-speaking peoples. The law of evidence as we know it is very different from that known to most European countries. We should be much disposed to question a decision against this country based upon a rule of evidence differing from our customary one. Moreover, Oriental peoples, comprising a great part of humanity, assign an objective to court procedure quite different from our own. We look for an honest decision based on analysis of the evidence and the ascertained facts. Orientals, however, seem to prefer a reasonably fair compromise satisfactory to all; an arbitral decision rather than a judicial one. So that, as was pointed out to the League of Nations not long ago (September 11) by the British representative (Sir Cecil Hurst), it is likely that the administration of law by an international court might be far from pleasing to us. We should not be too sanguine as to what we hear of the League and its court.

As for our economic position, we have an advantage over any other country in a vast unbroken extent of territory providing a cycle of production and industry needing only a few foreign contributions to make it complete. Although we might live almost as a hermit nation, yet for our greater prosperity we have

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not chosen to do so, and we send abroad about ten per cent, more or less, of our products and industries in exchange for foreign goods. A serious derangement of this foreign business would be disastrous to the country, and the question of security arises. How are we to guarantee ourselves against the envy of the rest of the world? Our Franciscans, "all seraphs in their burning zeal," reply, "By the League; by the World Court; by trust in others, who will be ashamed not to reciprocate." But no nation can be more ethical or high-minded than the persons who compose it. We do not see bankers in foreign countries trusting their own best citizens so far as to loan money without adequate collateral, and until we do see such sights it will be unwise for us to commit our fortunes to the good will of other nations or place our confidence on anything but our own strong arm.

Let us see how we must guard ourselves and our foreign business. The development of the arts and sciences in the past century has been shown on no greater scale than in transportation. That which was once costly is now cheap. The producer of raw materials, the manufacturer, and the consumer, who formerly all had to be near each other, may now be separated by the width of the world. The middleman has redoubled in importance, and although goods are cheaper the world over the carrier and the merchant take larger shares of the price paid by the consumer. Widely separated as are now the producers from the consumers, the middlemen who handle commodities are preëminent in the business of the world.

We of the United States face on two oceans and, as was said, send abroad about ten per cent of our industries. Most of our exports go overseas, and many of the imports we most need come from the tropics, — from South America, the West Indies, and the Philippines. At the Conference of the League of Nations it has just been suggested that it should fall to Great Britain to enforce the economic mandates of the League through her control of shipping, backed by her navy. Here we may see the international position of the United States with references to Europe and the League. There are few great manufacturing nations: England and France within the League, Germany and the United States outside it.

All the world wants the products and manufactures of these

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four countries; and, in spite of her over-population and consequent lack of work, Great Britain, owning fifty per cent of the shipping of the world and controlling some of the remainder, and also owning and manipulating much of the cable system of the world, is in a position unequaled by other nations, charging them all that the traffic will bear. Moreover, these three great manufacturing nations (excluding Germany) alone have facilities for making arms and munitions of war, while the League of Nations forbids non-members to procure arms from any League member.

Thus, when the allies formed the Covenant, the little nations with small manufacturing resources were economically constrained to subscribe, for they needed the economic and military benefits that accompanied economic subjection. They were the more readily reconciled, because the League held out the bait of nominal political equality of all nations within the League, and ordinary citizens were easily attracted by this unreality without perceiving their countries' economic bondage. The result of these circumstances is that the chief manufacturing powers dominate the industrial and productive resources of the world; and, among them all, Britain holds the reins within the League by the economic might of her merchant fleet, protected by her great navy. The coercive instrument of the League, the international boycott, is England's merchant shipping, a weapon wielded at the pleasure of the British Empire. In the last Assembly of the League it was at first expected that England would be willing to take control of movements of ocean commerce, pursuant to League decisions, provided she would incur no liability to summons before the World Court. But this does not seem to please British opinion. Apparently, also, the League will define an "aggressor" nation as one which declines to submit a disputed matter before the League even if the second party is not a member. Let us assume a possible case and suppose that Japan, irritated as she is by our recent immigration law, demands the right for her nationals to come to America and share the high wages and prosperity of citizens of this country in order to send money home to Japan. If we decline to do as requested, Japan will refer to the League, and if we refuse arbitration on this matter which we consider domestic we may be declared an "aggressor" nation (See Art. 17, Covenant).

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England may then be asked to enforce an international boycott and cut off our sugar from Cuba and Hawaii, and hemp from the Philippines, our nitrates from Chile, and our oil from Mexico. In her present mood, England would no doubt refuse the task; but such a refusal would proclaim the impotency of the League and its Court in handling disputed matters.

England is our best friend; but is this country to continue dependent on her generosity for its prosperity? The answer must be that America will maintain an unshakable grip on its overseas business and own the shipping lines at least to its Asiatic possessions and to South America. To accomplish this, the American merchant fleet must be guarded by an amply adequate navy, which, since the Washington Conference, we have failed to maintain.

The defense of our trade does not begin at our own shores, but at those of our commercial customers. This view in no wise infringes the Monroe Doctrine, but it suggests that Mr. Hay's position as to the open door in China must be sustained by developing a merchant fleet and a navy sufficient to ensure the open door for American commerce and thereby to preserve the prosperity of America for Americans.

Such are the thoughts suggested to the writer by the Institute of Politics at Williamstown. The people must align themselves on the side of one or the other of the two schools of thought described here as Benedictine and Franciscan: the first looking to the future and standing for rule and order and the maintenance of standards, and the second more noisy, yielding too much to present sympathy even at the risk of loss of future power to remain great and to do good.

We have noted Dante's characterization of St Francis; in the end may our people be guided by his choice and place our confidence in St Benedict (whose name means "Blessed") and his followers also who, as he asserted, "kept sound their hearts" and stood for rule and system. When Dante met the saint in Paradise, he said,

> " * * * *La buona sembianza*
> *Ch'io veggio e noto in tutti gli ardor vostri*
> *Cosi m'ha dilatata mia fidanza*
> *Come'l sol fa la rosa, quando aperta.*"

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" * * * *The good semblance*
I seem to see and note in all your fires
Within me so expands my confidence
As sunlight doth the rose when opening."

Let us, like the Benedictines, keep sound our hearts and forget not that we live in a world of jealous rivals for commerce and political advantage: remembering that not in their good will, but in our own armed strength alone rests our security and our prospects of peace. Our present heedless attitude toward preparation, and particularly naval preparation, invites foreign contempt and at any moment may bring disaster.

PEACE BY COÖPERATION

TASKER HOWARD BLISS

THE Institute of Politics at Williamstown has been attended during the past four years by many persons not only of our own country but from various other parts of the world. It has been said that, in respect of the work they went there to do, they may be divided into two classes, — the followers of St Benedict and those of St Francis. This may well be, for those two classes constitute the world; the one thinking mainly of building and setting up and operating the machine of law and system and order, the other dominated by a feeling of compassion for those whose fingers are pinched in its cogs, and who hope some day to make the machine reasonably "fool-proof".

To this Institute to express their views came earnest students from many parts of the world. The great body of them came and left with the conviction that there is a problem, the gravest that confronts mankind, and that it can be solved; that it will be solved as the result of just such a conflict as they were engaged in, the conflict of minds reasoning with each other, — the only conflict in which the right is guaranteed to win.

Unless some sort of reasonable solution can be found for the problem confronting civilized men, sooner or later another one will arise between them and those who as yet are uncivilized or

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little progressive in modern sciences. A few civilized states have for a good while devoted all their energies to the suppression of war among so-called subject races exceeding themselves in population. At the same time devastating wars between civilized states destroy millions of civilized people; accumulated wealth and resources, together with the ability to use the remaining resources, are lost to such a degree that succeeding generations only slowly regain their former physical and material strength. With all this, the rate of increase of civilized man shows a tendency to diminish while that of the comparatively uncivilized increases. In short, we are slowly diminishing our power to retain what we have gained, and gradually putting it in the power of some one else to take it from us. Though the danger may be generations ahead wise men will remember that it will take generations to apply the remedy, and it is time to begin.

Great world problems grow out of and then react upon the relations of states. The military policy of each of them is due to its relations to others. The question is, What then should be the military policy of the United States? My own view is simple enough, consistently adhered to and expressed. The world is an association of states. It began to be such with the beginning of international law; or, perhaps, the beginning of that law was the recognition of the fact of association. In an association, no member can effectively do anything without the coöperation of the others. Therefore, my own view as to our military policy is that we should not disarm an American soldier nor lay up an American ship of war *except* as the result of such an agreement among competing nations, loyally accepted and adhered to, as will convince Americans that such reduction is safe. The world problem is identical with the problem between France and Germany — security. Before a man can be convinced that it is safe for him to surrender all his money he must be convinced that he has something at least equally efficient in supplying his necessities. War is a great evil; but a general feeling in one state that, in the last resort, nothing is worth a war would, for that state, be a greater evil. War has destroyed civilizations; — but, it has also preserved them. Our civilization is a heritage bequeathed to us by former generations, by nature itself and nature's God, to defend in last resort by whatever means are found necessary.

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But, in stating this as my belief, I do not intentionally deceive myself. History will not show a case where one civilization deliberately, of malice aforethought, without many other impelling motives, set itself to destroy another civilization by violence. The destruction of rights and liberties by war are incidental to other causes and motives. And the whole problem of improved relations between the states grows out of these contributory causes and motives that tend to war. Therefore, an attitude of reasonable preparation for national defense is perfectly consistent with an attitude of study and endeavor to check the operation of contributory causes.

These causes and motives are very numerous and often very recondite. Every sentiment in the human mind which a few centuries ago impelled the most civilized individuals to private war will, operating in the aggregate of the minds of a nation, impel it to public war. And these sentiments have operated so long that they have become like a blind, brute instinct. But instinct in man, who is a reasoning animal, is controllable by the reason of man. When communities found that it was good to do so they put checks upon the operation of individual motives that led to private war. Out of the surrender of the right to private war came the possibility of the reign of law within the state. Restore that right and all law will of necessity disappear. That is the reason why we have civilization within the state. Why is it so difficult for men to understand that without similar checks between states they are liable to recurrent outbreaks of savagery that endanger the civilization so carefully nurtured from within? It would seem clear that some reasonable check to the exercise of the right of public war is just as necessary for the development of a binding system of international law as the total surrender of the right of private war was for the upbuilding of domestic law. Men can still fight, even if reasonably disarmed (and provided all are thus disarmed), to defend their rights and liberties from wanton attack, and at the same time the operation of the motives that lead to many wars may be largely eliminated.

There is no occasion here to discuss the causes of war. They vary from one generation to another. They may develop gradually or they may occur over night. If they have to be fought out by violence they may be settled by one war, or they may remain as

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causes for succeeding ones. If they are not of the kind that die of themselves by mere lapse of time, they must be settled either by war or by some substitute for war. If by war, the settlement is often temporary; the method of settlement is provocative of further war. And in the end war settles at enormous cost and danger, — for there is always danger that the settlement may go to the strong and wrong, rather than the right and weak, — what in many cases might be settled, at least as well, by other means.

To-day there are two dominant causes of apprehension: Immigration and the Distribution of Raw Materials.

Immigration into our own country on a scale that gives just grounds for fear as to the maintenance of our standards of civilized life and the preservation of the integrity of our political institutions is, from the time of arrival of the first white settlers, almost entirely a man-made problem. Why is it that the peoples of other civilized states do not seek with eagerness mutual admission into their own states but rather turn their eyes to America? It is because the conditions in those countries have for a long time been those which in this country, due to the grace of our isolation in space, we have largely escaped; the burden of excessive preparation to fight with man instead of with nature. There is opportunity in all of them, as well as with us, to continue this warfare with reluctant nature in order to force her to yield a larger production. But the burden of that warfare has become almost intolerable where there is saddled the further burden of preparation for war between nations. As for us we may push back the danger by war or preparation for war, but the problem still remains. Continued war is most likely to make it more serious. Could the United States, in its determined isolation, contribute something else to the peace of the world and the settlement of these difficulties except increased armament, it could do much to restore conditions that would make immigration cease to be a problem. If that is the doctrine of St Francis and not of St Benedict, so much the worse for St Benedict. I believe it one which both can and do accept.

The United States, with only six per cent of the world's population, produces in its industries twenty-five per cent of the world's wheat, forty-five per cent of the iron and steel, fifty per cent of its coal, sixty per cent of its copper and cotton, seventy

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per cent of its oil, and seventy-five per cent of its corn. But these percentages are not those of the total of these kinds of wealth in the world. They are the percentages of the total that is produced. We produce it because our people are at work and learning to work; others who can do not produce it because they still bend the greater part of their energies in preparing to fight. And it is their preparation for this which causes them to look so anxiously to the sources of supply elsewhere. When the dread of war is not dominating, the world knows that the laws of trade settle this matter. Products in excess of the requirements of the people that produce them are sold to the highest bidder. The first ship that comes and pays the price gets its cargo.

It was the representative of one of the heavily armed nations of the world who, at the first Hague Conference, said that as the necessary effect of the dread of war and the preparations for it, "economic progress and the production of wealth are either paralyzed or developed in a wrong direction." And at the same time, addressing men many of whom held that the great armaments of Europe were a guarantee of perpetual peace, he made this prophecy as to their ultimate effect:

> "The ever-increasing financial burdens strike at the root of public prosperity. The physical and intellectual forces of the people, labor and capital, are diverted for the greater part from their natural application and wasted unproductively. Hundreds of millions are spent in acquiring terrible engines of destruction, which are regarded to-day as the latest invention of science, but are destined to-morrow to be rendered obsolete by some new discovery. National culture, economic progress, and the production of wealth are either paralyzed or developed in a wrong direction. Therefore, the more the armaments of each power increase the less they answer to the objects aimed at by the governments. Economic disturbances are caused in great measure by this system of excessive armaments; and the constant danger involved in this accumulation of war material renders the armed peace of to-day a crushing burden and more difficult for nations to bear. It consequently seems evident that if this situation be prolonged *it will inevitably result in the very disaster it is sought to avoid*, and the thought of the horrors of which makes every human mind shudder. It is the supreme duty, therefore, of all states to place some limit on these increasing armaments, and find some means of averting the calamities which *threaten the whole world*."

Could there have been a clearer prophecy of the World War as the necessary result of excessive armaments? And the special curse of them is that their mere existence limits and checks

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among a few great nations resort to what would otherwise be the most natural and effective method for the adjustment of disputes.

The coal and iron, cotton, copper, wheat, and oil produced in the United States are regarded by many people at home and abroad mainly as assets for war, making us independent of supplies from other nations whom we may have to fight. Yet if a few other nations would, in some proportion to their wealth and numbers, reduce their military establishments in proportion to ours, millions of men would become available for the production of these same things at home. The question of the distribution of the raw material and supplies to each of those who cannot produce them would settle itself.

These are two of the problems out of many that loom up from time to time as possible causes of war. That man does not want war for the solution of these problems, that he knows that war cannot bring a solution but at the best only a postponement is shown by his constant endeavor to find some check upon it. What are the checks that he has tried? On last analysis, in important cases, only two, — Armaments and Arbitration. When the resources of his diplomacy fail, it is "arbitration or fight". Whichever is declined by either side the other must be accepted.

If all armaments could be held at a reasonable minimum, sufficient for the maintenance of peace and order within the state, but insufficient to tempt a state almost without warning to attack a similarly placed neighbor, such armaments might play a real part in the maintenance of peace. Then diplomacy, instead of being successful according to the degree of force behind it, would have more chance of being successful on the merits of its case. When states are not ready to strike a quick blow in the hope of a quick victory it is possible that arbitration, when diplomacy fails, may be more readily resorted to. Then it is possible that the habit of such settlements may grow as men learn that they may receive substantial justice more certainly and with less cost. Even as it is, look at the long list of arbitration of important questions during the last one or two generations. All these questions, had they not been thus settled, may well have resulted in war. In how many cases would a competent international jury of unbiased men find that substantial justice

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was not done? I think not one. But unfortunately in practise, armaments are a check upon arbitration rather than upon war. No way has been found to prevent one and then another of the few great competing nations from increasing its armament. When the rivalry is on there is no limit to it but that of capacity. Enmities are created, fears are engendered to make the people endure burdens which, but for that fear, they would not tolerate. And each has the hope that in the end it will be able to settle its international differences by throwing its sword into one balance of the scale of justice. The difficulties of the world would be largely solved if these few nations would accept a uniform rule of arbitration among themselves except on questions arising out of the exercise of their domestic jurisdiction.

Those who think that the remedy for these conditions can be found and applied quickly are as much mistaken as those who think that it can never be found. Scientific, — that is to say, thinking, — men have long since located the germ of the disease; they are slowly, with many set-backs, evolving a serum for a very gradual and possibly partial eradication of it. There are still many cases of yellow fever in the world; but no sane man disputes the value of the efforts made to minimize it. The first step towards rapid progress will be taken when we all admit the fact, whether we like it or not, that the world is an association of states having common interests which can be guided and controlled only by common and concerted action, — and govern our own action accordingly. This world association existed long before the one at Geneva; the existing League of Nations merely recognizes a fact that can no longer be denied. Some politicians may still deny it; but every farmer, every artisan, every man throughout the world who works with hand or brain to produce anything that is in excess of his and his neighbor's needs, feels or knows the fact.

The great problems of the world which affect many states, — and the closer the association is made by increasing means of communication the greater the number of states that will be affected by every problem, — can never be settled, even partially, except in one or the other of two ways; by war, as heretofore, or by peaceful concerted action. The formal association at Geneva was solely for the purpose of making this action possible. It may

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not have the proper form for the purpose. If so, then some other form is the proper one. But the idea being once up can never be downed. Suppose that it would ultimately fail; then the very ones who denounce it, not because they do not believe in the thing but disbelieve in the form, will seize the opportunity to construct a new one on lines suitable to themselves. The people of America will be the last to desert the idea.

And if we were to follow in mind this reorganization of the Association at Geneva vaguely demanded by so many of us, it is probable that the old and the new one would be soon found to be developing on converging lines. It would probably at first be an association for talk and discussion, an international Exchange of ideas. But men cannot talk in an association very long and develop new ideas without soon wanting to carry some of them into effect. Then would begin the slow addition of new rules and grants of power to give effect to ideas. How long would it be before American ideas, especially those which are becoming world ideas, would begin to appear in the newly forming Covenant? How long would it be before there would appear some formal provision for arbitration? And when it became evident to us that arbitration proceeds like a mixed commission of a court of equity applying the principles of abstract justice and a court of law applying statutory law, how long would it be before our common-sense would demand the separation of these functions, as in our own domestic procedure, and the creation of a Court to apply accepted international law?

Those who would be responsible for this new association would at first find themselves confronted by the same difficulties that have confronted the present one. One or more important states, without which it could not be very successful, would decline adherence as they decline to adhere to the present one. Sooner or later its full success would be found to depend on the one thing to give full success to the present one, — universal, loyal adherence. And sooner or later that is what will come to the one or the other.

Then and only then can there be a realization of the idea with which the whole world is saturated, "the maintenance of general peace with a reduction of the excessive armaments which weigh upon all nations of the world."

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THE NEW RELIGIONS OF AMERICA

II — *The Worship of Human Gods*

JULES BOIS

MODERN Theosophy sprang into flower fifty years ago when agnosticism and theories of evolution had begun to undermine the traditional creeds. Even in this enlightened age human beings have a weakness for necromancy in some form or other, and the founders of the Theosophical Society gained many adherents by reviving ancient occultism in plausible modern guise. Human gods took the place of the Christian Deity, and for the old-fashioned heaven there was substituted a doctrine of progressive reincarnation.

THE decline of the last century was a wildly tormented epoch for mind and heart if ever there was one, and it is no mere accident that the Theosophical Society came into being during these chaotic years. The occidental world had crumbled into doubt and negation. With Strauss and Renan leading the way, there was a persistent effort to undermine the prestige of Christianity. In England the growth of scientific research had been accompanied by a reaction against traditional creeds. In America the faith of the pious was menaced by Robert Ingersoll. Iconoclasts and savants, like Thomas Huxley, John Tyndall, Herbert Spencer, Emile Littré, Claude Bernard, Auguste Comte, Ernest Haeckel, and especially the naturalist Charles Darwin, taught a system of "orderly development of life from simple to complex forms." For creation they substituted evolution. God the Father made way for a blind Mother indifferent to good and evil, soullessly dispensing pain and joy, life and death, driving all things forward without conscious intent in a monstrous progress. "Not alone the more ignoble forms of animalcular or animal life," asserted Tyndall, "not alone the exquisite and wonderful mechanism of the human body, but the human mind itself, all our philosophy, all our poetry, all our science, and all our art, — Plato, Shakespeare, Newton, and Raphael, — are potential in the fires of the sun."

In scientific circles, belief in the immortality of the soul seemed hopelessly old-fashioned, while in other circles, and chiefly among the ignorant, a protest was ejaculated by "Neo-Spiritualism", which resurrected, in vulgar and childish terms, the necromancy of yore. Such crises are favorable to the spread of occultism.

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Occultism, which since the beginning of time has been an offshoot of religion and science, provides its own oracles, half rationalistic, half mystic, and these can be pressed into service by the Genii of the planet who are ever on the lookout for any means of preserving human beings from metaphysical starvation. Facing this epidemic of pessimism and despair, modern Europe was acutely in need of some injection that would reanimate limbs invaded by spiritual paralysis.

What kind of leader was anxiously awaited to conduct this quest of the soul? A scholar? Not precisely, since scholars were for the most part on the other side of the fence. Rather, a combination of apostle, compiler, and thaumaturge was needed. This being so, it is easier to understand the sudden world-wide explosion of Madame Blavatsky's fame and the success of her undertaking despite innumerable obstacles and misadventures. Whether or not she was a messenger of transcendental or actual personalities, she was incontestably an incarnation of the rebellious spirit of the time.

The incompleteness of science had rendered religion repellent to men who longed for some mystic panacea, which they found neither in the old creed nor in the new agnosticism. Madame Blavatsky appeared and offered these impatient souls an assemblage of Egyptian, Cabalistic, and Hindu beliefs so obsolete that they seemed new; and to bring them up to date she tried to accommodate them to the Darwinism and modernism then in vogue. This accounts for her pantheism, her wild evolutionistic theories, her over-praise of the powers of man, and her desperate endeavor to repopulate the deserted Sinai with revivified gods from Olympus, Lebanon, and the Himalayas.

Her strange psychic temperament stood her in good stead. Moreover, thanks to her world-wide wanderings, her contact with mystics and seers, her gift of assimilation, her imagination, and her ability to fascinate, she was pre-ordained, — being half Asiatic and half European, — for the creation of the Theosophical Society which was founded on November 17, 1875, not in Europe, not in Asia, but in New York, the city of rejuvenation.

Thus on American, not to say Yankee, soil, Theosophism which has flowered in London, in India, even in Paris, had its root. America is more than a vast tract of land peopled by industrious

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races; it is an international meeting ground. It is not only the new world, but also the cradle of all new worlds. The soul of the Theosophical Society was, to be sure, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky (H.P.B.), a Russian woman, but in the person of Colonel Henry Steel Olcott, of Orange, New Jersey, the society welcomed its inevitable President. During and immediately after the Civil War, Colonel Olcott was especially appointed as counsel to inquire into departmental frauds and he was instrumental in putting a stop to abuses in the navy yards. His apprenticeship fitted him to become a superlative administrator. As a journalist, he was chosen by the New York "Sun" and the New York "Graphic" to investigate the spiritualistic manifestations at the Eddy Farm. There he met Madame Blavatsky, fell completely under her spell, and passed, bag and baggage, from spirits to Mahatmas.

> "I was sent to America on purpose," H. P. B. wrote, "and sent to the Eddys. There I found Olcott in love with spirits, as he became in love with the Masters, later on. . . . I proved to him that all that mediums could do through spirits, others could do at will without spirits at all: that bells, and thought-reading, raps and physical phenomena, could be achieved by any one who had a faculty of acting in his physical body through the organs of his astral body; and I have had that faculty ever since I was four years old, as all my family know. . . . I said to him that I had known adepts, the 'Brothers', not only in India and beyond Ladack, but in Egypt and Syria. . . . I said and proved that They could perform marvelous phenomena; but I also said that it was rarely They could condescend to do so to satisfy inquirers."

A stroke of genius, indeed, on the part of Helena Petrovna, this double challenge to materialism and spiritualism! Unhappily she tried to substitute for the swarming of imps and spooks the chimerical interference of fantastic living beings who were, it seems, more at her disposal than she was at theirs. Better for her and us had she been content to stand on the solid ground of her proper subconscious capacities, serving truth as well as psychology. But she distrusted human nature and knew, from world-wide experience, that people crave the thrill of the unattainable. She assumed that her pupils would be more docile under the orders of an hypothetical adept of Thibet than she could hope to render them through the agency of her own living, visible self, no matter how wise and skilful she might be. This is a

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pity, for instead of clearing away ancient necromantic superstitions, she built upon them a new over-belief, based on the worship of human gods, thus merely adding to the confusion of troubled hearts and imaginations. Instead of using to real advantage the ingeniousness and wit of Colonel Olcott, instead of profiting by his finesse and American common-sense, she bewildered him by vain marvels. And for his gentle credulity, she denominated him, in one of her letters, "the psychological baby", a description whose irreverence is not quite redeemed by its tenderness.

Although my generation was merely on the threshold of manhood at the end of the last century, it had lived through the moral tragedy to which I have alluded, and I knew the founders of modern Theosophy. I have never adopted their doctrine nor enrolled myself in their ranks, but I should be unjust to them did I not acknowledge that their teachings, particularly in their bearings on psychology, have been, for many, a solicitation to deeper thinking and a sort of mental bridge towards a reconciliation with the findings of modern science. On several occasions I met Colonel Olcott in Paris. An imposing pontifex, he was also a good fellow and an intriguing conversationalist. His fine, old, bearded face recalling the Moses of Michelangelo, and his slightly squinting eyes, acute as the eyes of a Hindu elephant and magnified by vast gold-rimmed spectacles, indicated a combination of Wall Street shrewdness and jungle revery. Withal he was a charming man and a sympathetic friend.

We passed delightful evenings together. After the theatre we would take "talking promenades" along the Champs Elysées. Once, dining at the home of Doctor Baraduc (famous for his discoveries in the *fluide vital*), the conversation turned on the immortality of the soul, as it very often does in France after dessert. It was the moment of the demi-tasse. Colonel Olcott asked for a piece of sugar. The bowl was brought and Madame Baraduc handed him the tongs. The witty pontifex regarded them in meditative silence, then declared, "They are not at all like the ones Madame Blavatsky once produced for me."

We waited eagerly for the anecdote. The Colonel continued in his leisurely manner. "We were on that occasion, as now, at the end of dinner. There were no sugar-tongs in the house. H. P. B.,

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in her desire to be of service, did not hesitate to accomplish a miracle. 'Sugar-tongs?' she exclaimed. 'Don't worry, I will make a pair.' With her right hand she searched in the air and drew forth from it a strange utensil. To be truthful, it was not exactly the object asked for. What the other world sent us in our need was a cross between sugar-tongs and a pickle fork!"

We were staggered, but Madame Baraduc, an accomplished housekeeper, took a legitimate domestic interest in this *tour d'adresse*. She asked how it could be done. Her distinguished guest was quite ready to explain the metaphysical machinery behind this prowess. "H. P. B.," he said, with complete seriousness, "was taught by her masters how to coagulate atoms in the ether, that father of all things. Hence the elements necessary to the formation of the required object hastened to obey her. But as it happened, the creative idea, the archetype and pattern of the object required was on this occasion not distinct enough in the mind of the magician. Consequently she materialized hybrid tongs, which by the way, I have preserved in my private collection. The instrument is unique, and the slight mistake of the operator has given a dash of humor and originality to my psychic museum."

I was not much more than twenty, and thanks to a good conventional upbringing I had a bent towards swallowing with a becoming air all pronouncements that issued forth over imperturbable, long white beards. Yet some irrepressible wonderment must have been depicted in my eyes. The Colonel looked at me with a sympathetic smile. "The better to understand the wonderful practicality of our metaphysics," he explained, "you must one day visit us at our headquarters in Adyar and read some of our twenty thousand volumes. I know you like books and I am ready to put at your disposition my bungalow near Madras."

I made the blunder of a too quick and too grateful acceptance, and he added, "It is not for to-day, young man. But I will make a note to remember it at your next incarnation."

After this gracious but unentangling promise he took leave of us, with his most kindly pontifical blessing.

Having gained Olcott, which was necessary to her plans, H. P. B. cast her net over a magnificent prey, making of Mrs.

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Annie Besant her assistant, and subsequently her successor. Mrs. Besant is a force in the United Kingdom. On the occasion of the jubilee of her public life, celebrated at Queen's Hall, London, July 23 of last year, she received the homage of political leaders (especially the socialists), philanthropists, reformers, pacifists, several governors of India, and a multitude of Hindu clubs and orders. The youngest of women, despite her seventy-seven years, "the finest orator of to-day" as well as "one of the greatest statesmen and builders of the Empire", she was greeted as the "mother of the world" with homages that would have befitted a Roman Caesar, and the Vice-President of the Theosophical Society signed a cablegram declaring, "In trying to imitate you, we feel we grow into divinity."

Such adulation should not blind one to the fact that Mrs. Besant, though immensely gifted and full of generous good intent, has sometimes been misguided in the causes she has espoused. Always susceptible to their nobler aspect, she has more than once been late in perceiving their perilousness and impracticality. The point that interests us in this discussion is how Mrs. Besant was impelled to serve the purposes of Madame Blavatsky, and how she, Christian and humanitarian, came to adopt a mystic and composite credo in which she has struggled, apparently without complete success, to liberate herself. Under her serenity she has always seemed to be the most tormented Eve of our age; George Sand, George Eliot, Marie Bashkirtseff, compared with her, are models of stability. Alternately an evangelist, the wife of an austere pastor, an atheist, free-thinker, eugenist, and finally Pope of theosophy, thaumaturge, seeress, emancipator of India, messenger of unseen human divinities, and educator of a future Messiah!

After leaving her husband, the Reverend Frank Besant, she became the collaborator of Charles Bradlaugh and Herbert Burrows in their campaign for free thought, atheism, and socialism. She was seeking her way. Disillusioned in this atmosphere of materialism, and no doubt subconsciously haunted by memories of the fairy-tales of her childhood in Ireland, she turned to another new interest. William Stead, editor of the "Review of Reviews", gave her a letter of introduction to Madame Blavatsky.

After long travels, this wandering Slav had reappeared in

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Europe like some queen of the Tarot, an incarnate symbol of alchemy, with her enigmatic aureole, — her head enveloped in a fichu, her shapeless robe draped on a body distended by disease. Amidst a mass of flesh and stuffs her eyes glittered, like the legendary carbuncles beneath the forehead of the unicorn. H. P. B. could with one glance pierce to the heart of a visitor; she had an extraordinary ability to penetrate character and discover weak sides from which to lay siege to a soul. Was it fascination, *la prise du regard?* Whatever the secret may have been, it was more than enough to decide a destiny.

One can imagine the first encounters of the Russian *guru* and the Irish woman who was to become her *chela*. "Your intellectual martyrdom is at an end," proclaimed she of the irresistible eyes. "Truth lies in your own hands, — not the abstraction provided by science, not the illusion imposed upon us by the ordinary creeds, but a tangible, living, all-pervasive fact."

> "Alas! the search for the light is endless, — and life is so short."
>
> "My friend, for our search we have the infinity of time. During existence after existence we struggle and grope, we err and droop until the day, — and this day is dawning for you, — when initiation unseals our eyes. Then is the mantle of Isis torn away. We are happy because we know. . . . Your appointed hour has come."
>
> "How can you divine this?"
>
> "I read it in your astral atmosphere. I behold the sum of your past deeds — your Karma. Our deeds follow us; about us we bear our roses and our thorns. By your sorrows and your selfless labor you have touched the heart of the Masters, the Mahatmas."

As Mrs. Besant recounted her visions and premonitions, and expressed her contempt for the inadequacy of the would-be science of that day, Madame Blavatsky burst into laughter.

> "They know nothing of the seven vehicles of our inner being, the mysterious keyboard which gives the seven sounds of the soul. Their psychology, by omitting the soul, ignores our secret capacities. In us there are depths to which science has not penetrated, — not only on the physical plane, but on mental, astral, and even divine planes. Believe me, there is a point at which we are one with the infinite mind. It is possible for us to become gods, nay God himself."
>
> "Can you give me proofs? . . . Mediums I have known, but they are inconsistent, and often deceptive. Psychic experiences I have had, but intermittently."

Through London's thick fog dusk was creeping. The lamp had not yet been lighted. Madame Blavatsky had grown silent, her

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image more and more Asiatic, more foreign. The philosopher was transforming herself into the miracle-worker. The tendrils of her waving auburn hair stiffened and darkened to jet. A delicate vapor emanated from her head and clung about her shoulders. She was adumbrated by a succession of unearthly forces; new lives seemed to have sprung from the ether between them. A voice, coming from nowhere, invited the neophyte to "behold and learn!" In place of the stout Slav was a strange diaphaneity surrounded by invisible hierarchies: thought forms, nature spirits, unknown influences from unknown sources? Who can say? She pretended they were Hindu and Thibetan Mahatmas, jostling Western adepts, the Neapolitan Cagliostro and the French Count of St Germain, — either human gods living in eternal ecstasy at the heart of inextricable forests; or men walking among men still enjoying powers supreme, not dead though born centuries ago. And in the room whose obscurity was relieved only by the disquieting reflections from the street lamps, the ethereal vibrations brought a dream of dim, bearded visages and piercing eyes, coiled turbans, powdered perukes, and ruffles . . .

. . . The spell was suddenly dissolved by the tardy lamp, and the mirage faded from the visitor's eyes, which now beheld only the unmistakably corporeal Slav and the waving auburn hair.

"You have had only a glimpse of the real mystery concealed from the profane," said the conjurer. "Follow us and you will share the reality of the Masters. They are thoughtful guardians of the destiny of our planet, ready to unveil themselves to him who is strong and pure enough to harken to their silent voice."

In her *Autobiography* Annie Besant affirms that there was no deception, that she knows because she has seen. That the soul exists and that the body is not our true ego, she claims to have verified by personal experience. More than that, she asserts that even in this life she can, through supernormal trances, reach the far distant Masters who are still human and walking on this earth of ours. She asserts that they teach her sublime verities, which are registered in her physical brain upon awakening. During the summer of 1889 she had at Fontainebleau her first direct proof. Sleeping in her room, she suddenly awoke, shivering. All around her, and above an ocean of electric waves, clothed in

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aromatic splendor, appeared the sidereal form of the One she had long craved to see.

Of course these human gods seem to bear a striking resemblance to the sprites of the spiritistic seances, and many skeptics will recall a report made by the London Society of Psychical Research of Adyar's secret shrine and Mahatmas, alas, *too* material, as they were exhibited in the moonlight with false beards and turbans. Psychiatrists explain that, when seen by sincere persons under conditions that do not admit of fraudulence, such visions amount to mere hallucinations or complexes externalized. Theologians have insinuated that fiends have sometimes put on the guise of Angels of Light . . .

That hypersensitive persons are able to visualize their own dreams, good or bad, there is no doubt. But I wish to be fair to the followers of Madame Blavatsky and Mrs. Besant, among whom I number many friends. I do not believe that fraud is at the bottom of such experiments, — certainly not in all cases. Most of us have the impression that near us there is a mysterious friend, a messenger of Providence watching over us and at times offering us secret advice or consolation, if not positive premonitions. Who has not trembled at the winged caress of the Guardian Angel sung by Robert Browning? Where disagreement begins is in the name we choose to give to this mysterious agency. Without being guilty of charlatanism certain emotionalists may objectivate an idea, color it, and see it depicted according to their beliefs, their reading, or their natural disposition.

On the other hand, at the epoch when H. P. B. made her entrance into the philosophical world, prodigies and wonders were much spoken of. Popularity was accorded to legends of the physical survival of extraordinary men, such as the Wandering Jew, Barbarossa, Louis XVII, the Count of St Germain, who according to Voltaire, "was seen everywhere at the same time and never died," and a Tsar of Russia who was given to concealing himself in monasteries. A considerable vogue welcomed Lord Lytton's romance *Zanoni*, whose hero was always young, though many centuries old. I may recall that in one of my own novels, *L'Eternelle Poupée*, I created a personage endowed with fabulous powers, although, as in the case of the English writer, with no attempt at historical verity. At that period the great man was

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still an heraldic lion. The democratic tendency to dead-leveling had not done away with the hero-worship of our fathers, — the Nietzschean *Ubermensch* hailed by Emerson and Carlyle and doomed to failure before his advent.

Madame Blavatsky lived her years of apprenticeship in Paris where she heard of Saint Simon and Fourier and so thoroughly imbibed their dream of a progressive humanity that she felt herself in possession of new senses. It was not a far step to the theosophical Mahatmas. In ancient Greece and in India, both ancient and modern men were and still are easily deified. Mahatma means simply "a great soul". The title was recently bestowed upon Ghandi, who however puts forth no pretensions to apparitions or invisibility. However we may choose to regard this ideal of divine perfection realized in a man, — as a figure of speech, an hyperbole, a catachresis, — it can never be a fact. Victor Hugo, a connoisseur of great men by virtue of his own greatness, formulated an opinion of them which may be accepted as final. In *Post-Scriptum de Ma Vie* he said:

> "Schlegel one day considering all those geniuses, asked this question, which in him was a flash of enthusiasm, while with Fourier and Saint Simon it has become a systematized pretense, 'Are such men merely men?'
>
> "Yes they are men. It is their misery and their glory. They hunger and thirst; they must submit to blood, temperament, and fever; they are subjects of women, pain, and pleasure; they, with all men, are victims of bents, allurements, snares; they are, like all men, prisoners of flesh with its maladies, and with its enticements which are maladies also. They have their beast."

It is true that beyond the great man looms the saint, the vanquisher of nature, the victor of himself, and a positive maker of miracles. But the saint is humble; he does not seek worship. According to Thomas À Kempis he "likes to be despised". His touchstone is self-rejection, not to mention other virtues for which Mahatmas are not noted. Far from believing himself a god, as do the members of the White Lodge, he knows better than do we, the distance that separates man from his Maker, for he has heard the Voice, and having approached the splendor he has, in its effulgence, taken cognizance of all that is diminutive in us mortals.

I am inclined to surmise that Madame Blavatsky, through the

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inviting legend of the Masters, wished to convey an esoteric truth reserved for a few sages. Psychology had not yet become a science, and in the limbo of its nebular beginnings she was struggling upward in an attempt to express the notion of our higher self. In this sense she deserves our homage as a pioneer. In this series of articles it is my duty and my desire to give credit to the founders of new religions. While resting firmly upon the rock of Christianity I am painstakingly eager to find what there is of good and true in their original assertions. Madame Blavatsky, who was a genius after her own fashion, detected the divine spark within us and magnified it into Mahatmas. Man is certainly greater than he believes himself to be, and may better himself. Of this I am convinced. I believe that psychology, the study of ourselves, — provided it does not lose itself in the vagaries of an ill-regulated imagination, — may help us to get nearer to our ideal and thus better to comprehend and profit by religion.

The doctrines of modern Theosophy are simple enough. Every member of the external order is bound only by the acceptance of Universal Brotherhood, first object of the society, which does not recognize any distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color. Then comes the study of comparative religion, philosophy, and science. The third aim has a more practical outlook, being the investigation of Nature and man's unexplained laws and powers. According to *Secret Doctrine*, the Theosophical Bible, from the pen of Madame Blavatsky, all souls are fundamentally identical with the cosmic Over-Soul, the latter being itself an aspect of the Unknown Root. Each individual human being is obliged to pass through an indefinite series of existences, in accordance with Karmic Law, in order to reach the pantheistic god.

These doctrines, despite many contradictions and glittering bric-à-brac, — perhaps *because* of them, — have been a stimulus to many an intellect of the calibre of a Shaw, a Bergson, a Maeterlinck. Theosophy has penetrated into remote, provincial towns buried in trivial occupations, where, thanks to its lodges, philosophical problems have been agitated. There it has fostered the inner life and meditation of souls which were in danger of being carried away forever on a tide of platitudes. Through the Theosophical Society many have passed who have not tarried, but all have kept something of value as the result of their search-

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ing. Theosophy has prepared many a layman for a quicker comprehension of modern discoveries in science. The great centres of civilization have been visited by messengers from the Orient. Our libraries have been enriched by translations of books from the East. All this seems to me permanently valuable, and far more important than the actual number of adherents who, scattered into five hundred and twenty sections across the face of the earth, comprise, — taking into account the schismatics and sympathizers, — several hundred thousand, including more than fifty thousand in America.

We have spoken here only of the soothing aroma of the theosophical flower itself. It may be fitting to close our summary with a tribute to Annie Besant, the unique jewel on this multi-petaled lotus. In London and in Paris I had met Mrs. Besant, still a mortal among mortals. But at the time of our last conversation she was already a little beyond our reach. Squatted like a white-haired goddess of the Ramayana, draped in a mythologic robe which gave her the air of some sexless Seraphita-Seraphitus of Asia, she extended me a gracious welcome at the Hindu College near Benares. She spoke oracularly, with an impersonal charm.

For the most part Annie Besant lives in Adyar, near Madras, an idol of the theosophical Mecca, surrounded by the images of great prophets and Asiatic gods, taking her place in the ranks of those deities who were served by H. P. B.

But Annie Besant has progressed through many changes; there is no assurance that she will not tire of being a goddess. She may have in reserve one more *coup de théâtre*, a final complete "right about" which while stupefying her worshippers would afford the purest joy to many of her sincere admirers. She can scarcely take deep satisfaction in the company of Koot Hoomi, and Moria, those Blavatskian postulates, and of Cagliostro and St Germain, those legendary histrions. She belongs to a better folk. She has often proclaimed the teachings of the Inner Voice, of the real Master, whose temple is our body and our mind. At Queen's Hall she declared her faith in "the Christ and the God within us, for whom alone we can be strong, by whom alone we can conquer the obstacles in the way." This One awaits her, I am sure; He is the Christ of her Irish childhood, the Christ of little children and saints, and of the Evangelists.

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WHAT IS A PICTURE?

MURIEL CIOLKOWSKA

ARE pictures furniture or ornaments, or do they exist for definite reasons that have nothing to do with the use to which they are commonly put? This critic asserts that, among other functions which they perform, pictures help us to awareness of ourselves, and she offers succinct hints as to the place which art should occupy in civilization. The essay is published as a prelude to a debate on the merits of "so-called" modern paintings which will appear in the June number.

"A poem is a painting without visible shape,
and a painting is poetry put into form."
Old Chinese Saying.

WHEN I ask, "What is a picture?" most people will be surprised by the simplicity of the question. Others will say it has often been answered, — as, for instance, by Leonardo, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Goethe, Ruskin, W. Clive Bell. Some advised artists how to paint; others endeavored to define beauty and the love thereof; others again probed the artistic principle which may be the *mobile* yet is not necessarily the motive of pictorial presentation. The impulse which drives artists to commit pictures and amateurs to look at them may still bear examination, and the more so in view of the constant increase in the pictorial output in the latter years and the interest evinced therein.

When the first pictures were painted, did artists consider the public demand for them? Is it not probable that the demand followed rather than provoked the supply? This would seem certain. Is it not possible that if artists suddenly stopped painting pictures the world would forget all about wanting them?

Is the impulse to draw, that is, to create forms in two or three dimensions, pictorially or plastically, actuated by analogous *mobiles* in all degrees of civilization and intelligence? The fact that children are fond of drawing does not prove it is an instinct or an action in which conscious thought has little or no part. It proves, indeed, exactly the opposite. The child begins to draw

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as its intelligence awakens to outer phenomena. He shows, thereby, that he is craving to understand the objects which his eye perceives.

At first a child does not draw from life. He begins by being an imaginative artist. As he will repeat words before knowing their meaning, reaching sense through sound, so he realizes the significance of form by repeating the impression it has made upon his mind. In his drawings a child gives the first indications of the mind's effort to distinguish between the general and the particular. The child very plainly is seeking, be it consciously or unconsciously or subconsciously, to understand things. To do this a fusion must be effectuated. In Samuel Butler's words, he "crosses" with things. When he is drawing the elephant he saw at the Zoo he "crosses" with the elephant. He is for the time being elephant.

The basic motive actuating pictorial expression is Imitation, and this is the case whether your child or savage draws upon his memory or upon his imagination. What does the Chinese artist strive to do when he paints a bird with all its feathers, a leaf with all its veins, a tree with all its leaves? What did Ingres try to do? What did he say? He said this:

> "Draw, paint, imitate, *especially imitate*, even if it is only still life. *Whatever has been imitated from Nature is an achievement* (*une oeuvre*), and this imitation leads to art." . . . "The purpose of masterpieces is not to astonish. It is to persuade, to convince, *to enter into us through our pores*."

In order that a masterpiece enter into us in this way the artist must first of all have entered into his subject. What the child who draws the elephant he saw at the Zoo, what the cave-man in the Dordogne, the Chinese fan-painter, and Ingres strove to do was to "enter into" Nature and let Nature "enter into" them through the complete intelligent organism.

When Turner wrote that Ruskin put things into his head and pointed out meanings in his pictures that he never intended he did not invalidate Ruskin's interpretations of his art. The "things" Ruskin saw in Turner's pictures may or may not be in them, but the fact that Turner did not recognize them is no evidence of their non-existence.

In this little study it is necessary to keep in mind, in order not

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to deprive its theories of their possible validity, that, if an ornament is not a picture, neither is a picture an ornament. Obvious or paradoxical though it may seem, an ornament is utilitarian. A picture is emphatically not so. A picture is its own reason and justification. This is its governing principle, its actuating motive, before it becomes an image for worship, a symbol, a chronicle, a likeness, a lesson, an object for mural decoration or for commercial speculation. Poussin said the purpose of a picture was "delectation". This is a very comprehensive or a very inadequate definition.

Given that its purpose be such, by what means does a picture excite delectation in the spectator thereof? Here again I think there are two dominant factors in operation. One concerns the spectator only. It is a solitary pleasure and consists in an association, or in various associations awakened in his mind. In this case subject-matter plays an important part, — the greenness of the grass, the brilliance of the sunshine, the mystery of the mist, the beauty of the model, the quality of the craftsmanship, paint, and so on. But there are innumerable other and less obvious associations.

To certain people certain periods and certain races make special appeal, and this partiality is found among the most eclectic as among the most critical minds. I remember the eminent French art critic, M. Theodore Duret, saying that, after he had reached a certain age, a man must not be expected to look on the latest artistic developments with full appreciation and understanding. We begin by growing up with the movements contemporaneous with ourselves. Then comes a time when we, along with the movement, are grown up. We have evolved with it; we must crystallize with it. "I", M. Duret said, "was closely associated with the Impressionist movement. All my artistic opinions and enjoyments have been influenced by it. I cannot be an impartial judge of subsequent movements and reactions." And this confession was not a mark of old age and stagnancy but rather a mark of protracted youthfulness. It is well the past has its guardians.

In most men's hearts, — no doubt in more or less degree in all, — certain not personally experienced memories lie dormant ready to be awakened at a sympathetic call. That call is fre-

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quently made by art whose current is potent to travel into the recesses of the soul, and a picture, definite and direct in its ostensible appeal as it usually is, is particularly likely to touch this hidden chord.

In memory itself we find enjoyment. And through memory's agency we create new enjoyments. Memory is the seed and the fruit. We draw upon memory to replenish it as out of the earth are drawn its fertilizing elements. Often one hears it asked why and how such a picture can please. I think it may safely be said that in most instances it appeals to the memory, I would say to the "memories". Whatever other attractions it may exercise are either subservient to that or correspond to certain acquired tastes.

Habit is another factor in the enjoyment of pictures, but what is habit if not a delimited form of memory? Habit contributes to enjoyment and also shuts it out where, for instance, an unaccustomed form of art is encountered. But where, you will ask, does that still not infrequent sentiment, love, sheer love of pictures, come in? How do you account for that? I account for it in different ways, but more especially in memory and habit. We love many things because they remind us consciously, or subconsciously, of other things. When we "love to have things", when we desire to possess them we are already yielding to habit. *In* a picture one finds one's identity largely through memory. *With* a picture one enjoys it through habit.

Man is perpetually torn between the desire to preserve pleasurable experiences and the desire to acquire new ones. If he cannot by some means conciliate both (memory assists him thereto) he is not satisfied. He seeks to live in retrospect and in prospect. He is at once in more or less degree conservative and progressive; static and dynamic. While a picture may charm him because it has made an appeal to his memories, active and passive, he is primarily drawn to it by curiosity, that curiosity for new experiences, novel sensation, and the shock from the unknown which we welcome so when pleasant and which we resent so when unpleasant, and which drama, humor, the morning newspaper, and art are potent to provide. In short a picture attracts by the promise of novelty; it holds by the tie of familiarity. But there is perhaps no human proclivity to which pictures make

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a stronger appeal than the proclivity to secure permanence. It is this strong though unformulated craving in man which is one of the governing *mobiles* in the creation of the work and in the love it excites. The picture not only fixes something of the artist, but something of ourselves which it seems to return to us, for in the end what do we look for in art but for ourselves, something of our identity, something of that spiritual heredity relegated in the latent sub-memory, and something even of our experience stored in the conscious and active memory? A picture helps us to awareness of ourselves.

Present-day interest in art is very keen. It has had some good results on taste and judgment. Nevertheless the study of pictorial and sculptural art is wanting in basis. People have acquired a great deal of data about art, but its principle is not apprehended. The profusion of critics does not enlighten them, for they perpetually deal with the particular to the exclusion of the general.

The world is swarming with critics who are ready to tell us what is a good picture and what a bad, and their pains have not been, as said above, entirely futile, for the public is certainly endeavoring to acquire, if not more pictures, at least more knowledge about them, — not compared with the long, long ago, but compared with twenty years ago.

Primarily and essentially a picture is not a piece of furniture. It has a life of its own independent of uses. It asks to come into the world, and into the world it consequently comes. In our modern civilization it finds houses, walls, frames, as poetry and prose find printers, binders, and bookshelves. In countries where there are no houses and walls it finds or has found what expression it might in sculpture, pottery, embroidery, textiles, carving, plaiting, beading. On these occasions the pictorial faculty assumes the form of applied art.

It seems as though the circumstances of modern life were particularly propitious to mural decorators. Realizing this outlet for their work many artists have been giving it their attention. On the whole the result has been disappointing because artists have adopted a negative principle for its furtherance. They have thought it necessary to sacrifice the qualities which go to the making of a non-decorative picture, but they have not as a rule substituted for it other qualities exacted by the different destina-

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tion of their work. Painting "decoratively" appears to have spelt, in their minds, painting emptily. Painting on a large scale did not mean to them, as it should have done, painting *big*, but rather painting thin, diluted, flattened out. Their work was soon discovered to be superficial and insipid. Their efforts fell through. The painter-decorators were ridiculed.

The difference between the picture decorative and the picture pictorial is not one of value; it is one of style, — the picture decorative being painted in view of a certain foreseen space which determines the composition or design. Therefore it is a fallacy to assume that one technique can serve both purposes or that an inferior technique is good enough for the utilitarian object in view. Michelangelo filled spaces when he decorated the Sistine Chapel; Leonardo filled a space when he painted the Last Supper; the eighteenth century French artists, — Watteau, Pater, Lancret, and Fragonard, — were often called upon to fill spaces in the panels reserved for them by the architects of the time; Puvis de Chavannes filled spaces with his life of Ste Geneviève at the Paris Panthéon; M. Maurice Denis has done so in the Théâtre des Champs Elysées, Paris, and all these, while adapting their technique to their purpose, have kept in view the one invariable rule for the production of lasting work, — lasting in spirit and substance, — namely to make it as *good* as possible.

Again, decorative painting differs from pictorial in that the former is a fixture, the latter mobile. The finest form of mural decoration in our northern climates is tapestry, — mural painting, on the other hand, being more suited to exterior decoration, as was the case during the Renaissance, in South Germany, or for interior mural decoration in warm countries. Frescoes do not wear well in cold, damp climates, and their aspect does not match the furniture to which we are accustomed. Our forefathers realized this, hence the tapestry, than which there is nothing more "furnishing" or substantial, and the mural painting adapted to interiors must participate of its qualities to satisfactorily answer a similar purpose.

Art is omnipotent and its capacity infinite. There is nothing that cannot be conveyed through its medium. It is sheer bigotry to delimitate the subjects suited to artistic form. Nothing in itself is art; but everything can be made art. It observes, or should

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observe, a hierarchy, but a hierarchy of distinctions rather than of values, for to the values there is but one criterion: the quality. As one may say there is no such thing as bad poetry, so one may say there is no such thing as bad art.

I have heard critics say of an artist, "He knows too much." They meant he could not discriminate. A man never knows too much, but his knowledge, whatever its quantity, is useless if it has the better of his judgment. A picture may be a great and rich picture when carrying but a small weight of cargo; it may also be a great picture when heavily cargoed. It may be naïve or it may be informed; it may be decorative or it may be pictorial, realistic, or idealistic in subject matter, this matters not. It has to be *good*, and the criterion for its worth is to be found in the points by which it converges with and in the points by which it diverges from the past. It must bring old qualities and it must bring new ones. If it departs in all its elements from standards which are connected with the very being of art, then it cannot live; it is still-born; it is without roots and must wither and die.

The smallest picture is a big enterprise. As Degas said, not only craftsmanship but an infinite amount of craft (French: *ruse*) must be exercised in its behalf. Who does not put his supremest effort in his picture is wasting it, for the work to which only a half heart and a half mind have been applied will be granted less. Eventually the uninitiate will be as little deceived as the initiate.

Ought a picture to be a fixture? Some people entertain an aversion to pictures hanging on walls. They think they are destructive to the general harmony of a room. They think that pictures are intended for occasional enjoyment as in China and Japan where they are painted on paper or silk and unrolled. There is no doubt that the Western method (oil paints on canvas or wood) justifies its exposure to view. In a room, however, where the furniture is mobile pictures do not strike a false note as objects of decoration. The system is not perfect, but neither is that of furnishing with loose objects of furniture as far as the eye is concerned. It is a compromise in favor of comfort and facility. If the formats are chosen in view of harmony, — as is so apparent in the Hubert-Robert drawing of Crozat's walls in Mr. Walter Gay's collection, a pleasing harmony may be realized.

A picture is a world in itself, and, like the celestial globes,

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should have its being in its own orbit. One picture has no concern with other pictures. To hang two pictures in such a fashion that they come both within the same focus is like playing two musical compositions at the same time. One picture is a solo, or a symphony; two pictures may on occasion form a duet; several are cacophony. Therefore this arrangement of hanging pictures on walls is a makeshift which can only be tolerated but not approved of. Exhibitions, picture galleries, museums, cause suffering to the fastidious picture lover.

Form in art is style in literature. Form is consciousness. There is no such thing as creation of form; there is only the apprehension of it.

Art is not a something distinct from life. Like religion it has its origin in faith; its ends are, like those of religion, practical (the cult of beauty and perfection; form and harmony). Art is a solace.

In all periods, in all climates, up to within less than a century ago the artistic principle was intimately associated with life. So intimately and unawares, indeed, that the very use of the word in our present-day sense and frequency coincides with its severance from life. When and where do you find the word so ubiquitous or even habitual in the past as it is in the present?

Intellectual and artistic culture are in their essence dissociated. The artistic principles may be met with most highly developed where books and knowledge have not penetrated. Intellectual culture may assist us, who have inherited but the shadow of a shadow of artistic sensibility, to evoke its vaguely surviving existence into being and to formulate it as also to understand its varying expressions. But superficial observation shows that it exists among classes totally ignorant of letters, exists not as an acquired gift transmitted from a superior class, but as an inherent gift and is, rather, associated with religion than with that enlightenment we call education and which, after all, is but one form of education.

For a man who has invented a new and beautiful shape for a wicker basket is surely as cultivated as a man who has learnt to spell. But such is the giddy enthusiasm into which a few generations of popularized reading has thrown us that this small accomplishment, — which has proved utterly powerless to bring

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about human welfare, — seems to us a God-send. Yet had we, for instance, been able to teach those who are lured to the hell of mechanical labor how to buy some enjoyment with their hours of slavery, we would have committed a much more philanthropic deed than to force them to acquire such knowledge as does not necessarily give them bread or pleasure.

Some people think art is a luxury. Another prejudice has it that art is confined to the fine arts, so called, of painting, sculpture, and music. As these opinions are closely allied we must deal with both if we are to deal with either. If art is not especially for the poor it is not necessarily the privilege of the rich. Primitive minds are often endowed with the artistic faculty, as we have already decided, although perhaps unconsciously, for it is the advantage of the intellect to discern, if not to create, art. Moreover, if luxury without art is impossible, art is not, as a matter of course, luxury. It is, on the contrary, a vital necessity. Failing it the world must, in a spiritual sense, starve, — starve as surely as corporeally it would, failing food.

The prejudice which has limited the arts to painting, sculpture, and music has its cause in the separation of art from life and in the spirituality which, with justice, is attributed to these arts which, by the freedom of expression they allow, give room for the expression of ideas and sensations bringing them into range with music, the most emotional, and literature, the most all-comprehending of arts.

But it is not with the popular, limited, and at the same time more aristocratic forms of art, — the graphic and the plastic, — that we can hope to civilize the world. Rather does the exaggerated attention given them tend more than ever to isolate art and wean it from the human breast which is its natural abiding place and failing whose nurture it must perforce perish.

Pictures and sculpture are at once the most easily understood and the most abstruse of the arts. Their obvious features appeal to the multitude more readily than any; but these are but as "paste-board masks" of hidden features for others to distinguish.

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AMERICA AND ROMAN CATHOLICISM

III—A DEFENSE OF AUTHORITY

FREDERICK JOSEPH KINSMAN

LAST month John Jay Chapman, accepting the challenge of Michael Williams in the March FORUM, *enumerated the items in a bill of complaints against the Catholic Church. In the present article, Dr. Kinsman, a convert to Catholicism, analyzing these charges, finds some of them due to misapprehensions and certain others he regards as attacks upon ideals which he proudly maintains it is the right of a Christian American to defend. In the June* FORUM, *a prominent non-Catholic will reply to Dr. Kinsman.*

THE March FORUM contained an article by Dr. Michael Williams, written with the fairness, dignity, and good temper befitting discussion of a religious topic, on the growth of Roman Catholicism as a phenomenon in national life. Incidentally he expressed a wish that the causes of dislike of the Church in many minds might be reduced to formulated charges. The April FORUM contained a response to this request in an arraignment of the Catholic Church in which charges were accumulated. Some of these were misunderstandings due to indirect knowledge; others, confusions between teachings of Catholicism and failures of some Catholics in practise; still others, spectres of imagination. Yet the article is useful as a contribution toward clearing of issues. Open discussion, if conducted by thoughtful and serious men, is good for any cause and can only end in clearer apprehension of truth. The Catholic Church can only gain by being brought into light.

The charges are of two sorts, those against principles and those against practises. The Church is assailed as hostile to what is best in modern life and as a disturbing element in America. "The Roman Church condemns every political, social, and educational ideal that a patriotic American holds sacred." "The Catholic faith conflicts with democracy." "There is a great, deep conflict between the historic claims of Rome and the ideals of our Republic." And the source and origin of all this evil is the authority of the Pope.

This last contention is not new and illustrates a fundamental difference between the Catholic and a common non-Catholic point of view. The Pope represents authority in religion; and

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this is the chief thing which many repudiate. The issue is between Christianity regarded as a "religion of authority" and private judgment impatient of all restraint. Sixteenth century rebellions against Church authority in certain particulars have often led to rejection of all religious authority whatsoever. The progressive abandonment of Christian doctrines has usually ended in agnosticism. If religion be merely guess-work, one man's guess is as good as another's. If there is no certainty concerning God and the unseen world, one religion is as good as another, because all are equally bad or indifferent. Private judgment in its early states makes every man his own pope; further evolved, it questions even its own infallibility.

"Quoth a young Sadducee, reader of many rolls,
'Is it so certain we have what you might call souls?'

'Son, there is no reply,' — the rabbi bit his beard —
'Surely a soul have I. *You* may have none,' he sneered."

The Catholic, like the Pharisee, has no doubts concerning the existence of his own soul, its divine origin, and eternal destiny. Moreover, he is equally confident concerning the souls of others. He has no doubt that God has given means for his soul's guidance, internal illumination of mind and stimulation of conscience, and external teaching and discipline in a divinely-instituted society, the Church. He believes in the Pope as the personification of the authority and unity of this spiritual brotherhood.

Three presuppositions determine all his thought and action: first, that Christianity is the one true religion; second, that Christ is represented on earth by the Church; and, third, that this Church is the visible body of which the Pope is earthly head. The function of the Pope must not be isolated from the whole Christian context. No Catholic ever believed that "the Pope is identified with God"; but every Catholic does believe that Jesus Christ, Himself God, instituted that society in which at the present time Pope Pius XI represents a supreme and ultimate authority. The papal function must be related to the Church as a whole, and to the Church's beliefs in divine revelation; yet, as an integral part of the whole Catholic conception, it is rightly taken as test-case of the truth and influence of Catholicism.

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There is nothing in these beliefs which conflicts with any American ideal. An American may not believe that there is one true version of Christianity, or one true religion; yet, as American, he cannot object to those who do. It is not true that an indefinite number of religions represents an American *ideal*, even if the equal treatment of many religions by the government represents an American *policy*. Governments which prescribe religions to their subjects may be said to have ideals. The American Republic disclaims this responsibility with all that it implies. In a vague way, it recognizes religion as a good thing; but concerning the number and comparative value of religious systems it expresses no judgments whatsoever. It leaves responsibility for these to the consciences of its individual citizens, merely offering to all religions alike a fair field and no favor. It permits belief in one true religion, and in the prime importance of spreading this, quite as readily as belief in numerous religions with possibly little or no regard for any of them. Americans are bound to recognize that religious equality in the eyes of the law applies to others as well as themselves; yet they are never forced to assume, — and, in fact, none of them do assume, — that all religions have equal value. Though convinced of the necessity of their national policy and of the importance of keeping the government free from ecclesiastical entanglements, they need not confuse legal with moral parity.

Religious equality as a national policy involves tolerance in temper and practise. To many, tolerance is synonym for indifference; to the serious, however, for fair and patient dealing with all varieties of opinion, for justice and courtesy, yet not for indifference as to truth and right. Those with deepest convictions are always respectful to every other form of sincerity and loyalty. If a policy of equal toleration implies any special ideal, it is simply that of obedience to conscience.

The point of objection to Catholics, however, is not that they are convinced of the superiority of their faith, but that, given the opportunity, they would impose it on others. In past centuries, Catholics and Protestants alike enforced religious uniformity whenever they found themselves in power. Yet what everybody used to do, nobody does now, except the Bolsheviki and those who appeal for suppression of Catholics by roastings

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in ridicule. In the few brief outbursts of the persecuting spirit in the United States, the rôle of Catholics has been that of victims. There is no good reason why any should still think the obsession that Catholicism stands for imposition of faith by force, and regard its growth as a crime, especially when crowned with heinous success.

In justification of their suspicions and dread, anti-Catholic controversialists have often cited, as is done in the April FORUM, certain passages from the *Syllabus* of Pope Pius IX issued in 1864. Taken out of their context in the history of the time, and especially when given a context of an alien spirit, they sound formidable. Yet this *Syllabus* stands for nothing but the independence of the Church and unflinching loyalty to "the faith once delivered." Consider the cited details.

"The ecclesiastical power must exercise its authority without the permission and assent of the civil power." This means that the Church must be free to attend to her own business in her own way; that, if persecuted by the States, as for three centuries under the Roman Empire, or in modern times in France, Ireland, and Armenia, she must persist in the administration of her sacraments; that she insists on recognition of such freedom as was guaranteed by the Great Charter of England and by the Constitution of the United States; that, although recognizing the supremacy of the State in secular affairs, she denies any right of the State to dictate in matters spiritual. Translated into terms of to-day, it means that the Methodists and Baptists of New York must plan for services in their churches without need of referring to Mayor Hylan. "The ecclesiastical authority" and secular authority alike "*must*" mind their own business. Pius IX was merely withstanding one of the many attempts to establish tyranny over a spiritual society.

"It has the right to employ force." If racks and thumbscrews lurk here, they will only be applied to Catholics! The principle affirmed is that of the Church's maternal freedom to employ effective modes of correction for her own children. Moreover, when the Pope was temporal prince, he had to employ the usual methods of governing his territories. Neither Pius IX nor any of his successors ever used, or thought of using, force for the sake of imposing Catholicism on reluctant outsiders.

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"The Church ought not to be separated from the State, nor the State from the Church." Here is an apparent disapproval of the American governmental policy which must not be explained away. It must, however, be explained; and Pope Leo XIII has explained it. During the latter part of the nineteenth century, there was need of working out many details in the relations of Church and State; and it fell to the lot of Pope Leo to express fully the Church's mind on these matters. Like Pius IX, he maintained the ideal of mutual recognition and coöperation between Church and State. If Christianity be the supreme revelation of the will of God, it is ideal that States corporately, as well as citizens individually, should recognize its authority. Yet the Church never fails to recognize the State's supremacy in the secular sphere, although emphasizing the desirability of the State's recognition of what Washington termed "those eternal rules of order and right which heaven itself hath ordained." When Popes have concerned themselves with particular actions of the State, it has been for the sake of preserving the Church's freedom.

Anyone who would be intelligent concerning the Church's attitude toward the State should read the great Encyclicals of Pope Leo, especially those on "The Christian Constitution of States," "Human Liberty," "The Chief Duties of Citizens," "Condition of the Working Classes," "Catholicity in the United States," and "Christian Democracy." Some of the more important were addressed primarily to the Catholics of this country. In them will be found the fullest exposition of such Church doctrines as have practical bearings on questions of civil government. Space forbids quotation, but anyone who chooses to investigate may see for himself how the injunctions of "Rome" make for good citizenship, — that is, in this country, for good Americanism. The following comment of the Pope relates the Catholic ideal to such a policy as that of the United States.

> "The Church, indeed, deems it unlawful to place the various forms of divine worship on the same footing with the true religion, but does not on that account condemn those rulers, who, for the sake of securing some great good or of hindering some great evil, allow patiently custom and usage to be a kind of sanction to each kind of religion having its place in the State. And, in fact, the Church is wont to take earnest heed that no one shall be forced to embrace the Catholic

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faith against his will, for, as St Augustine reminds us all, 'Man cannot believe otherwise than of his own free will.' . . .

"The Church, guardian always of her own right and most observant of that of others, holds that it is not her province to decide what is best among the divers forms of government and the civil institutions of Christian States: and amid the various kinds of State rule she does not disapprove of any, provided the respect due to religion and the observance of good morals be upheld. By such a standard of conduct should the thoughts and mode of acting of every Catholic be determined." (*Great Encyclical Letters of Leo XIII;* Benziger Brothers, New York, 1903.)

When it is necessary to consider the workings, actual and possible, of papal authority in the Catholic Church, it is important to note its nature and limits as clearly stated in the Church's official definition of papal infallibility. The Pope's teaching binds Catholics, "when, in the exercise of his office as pastor and teacher of all Christians, he defines, by virtue of his supreme Apostolic authority, a doctrine of faith and morals to be held by the whole Church." The history of the past fifty years is sufficient proof that papal definitions concerning faith and morals have occasioned none of the evils which have been frequently prophesied by pessimistic controversialists.

"The science of things philosophical and moral, as well as civil laws, neither can, nor ought, to be free from divine ecclesiastical authority." This does not mean a ban on free investigation, or the subjection of secular sciences to ecclesiastical censorship. It implies the unity of Truth, the impossibility of keeping sciences in water-tight compartments, and the supremacy of that revelation which the Church has been commissioned to interpret.

"The Church, the enemy of knowledge and instruction! Without doubt she is the vigilant guardian of revealed dogma; but it is this very vigilance which prompts her to protect science and to favor the wise cultivation of the mind. No! in submitting the mind to the revelation of the Word, Who is the supreme truth from Whom all truths must flow, men will in no wise contradict what reason discovers. On the contrary, the light which will come to him from the divine Word will give man power and clearness to the human intellect, because it will preserve it from a thousand uncertainties and errors. Besides, nineteen centuries of a glory achieved by Catholicism in all branches of learning amply suffice to refute this calumny . . ." (Leo XIII in "Review of his Pontificate," *Great Encyclical Letters.*)

"The Roman Pontiff cannot and ought not to be reconciled to, or compromise with, progress, liberalism, and modern civiliza-

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tion." It is necessary to look behind names to things. When it is seen that the "progress" with which Pius IX was confronted represented the advances of materialistic skepticism, the "liberalism" and indifference to Christian truths and standards, and that "modern civilization" was sometimes used as synonym for reversions to ancient paganism, it will have to be admitted that the head of the Church "ought not to be reconciled to or compromise with" any of them. And it was in such sense that Pius IX opposed them. Similarly, Pius X condemned "Modernism," and Pius XI will condemn any attempts to "commit the oldest sins the newest kind of ways." Specious names may delude the unwary; but Popes must condemn what they signify when these things are the opposites of what the Catholic Church stands for. People may not accept the principles of the Christian religion, or the Catholic interpretation of those principles; but they cannot fault the Popes for vigilant guardianship of the faith and fold committed to their care. Of all progress which signifies advances from good to better according to Christian standards, or all in modern civilization that represents genuine improvement on older ways of thinking and doing, the Popes have been constant and consistent friends.

The Church is accused not only of dangerous principles, but also of disturbing practises in the United States. The average American is more concerned with these latter than with the academic investigations of 1864. His judgment of Popes will be chiefly determined by what he thinks of American Catholics. He knows that these are sometimes accused of being undesirable citizens. His sense of justice prevents his giving heed to the vague diatribes of agitators; but he is willing to sift and appraise a sober array of facts. If after fair trial they are proved guilty, he will condemn: until they are, he will suspend judgment, and he is always ready to welcome evidence which tells in their favor.

Among the items of the indictment under consideration are: "persistent attacks on the public schools," "notorious influence in public libraries," "despotic control," "insistence that children of mixed marriages be brought up Catholics," "ruthlessness and cruelty in dogmatic matters where heretics are concerned," regarding "education, hygiene, and broad Christian endeavor" as "godless" (!), "espionage over private business, accompanied

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by threats of boycott," "terrorism and muffling of the press," responsibility for the existence at this time of "a reign of terror," and of seeking "the Romanization of our land."

The truth of some of these charges Catholics must admit, — with clear consciences and a determination to go on deserving them. They do insist that all children of Catholic parents be brought up in the faith. With their conviction of the all-importance of the faith, they feel that no Catholic can be a good father or mother who neglects the child's spiritual welfare. In regard to mixed marriages they are as strict as St Paul. They also wish to see Catholic books in public libraries and are alert to oppose misrepresentations of the Church. They wish proportionate representation in all that goes to make up the national life. They would like to see the whole world Catholic, believing that Christians were meant to be what Washington said Americans should be, — "one united people under one head." Without liking the term, they would admit a wish for the "Romanization of our land," if by that be meant the extension to all their fellow-citizens of the blessings and privileges which come to them through their Catholic faith. Without wishing to force the faith on anyone, they have, or ought to have, that missionary spirit which inspires all people possessing a supreme good.

They insist on training their children in the faith, which in our conditions is only possible in special schools. If they say that the public schools cannot teach the Catholic faith, or, for that matter, any religion at all, they simply state fact. There is no denial of the excellence of the public schools in other regards. Catholic principles compel training of children in religion; American principles compel training in citizenship. There is no difficulty in being loyal to both. If there is opposition between Catholicism and certain aspects of American life, it concerns such matters as divorce and birth control, destructive of the sanctity of the family. In regard to these things Catholics stand for what they believe to be the Christian standards; and no American ideal forbids their doing so!

They would not admit, however, that the Church can ever be held responsible for ruthlessness, cruelty, or underhand intrigues and terrorism in business and politics. If Catholics are guilty of these things, it is in defiance of the Church's teaching. Wild

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charges are sometimes made without a ghost of foundation in fact; but when and where there is foundation the Church must not be held responsible for what she is trying to prevent.

Critics must discriminate between the Church and her inconsistent adherents. She comprises a greater number and greater variety of all sorts and conditions of men, more sinners and more saints, than any other religious body. Like every other religious body, she has her poor specimens; and it is one of her glories that she tries to hold on to them. Yet the failures of individuals and groups should not be foisted on the chief influence which is training them for better things. Catholic principles inculcate good citizenship and patriotism. If Catholics ever exercise in education, business, or politics, an influence contrary to civic morality, the cause is not to be sought in their faith. In judging groups of men, common action is naturally ascribed to whatever gives them a common character; but, where there are a number of common factors, pains must be taken to connect particular consequences with the right causes. With the teaching of the Church and the record of Catholics as a whole plainly before him, no one can plausibly maintain that the Catholic Church can be blamed for neglect of civic duties. Americans, with their wish to be fair and square, will do full justice to their Catholic fellow-citizens and not be misled by groundless denunciations.

Those who wish to get rid of evils do quite right to "strike at the source"; but, in the case of faults and foibles of Catholics, to do this will not mean to hit the Vatican. Moreover, a blow at the Vatican is rather dangerous, since far behind the Vatican lies the ultimate source of what is distinctive in Catholicism. Catholicism is a "religion of authority", exclusive, intolerant, missionary, and successful. The Source of all these ideas, principles, and facts lies in One against Whom no good American would wish to strike. They are all implied in such sayings as these: "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by Me." "I am the door: all others, as many as have come, are thieves and robbers." "As My Father hath sent Me, even so send I you." "All authority is given Me in heaven and in earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them . . . and behold, I am with you all the days even to the consummation of the world."

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AUNT JANE'S SOFA

BY
FRANCIS B. BIDDLE

Drawings by Howard N Cook

IT was by tacit understanding between the sisters that Aunt Jane's sofa had been moved, when she died, from the drawing-room to the library. Nothing else in the house had been touched, but they felt that the sofa somehow belonged in the library, with the signed photographs of the distinguished visitors to whom she had so graciously dispensed tea for so many years before settling herself in the cushions, which softened its highly austere line, and opening the room to talk, which seemed to follow her hospitality so easily. Most Philadelphians had tea in their second story back libraries, whence they could look out from their hushed and gently padded intimacy to little yards, surrounding a single maple or sweet gum tree, where in the spring pansies, or even roses, surviving from earlier days, bordered the quiet bricks. But Aunt Jane, with what to Miss Emily was part of her wonderful independence, had tea in the downstairs front withdrawing-room. The library was for reading, for writing letters, — she had had a prodigious correspondence, — for tea when you were alone, and for gentlemen after dinner. After she had gone, lacking her high courage, her two nieces couldn't receive in state below, as she had done, feeling "cozier" in the library,

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where Aunt Jane's sofa was moved, giving them a pleasant feeling of her nearness. For twenty years everything else in the Clinton Street house had remained as she had left it. It was there that their friends came to see them, and there that they spent their leisure. In winter the tea table was drawn near the coal grate, in front of the sofa. Miss Jane, who was little and looked much older than Miss Emily, sat very straight making tea with watchful care, while Miss Emily handed about whatever went with it, beginning at the top of the curate's assistant and traveling down from plain to raisin toast and finally to chocolate or white mountain cake. In the warmer weather they had tea in the bay window, at the end of the long, narrow room, with its air of heterogeneous over-crowding, looking down on their crocuses or tulips.

Evans's room, on a half-landing above the library, was always kept in readiness for him. "You can never tell when he may drop in on us," Miss Jane would say; and although their nephew dropped in at very rare intervals and for very brief visits, — after that first year when he had spent a winter with them while he studied at the Academy of Fine Arts, — Miss Jane kept the little cool room ready for him, with a sense of protest against his vagabondage. "After all he *is* a Philadelphian." Miss Emily mentally changed the tense of the verb, for she knew Evans would never come back to live in the city where he had been born; and to her romantic sense his room held something that he brought back to it of the strange foreign world of which she knew so little, her affection touched not at all by the slight disapproval of her sister, a better Philadelphian, of the unsatisfactory wanderings of the young painter. Miss Jane's affections were always mixed with a sense of disapproval, as if they needed a weakness to cling to. Miss Emily, more discerning than her sister whom she greatly admired, understood this and did not resent a certain critical attitude to Evans, which balanced her own unstinted adoration.

He had come down to them for a week that winter, to spend Christmas, and had been very tractable. Miss Jane had planned a series of entertainments for him, to show him that Philadelphia had really interesting people even if they lived quietly and were civilized. Miss Emily had expostulated, — for her, warmly.

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"But Evans is an artist. We ought to ask nice artistic people to meet him," Miss Jane said.

"But, Jane, we can't supply the kind of people he likes, Bohemians and unconventional types; our friends would bore him to death."

"I don't see that at all, Emily. We could have a little tea. There's Mr. Gravestand, the art critic of the "Ledger," and our new Rector at St Peter's. They say he's very modern. Miss Sifting, too, is very stimulating."

"Jane, if we make Evans meet all those old maids he'll never come near us again. We might have a few girls for him. Sue Partridge's daughter is coming out this year, and you know we ought to do something for her. We could ask little Sue and some of her friends and have a Sunday dinner."

Compromise was finally reached. They would have a young Sunday dinner and a mixed tea; and Evans was to be allowed to sleep as late as he wanted in the morning.

And sleep late he did, getting up not much before lunch. There was always fresh coffee and hot milk ready for his waking. Miss Jane wouldn't allow Bridget to make it at such an hour, which gave Miss Emily an excuse to tap on Evans's door each day about twelve, and when he was nearly dressed to carry a steaming percolator into his room and listen to his talk while he drank his coffee. She would sit in an armchair while he moved about, telling her of his plans, of his adventures; how much he hated Philadelphia and loved New York; what the moderns were trying to do; how much talent he had; how painting was just a business like any other.

"There's only one market in this country, and that's New York, and only two classes of people who buy anything, — the Jews, who know what to buy; and the Westerners, who buy by the square yard, literally, Emily (his younger Aunt he always called by her name, without prefix). And always sentimental values. (If Evans thought a picture bad he called it 'sentimental'; if he approved it was 'amusing'). Isaacson told me a Chicago dealer came in to see him the other day, and after going through the galleries ordered twenty landscapes, about thirty by twenty inches, mostly cows or sheep standing around — they like 'em."

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Miss Emily looked a little shocked, and, catching her expression, he came over and laughingly kissed her on the lips. "You're a sentimentalist, too, I'd almost forgot that, and you needn't deny it, even if you do read the 'Dial' and try to keep up with Amy Lowell. But somehow it suits you, just the way it suits Aunt Jane to be an old war horse like Clemenceau, or Nicholas Murray Butler, only you grow younger and prettier while she hardens into primeval virginity."

"Evans, you mustn't say things like that about Aunt Jane, or about me — we're just two old maids," but she didn't feel like one when he kissed her again, and she was glad she had worn her dark blue silk even if Jane had thought it too "girlish".

It was wonderful, she thought, how good he was about the entertainments. The dinner began a little stiffly. There was something a little inexorable about its endless succession of courses. They dined at three on Sundays. Everyone else except old Judge Neville Davidson, who was almost a contemporary of Aunt Jane, had long since given up dining in the afternoon. In the eighties gentlemen still dined at three and went back to work afterwards, usually in their own houses, which were also their places of business. The result was that everyone was famished, and little

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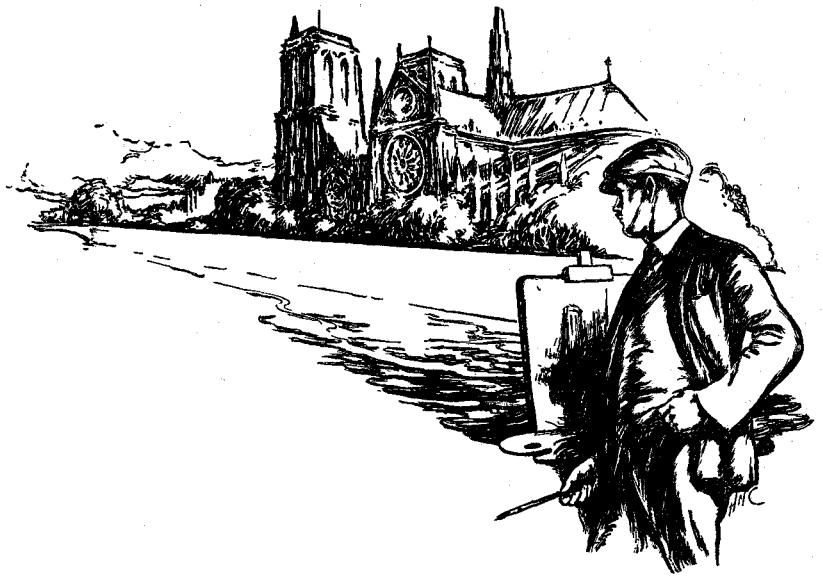

Sue and the friends she had selected to meet Evans ate themselves quickly into a state of torpor; so that when the roast was gone they hardly did justice to the duck. Miss Emily forgot, as she always did, to control herself over the roast beef in order that she might have some room for the bird, which she liked so much better. But Evans didn't seem to notice the general apathy and was very funny and talked a great deal, especially after the champagne. Usually they only had two wines for Sunday dinner, and port for the gentlemen afterwards, but Evans liked champagne, and it was rather an occasion for something more than just the wines that went with your food.

Evans liked port too, and they could hear the gentlemen roaring with laughter, after the ladies had retired to the drawing room, at irregular intervals punctuating his stories. Miss Emily wondered if they were altogether proper; Miss Jane was sure they were not, as her glance a little indulgently, after such good fare, sought her sister's across the room.

And at the tea Evans really was a lamb. In the light of subsequent events Miss Emily was not sure that at the time she had experienced the premonitory doubt which such lamblike behavior should have caused. He had shown earnest sympathy with Mr. Gravestand's statement of his own aesthetic attitude, which had

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opened with a very definite assertion: "I know you are a modernist, and I myself am open to everything that is new, but it must be beautiful. It must have reason. Now take still life. It should be still, as its name implies. Why paint fruit sliding off a plate, and the plate running down a table which looks as if it would fall on the floor."

"Why indeed?" said Evans.

But Miss Sifting would not allow this to pass. She was a modern and resented Mr. Gravestand's sarcastic pen, which did service to all the arts on Sunday in the Supplement, and to the sound moralities in the long editorial on Monday. "You can't understand us," she retorted, looking at Evans. "We modernists are in revolt against the formalism that is killing the world. Not only in art, but in all life. Look at women. Look at the younger generation. I am all for the younger generation."

"So am I," agreed Evans enthusiastically.

And Mr. Gravestand, seeing Miss Sifting home to her boarding house on Spruce Street, agreed with her that there was a very intelligent young man.

Mr. Gravestand's friendly feeling for those two dear ladies curbed somewhat his attack on Evans's picture when a few months later it appeared at the private view of the Academy. He could not let it pass. Evans had been talked about in New York and abroad, but not yet in Philadelphia. But Mr. Gravestand would not praise it. "The work of Mr. Stanhope, who is socially prominent, created a good deal of comment. It is daring and shows unusual power for so young a man. To the modernists, with their avid search for the Ugly, this big nude done in purple lights will undoubtedly make a vivid appeal. I prefer a pleasanter subject, and a milder palette."

Miss Jane snorted when her sister, reading aloud, came to "big nude". When she had finished, "Evans didn't mention he had painted a big nude," was Miss Jane's comment.

"No, he said that it was just a 'studio sketch'," said Miss Emily. "Perhaps Mr. Gravestand meant that the canvas was big, not the subject."

"I don't like big nudes," said Miss Jane.

Nevertheless she went with her sister the following Sunday, when the Academy was less crowded and there was little chance

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of their meeting friends. Miss Jane said she wanted to form her own impressions, so they went without Evans, who had gone back to New York after a second short visit. Miss Emily could not always recall her impressions. So she wrote them down in her catalogue, opposite the titles of the paintings. She tried to make them sound technical and critical, but somehow adjectives ran out, and she was reduced to scribbling "I like that" or "strong" when she wished to distinguish a picture that caught her fancy. She liked to linger, or march quickly by, or return impulsively to look again; but Miss Jane did the exhibition in museum style, allotting a brief gaze to each object, looking first at the number, then at the author's name and subject, finally, for a steady moment, at the picture itself. She worked a gallery numerically. It confused her to begin in the middle, as she said, and subjects which had no names but were loosely designated as "Sketch of Young Woman" or "Landscape" irritated her. The sisters walked a little apart, Miss Jane, *pince-nez* and catalogue moving regularly back and forth to her eyes, near the walls; while Miss Emily fluttered behind her, her eyes a little closed, trying to "feel" what the paintings meant.

It was thus they came on Evans's nude. Miss Emily had wanted to look for it at once, but Miss Jane had prevailed upon her to follow their usual method. Miss Emily had been looking at it for a moment, without recognition, when something tense and grim in her sister's attitude made her realize instinctively that they were indeed face to face with their nephew's work. She moved forward quickly, watching Miss Jane, who stood very stiff and straight, only her head moving as her eyes traveled from one part of the canvas to the other. Then Miss Emily looked at the picture.

There was no doubt or hesitation about the nudity of the figure which reclined before them. Miss Emily didn't mind nudes. She felt she understood what a strange fascination the undraped human body exercised over artists. One almost expected them to paint nudes. It was, however, a relief that this one was a woman. You couldn't stare at a man lying back that way. What queer colors she had! Perhaps models were different. If you were exposed to the air a good deal your skin might turn that strange green and purple . . . She didn't look very healthy. The red

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hair falling over her back and half-raised shoulder was wonderfully painted, she thought. The girl's eyes looked out at you with disquieting composure, her head propped on an elbow, as if it were natural to lie that way. She looked uncomfortable, not languid or indolent as you might expect, but as if she needed a cushion tucked here and there. Then Miss Emily remembered Mr. Gravestand's "sliding off a table". The model looked as if she were sliding off what she was lying on. But *she* wasn't still life.

Miss Emily turned to hear her sister's voice, low but distinct, horribly shocked: "Aunt Jane's sofa!"

That was why the girl was sliding off. She couldn't very well help it. But how awful! Aunt Jane's sofa.

She took her sister by the arm, and they walked resolutely out of the room, down the stairs.

"Bridget," said Miss Jane when they reached home, "we'll have tea this afternoon in the drawing-room." And her sister understood.

Miss Jane had not spoken through dinner, and she had gone early to her room. There, an hour later, Miss Emily found her, propped in bed, with her reading lamp lit, but no book before her. The misery in her eyes moved her sister deeply, and she took her in her arms.

"Don't mind, Jane dear, he didn't mean anything by it. He probably never thought of it. Aunt Jane died when Evans was very little. He hardly remembers her."

If only the other would cry, the way she herself could cry when she was hurt. But Jane never cried. Now she stared hard ahead of her and shook her head a little.

"Aunt Jane's sofa," she murmured. She apparently did not wish to make further comment, — not yet at least.

"Good night, Jane darling."

"Good night, Emmy."

Miss Emily composed herself to sleep, but she felt restless. Jane took things too hard. Of course it was awful of Evans, but she was sure he hadn't meant to hurt them. Why had he taken the sofa? It seemed so inappropriate, and there was a fine distinction about its slim, reserved elegance that had no relation to the recumbent figure. He liked contrast. That intense gardenia-

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white against the black horse hair and mahogany . . . She wondered if the girl had been very uncomfortable, if she had had to change her position very often.

Miss Emily had a temptation. She rose swiftly and got into slippers and dressing gown, for she knew if she lay still she would resist her temptation, and it was very strong. Without turning on the light she moved stealthily out of her room, down a flight, turned on the landing, and went into the library. There was a pale light from the street, enough for her to see the sofa and make her way toward it, even if she hadn't known exactly where it was, exactly where every object in the room stood. She took off two pillows and lay down, her heart beating a little faster. That was it, her face resting on her right hand, legs crossed . . . It was narrow, but the girl had been small, like herself. Not so uncomfortable. The coals glowed a few feet away. She felt drowsy and closed her eyes . . . But in a studio . . .

Suddenly she opened them, to see her sister looming above her in the semi-obscurity. She must have dropped asleep.

"Oh, Jane! Jane. Do you think I am very silly?" she cried, sitting up. "I just wanted to see, to see if—" but she didn't finish her sentence, for Jane had dropped on her knees beside her and was crying convulsively, like a child, with her head on Aunt Jane's sofa.

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A MAY DAY ORISON

ELIZABETH STANLEY TROTTER

An angel chants.

These are the children of the May.
This is their youth: this is their day.
Upon the threshold of your world
They stand and wonder. Closely furled,
Life's message, like a banner rolled
Awaits them. As you shall unfold
Its meaning, so their consciousness
Will bear its tender, first impress
Of welcome, sweet as sweetest May —
Sweet as themselves! or dour and grey,
The breaking of their morn must seem
The onset of a mocking dream —
If you betray them. In their breasts
Love throbs, hope sings, contentment rests.
Laughter hides in their limpid eyes
For which their lips are curving — dies
If you quell it.

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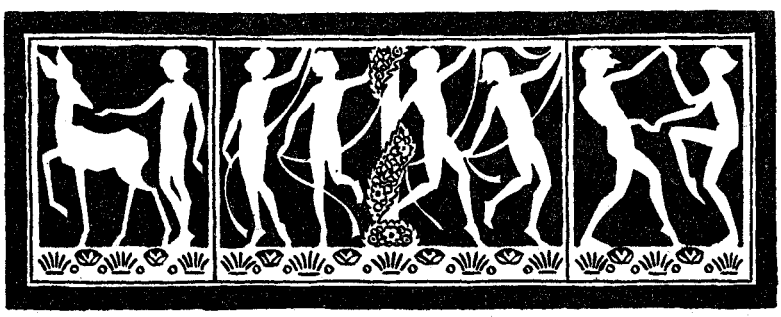
The children sing:

Ah, dear world
Of mother-hearts, that held us curled
Safe, warm within you — throng to heed
Our living, urging wants, our need
Of all the simple, childish blisses —
Sweet sounds, soft words, warm arms, close kisses.
Oh, father-minds! *your* souls' rebirth
Depends on children; on the worth
Of your resolve to guard the flame
Of childhood's holiness from shame.
By you, Christ's self is kept alive
In every child you help to thrive:
Thus through the vow he made to men
You meet your God, a child again;
Fulfilling in diviner way
The lovely promise of the May.

Ah, you who prize us, set us free
That we may cheer your world, and be
A sign that for eternal day
Childhood's springtime shall be May!
Look in our eyes and see the light
That shines there. Is it then too bright?
Must it be dimmed? Are skies too blue
For us? Are fields too fair for you?
Or woods too green and cool? Beware
How you withhold joy — beauty. . . . Care
Comes with wisdom. Carefree is best
For youth. Hence are we wholly blest
By joy. So let our voices ring
In song. In dance our bodies fling
About the may-pole decked with flowers,
Emblem of happy hours.



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THE THREEFOLD ORIGIN OF MAN

FRANCIS GRAHAM CROOKSHANK

MOST men believe that mankind is of monophyletic origin, that is, they believe either in an Adam, or that man is descended from a single pre-human stock. A few scientists, however, adhere to a polyphyletic scheme of creation; among these is Dr. Crookshank, who, as a result of his studies of a type of imbecility called Mongolism, advances the startling hypothesis that man is of threefold origin, that there are three human-ape stems, the White-chimpanzee, Mongolian-orang-utan, and Negro-gorilla.

THE Editor of THE FORUM having offered me an opportunity of saying something concerning the subject-matter of a little book, entitled *The Mongol in Our Midst*, which is reviewed in this number, I feel that I cannot do less than respond, especially as I understand that some discussion may perhaps be conducted in respect of some of the problems involved. Should such discussion take place, debate will, I am sure, be devoted to the really important issues. It is, I hope, without any desire to shirk responsibility, or to avoid criticism, that I disclaim all pretension to anthropological authority. I am anxious not to be thought eager or concerned to establish any particular anthropological theory. My object in writing the book was, quite simply, as physician, to draw the attention of anthropologists to certain facts of interest to them and, as dabbler in anthropology, to draw the attention of my colleagues to the anthropological importance of certain medical observations. Perhaps I may now venture to speak more boldly, and to assert that the problem of the Mongol in our midst cannot be discussed by physicians to good purpose so long as the anthropological issues are shirked, while anthropologists have no right to propound any scheme of human descent and origins that does not solve that problem.

It is true that I have hinted how, in my opinion, one scheme of anthropogeny, and one only, — that of Klaatsch, — does appear to explain the medico-anthropological difficulty; but, if any better explanation can be propounded, no one will be more pleased than I. The greatest merit that can attach to any explanatory hypothesis is that it should prepare the way for the accumulation of fresh facts, and for some yet more satisfactory synthesis.

Again, if we are to progress from one generalization or hypothe-

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sis to others more useful, we must not be afraid of initial error. The task of the skilled engineer is to make good the rough tracks of the unskilled adventurer. I am gratified to find that, as yet, no correction or modification suggested to me has been other than helpful to the argument, and that such anatomists as Kurz of Münster have generously made available treasures of research, germane to the matter, which more than justify some of my speculations. On the other hand, some of those who, like Kurz, are anxious "to spread abroad the polyphyletic doctrine" of Klaatsch have found a not unwelcome body of evidence in my statements concerning Mongolian imbecility amongst white peoples.

* * *

What, then, is the problem of the Mongol in our midst?
How has it now, and only now, come to be raised?
What are the implications of this problem?
What, if any, is the practical value of its discussion?

These are the questions that I now attempt to answer. Some years ago, for various reasons, I became much interested in that curious class composed of children who, defective physically as well as mentally, have been called Mongolian imbeciles, by reason of the resemblance to racial Mongols seen in them by Dr. Langdon-Down. I found that medical men, curiously enough, displayed no interest in the, to me, obvious anthropological problem, while many even denied the resemblance of these children to racial Mongols. But I found also what, though not mentioned in any text-book of medicine, I should have known: that in Western Europe there are many people, of seemingly pure Western origin who, though in no way imbecile, are yet, physically and psychically, Mongols in our midst. I drew attention to this point, and suggested that therein lay the clue to the problem of Mongolian imbecility, — or, rather, that the problem of Mongolian imbecility merged into the greater problem of Occidental Mongolism. But I failed to excite interest, amongst medical men at any rate, while the anthropologists had nothing to say.

Further study, however, convinced me that Western Mongolism implies a physical and psychical resemblance that is not, as one of my critics said, "purely superficial", but something

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very much more significant. Many very important facts were related to me by those who became aware of my interest in the subject. For instance: the personal friend of an eminent statesman of Mongolian facies and physique, informed me that this great man's antipathy to Christianity was balanced by his leanings towards Buddhism; a charming and accomplished woman doctor, — an obvious Mongoloid, — told me that when a child she clamored for Chinese images as birthday presents; and the parents of a little Mongolian imbecile said that they had severally and for long cherished ambition to go to China as missionaries. I have since noted that while, as my friend Dr. R. Langdon-Down has said, the children of Anglo-Saxon missionaries to China are not infrequently Mongolian imbeciles, it is even more frequently the case that those displaying an interest in Mongolian problems and Chinese thought are themselves the bearers of Mongolian stigmata. Quite recently, in the course of my work at the French Hospital, I examined a woman of "pure" Italian descent who displayed all the obvious stigmata of Occidental Mongolism. She told me that for some years past she had been happily married to a Chinaman.

It is unnecessary to labor the point. Western Mongoloids and Mongolian imbeciles are "Mongols through and through." So much was said to me some years ago by an eminent anthropologist, who still refuses to admit the anthropological importance of the fact. Not merely in body and in brain, but psychically, — I had almost said spiritually, — these persons are, indeed, Mongols expatriate. Now, between the Mongol and him who is no Mongol there is a great gulf fixed. The Mongol does not see with his eye and with his mind as do we who are not Mongols. Nor does he hear and understand as do others. Questions are involved therefore that are of the greatest political, psychological, and philosophical importance. However answered, all these lead ultimately to the recognition of all interpretations of the Universe as relative to the physical and psychical structure of the interpreter; and so to a new conception of certain values. In respect of psychology alone, we are afforded a distant view of a comparative study that, paradoxically enough, may lead us nearly to a positive conception of more than relative value, as by the route indicated by Masson-Oursel in a treatise on *Comparative Philosophy*.

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There is, however, another aspect of the problem than that which takes account of only human homologies. The Mongolian imbeciles, at certain stages of their lives, and in certain respects, present homologies that, whilst on the one hand Mongolian, may yet be as definitely pre-human. These homologies are with the orang and not with either the gorilla or the chimpanzee. Now, the undoubted homologies between the Mongolian races and the orang have long been known in part, though, very unfairly, often stigmatized by anatomists as superficial and of no importance. At any rate, it was observation of these homologies that induced Haeckel to suggest the derivation of mankind in general from an orangoid ape by way of a Malayan or proto-Mongolian ancestor. The problem then becomes not merely that of how to explain the occurrence of Mongolian imbeciles and Mongoloids in Western Europe, but how to explain the homologies between the Western Mongoloids, the Mongolian races, and the orangs. It is clear that no theory not involving the notion of atavism can explain the Mongolian and orangoid homologies, unless at the expense of ignoring patent facts, and, although I have been told that it is very wrong to import anthropological arguments into the medical arena, I cannot but point out how Klaatsch's theory of a polyphyletic descent of man is compatible with all the facts concerning Mongolian imbecility and Occidental Mongolism.

Indeed, it seems as if, on the known facts, either some such polyphyletic scheme as Klaatsch's should be adopted, or else that the doctrine of man's descent from an ape-like progenitor, as established by the evidence of homologies, should be abandoned. For no monophyletic scheme of man's descent from an ape-stock has yet been devised that is competent to explain away the occurrence of the Mongol in our midst, and no explanation, not involving the notion of atavism, or reversion, has yet been put forward that does not destroy the evidential value of homologies in matter of descent.

* * *

What, it may be asked, is implied by these terms, monophyletic and polyphyletic? And what, in particular, is Klaatsch's polyphyletic scheme?

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In respect of any mental discipline, all men will be found ranged in one or other of two opposing camps. Anthropologists, for example, always have been, and perhaps always will be, divided on one point: — the answer to the question whether mankind constitutes one species or several. This question, like every crucial question in pure science, involves an obvious *petitio principii*. But, if put in historical form, it is susceptible of logical discussion. We may then ask: Has mankind derived from a single human stock, or from several disparate human stocks?

This controversy flourished long before the Darwinian hypothesis became current, so that even amongst those who adhered to the doctrine of creation there were: the Monogenists, who traced all mankind back to Adam and Eve, or to Noah and his wife; as well as: the Polygenists, who postulated either separate centres of creation, or a pre-Adamite creation of man. And so forth. Now, so long as only the *Mongolian* homologies of the Mongolian imbeciles were under consideration, it was quite possible to construct an intelligent explanation of the Mongol in our midst, the *creation* of man being first assumed. But nowadays we have to account for the orangoid as well as the Mongolian homologies of Mongolian imbeciles; and for the orangoid homologies of racial Mongols as well. And all anthropologists, whatever their personal beliefs and convictions, do find it at least a matter of convenience to assume, as an intellectual device, that man was not created as such but is descended from an ape-stock. Those who, for convenience or from conviction, adopt the doctrine of man's evolution from the ape, are also divided into Monogenists and Polygenists, — or, more correctly, into those who adopt monophyletic, and those who adopt polyphyletic schemes. At present only the monophyletists are considered orthodox; but their orthodoxy, like all orthodoxies, is being loudly challenged.

This is as it should be; orthodoxies are to be challenged or they fossilize into sterile academics.

At any rate, the monophyletists assume *all* human races, past and present, to have derived from one stem which ages ago diverged from some part of the genealogical tree of the Primates, and is exclusively human. There are almost as many special

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schemes as there are writers, but all monophyletists give to mankind as a whole a common divisor that is inapplicable to the ape. However, on no monophyletic hypothesis does it seem possible to explain, atavistically or otherwise, the Mongol in our midst. Polyphyletists, on the other hand, postulate differently. They assume that, ages ago, certain branches split away from the main trunk (or one of its subdivisions) and that from *each* of these branches both humanoid and simian twigs were given forth. In this way is explained what Arldt implies when he says that of the existing great apes, — the gorilla, the chimpanzee, and the orang, — each presents greater approximation to the human type he most approximates than he does to either of his fellow-apes. In other words, the orang is, morphologically, nearer to the Mongol than he is to the gorilla, and the gorilla is nearer to the Negro than he is to the orang. Sera has lately produced a scheme that provides for *six* man-monkey types, but he insists particularly on the Mongol-orang affinity. It is, however, the scheme of Klaatsch, as modified by his pupils, that is the most important.

According to this scheme, three great branches once diverged from a common stem. From one branch sprang: the orangs and Mongolian and Australo-Caucasian man. From another: the gorillas and the Negroes. From the third: the chimpanzees, and probably the Mesopotamian races.

Now, although schemes of this sort have been bitterly attacked, they do at any rate "explain" not only the occurrence of the Mongol in our midst, but the characters and incidence of certain forms of imbecility other than that we call Mongolism. That the scheme should be accepted as fully justified requires the presentation of more evidence than has yet been assembled; but almost every day fresh evidence accumulates. The work of Kurz is of the greatest significance, for he feels himself justified, after an exhaustive study of Chinese brains, in asserting that "*Die gelbe Menschenart und der Orang sind einer Wurzel entsprossen.*" Now the peculiarities of the brains of Chinamen and orangs are those of our own "Mongolian imbeciles."

If the polyphyletic suggestions of Klaatsch and his followers become established, it will follow that we must admit the population of Europe to be a blend (in different proportions) of the black,

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the white, and the yellow; and we shall find no difficulty in understanding many facts in anatomy and in medicine that have hitherto baffled us. At present, and so long as homologies are accepted as evidence of common descent, the theory of Klaatsch holds the field as explanatory of the Mongol in our midst. Whether anything I have written concerning Mongolism and Mongolian imbecility gives independent weight to Klaatsch's hypothesis is another matter, upon which anthropologists must adjudicate with the help of medical assessors.

* * *

Earlier in this paper, the crucial question of anthropology was put in historical form. It was asked: Has mankind derived from a *single* human stock — created or "evolved"? Or, has mankind derived from *several* human stocks — created or "evolved"?

We must now ask ourselves: Is this question answered if Klaatch's, or any similar scheme, comes to be generally adopted? This time the reply must be unequivocal: and in the negative. Vaihinger (whose *Philosophy of As If* has been translated recently in admirable fashion by my friend Mr. Ogden, of Cambridge and London) is only expressing what the acutest thinkers, from William of Ockham to Bentham, have felt, when he declares that explanatory theories and hypotheses, even when they are fertile in deductions and discoveries, are but *Fictions* of the mind. They are, indeed, in mediaeval Latin, *Ficta*. They are convenient summaries, in a certain form and suitable for our lawful occasions, of what it would be cumbersome and unhandy always to deal with in detail. They are the paper currency of scientific commerce. They have no "real", no intrinsic, no absolute value. But, if properly backed by facts, they are of enormous advantage for purposes of exchange, of transfer, of increase, and of profit. They help us to acquire real wealth, or "to become rich." And so, working *as if* Klaatsch's hypothesis were historically true, we are able to acquire knowledge and experience that we find of real value in daily professional life.

The recognition of the racial and simian types and characters amongst us is of the greatest assistance in assessing symptoms in patients. One can predicate, in many cases, what are the physical and psychical peculiarities and reactions of the patient even

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before the ordinary clinical examination is entered on. The usefulness, or the reverse, of certain medical and surgical procedures can be estimated. One can understand why and how certain persons do this and that, and why or how certain results and failures occur. The explanation of many disharmonies, disparities, deformities, and disagreements becomes clear as daylight.

But the line of thought opened up by such studies as these, — and I owe very much to the work of Bean, in the Philippines, — has, I think, still greater possibilities than that of medical benefit to individuals.

Recognition of the fundamental and correlated physical and psychical differences between man and man, and between nation and nation, should make for tolerance, for understanding, and for wisdom. There are lessons for the priest, for the politician, and for the philosopher, in a study of the three faces of mankind. I do not for one moment believe that any scheme or hypothesis yet propounded, or to be propounded, will solve all the problems that scientific observation has raised and will raise: no scheme or hypothesis, that is, based on purely intellectual work and effort. Purely intellectual work is in many ways admirable, and we are grateful to science for the benefits she has conferred upon us; if not for all her works. Yet, all scientific explanations and doctrines involve some unverified or unverifiable assumption, even when, as is too seldom the case, they do not beg the real question at issue.

It is *possible* that there is a completer knowledge than that of formal science, to which we may attain if we do not resolutely and of set purpose shut off all avenues of contact with it other than those made use of in scientific investigation. It is possible that da Vinci and Sir Thomas Browne came nearer to reality than do we when we dispute as to which lemur or ape we may be descended from. But it is very interesting, and perhaps not unprofitable, to consider which ape we most resemble, and why, and how.

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WHAT IS CIVILIZATION?

V — The Answer of China

CHI-FUNG LIU

IN former articles in this series, India, Africa, The Middle Ages, and Classical Greece have each, through a qualified spokesman, given an answer to our query. In the present article, Chi-Fung Liu, a young Chinese scholar, speaks for that great civilization which flourished for millenniums without contact with our western world and only vaguely known to us. He finds the essence of Chinese civilization in the subordination of the individual life to Life as a Whole, and in the most human of all cultures.

CIVILIZATION consists in a variety of factors, just as life is of many phases. Civilization is an expression of life; apart from life it would be meaningless. Thus we must view civilization from an humanitarian point of view as a phase of living, and not as an academic abstraction. Many factors, — art, literature, religion, philosophy, and the like, — combine to produce what we call civilization, a social state characterized by progress, harmony, and happiness. I hasten to add that progress, harmony, and happiness must be concomitant; we do not want one at the expense of the other or the others; rather, we want them as a whole. It is only from such a premise that we can fairly and accurately trace what the Chinese have contributed to our world-stream of culture.

All the individual manifestations of Chinese civilization, — China's art, literature, philosophy, social codes, — have their source in a certain conception of life. This conception is to be found in a broad expanse of love for the Ultimate and the Universal which is the common thought-inheritance of every Chinese. The ends of life and the meaning of life alone count. If civilization is civilization at all, it must add something to man's moral worth, justice, and happiness. For us, the understanding and the taming of natural forces are only secondary. There is no other good than aesthetic enjoyment and moral instruction, no real human tie between men but to love one another. It is only in such ways that one can seek wisdom and inner peace.

Chinese art quite definitely reflects the Chinese concepts of life. It grows out of them inevitably. And to understand it one must have a clear comprehension of the principles that inspire

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it. Chinese art differs from Western art in that the former does not aim at an exact and complete representation of reality. Chinese artists are poets, philosophers, critics, and theorists who have profoundly studied all the past and reflected on the principles which they applied. It is to Kuo-Hsi of the tenth century A. D. that we owe the idea that in all things it is the invisible spirit which must be set free and expressed, and not their visible reality. He agrees with the opinion that "a poem is a picture destitute of visible forms, and a painting is a poem which has put on form." Earlier still, in the sixth century, Hsieh-Ho held that all the painter's effort must strive to render "the life-movement of the Spirit through the rhythm of things." It is the creative essence that the artist should portray. Hence the interest of Chinese art lies chiefly in Nature, in the metaphysical world, in contemplation. Man is only a detail in the Great Whole; the life of the Universe infinitely surpasses the individual life, and it is the echoes, gleams, apparitions from this vaster life which haunt the mind of the Chinese painter. The vitality of Chinese art can be found in intuitive synthesis and vision.

As to painting, the Chinese particularly love the landscape. Wang Wei, Wu Tao-Tze, Emperor Hui Tsung, Li Lungmen, Chao Ta-nien, Li Ti are only a few of the great painters. What a painting aims at giving is nature and the joy of it. Harmony between life and nature, peace or tempests, autumn melancholies, spring raptures, natural austerities or delicacies, certain flowers, certain seasons, certain trees, certain moments, and so forth, —all Chinese painting is charged with meaning: it is never the simple representation of a landscape, of a flower, a simple visual impression. In a short poem, says Wang An-shih: "It is midnight, all is silent in the house; the water-clock has stopped. But I am unable to sleep because of the beauty of the trembling shapes of the spring flowers thrown by the moon upon the blind." Such sensations, so acutely felt and so mysteriously charged with meaning, can only be rendered "by soft strokes of the brush full of secret intensions." To be pure as the flower of the plum tree, free as the bird, strong as the pine, flexible as the willow, — such is the ideal of Chinese art.

Turning to Chinese literature, we find it on the whole sweet, delicate, and pacifistic, — an unruffled reflection of Chinese life.

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In one of his poems, "The Old Man with the Broken Arm", Po Chu-I made a hero of a recruit who maimed himself in order to escape military service. It is quite justifiable to say that Chinese people prefer enjoyment to power. No less beautiful is Chinese music, which makes so little noise that one can barely hear it, so that one's heart is never excited. Inseparably connected with all that is of permanent value in our poetry and general literature are the drama and the novel which were developed as distinct forms during the thirteenth century. They grew out of associated forms, gradually.

From time immemorial the Chinese have danced set dances in time to music on solemn or festival occasions. In the Odes we read:

"Lightly, sprightly,
To the dance I go,
The sun shining brightly
In the court below."

The movements of the dancers were methodical, slow, and dignified. Long feathers and flutes were held in the hand and were waved to and fro as the performers moved right or left. Gradually the music and singing prevailed over the dance, gesture being substituted for dance steps. The result was rather an operatic than a dramatic performance; the words sung being more in the nature of song lyrics than of the dialogue of a play.

Chinese religion like Chinese art and literature is quite indigenous, a natural expression of the Chinese philosophy of life. Indeed, the Chinese notion of religion is very slight. The thought of the entire population is permeated by a definite ethical code, but it is not fierce or persecutory. "Religions are many, but reason is one." Chinese religion is more tolerant, more reasonable, and less dogmatic than the religions of any other people; it is hardly more than an ethical code. In China there have never been religious wars.

The most amazing and also the most significant factor of Chinese civilization is the ethical system fused from the teachings of Lao-Tze, Confucius, and Mo-Tze. They belong to the sixth and the fifth centuries B. C. and they have influenced Chinese thought down to the present time. These individuals have probably contributed as much to the formation of our

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national character as our science, climate, and economic circumstances.

Lao-Tze was an original thinker,—anarchist, evolutionist, pacifist, and moral philosopher. His teachings, which were not so much a religion as a philosophic rule of life, can almost be summarized in one phrase: "Return to nature." Lao-Tze held that every person, every animal, and every thing has a certain "Way" or manner of behaving which is natural to him, or her, or it, and that each must conform to it. *Tao* means Way. If we all lived strictly according to nature we should be immortal, like the heavenly bodies.

What is the function of *Tao* which Lao-Tze so favored? He describes the operation of *Tao* as "production without possession, action without self-assertion, development without domination." One could derive from these words a conception of the ends of life. Possession, self-assertion, and domination are at present eagerly sought nationally as well as internationally by most peoples with the exception of the Chinese. Thus an understanding of *Tao* is precisely what is needed in the modern world.

After Lao-Tze came Confucius who laid down some fundamental rules of conduct. To Confucius, virtue must come from good-will. The "golden rule", to treat others as we would have them treat us, which Confucius was the first to formulate, is as much a matter of justice as of benevolence. It is a rule of impartiality as between self and others. "Reciprocity" is its watchword: "What you do not want done to yourself do not do to others." Benevolence, indeed, should be universal, but there must be a rule of justice in applying it. We should forgive injuries, but we should not treat evil and good alike. "Requite injury with justice, and kindness with kindness." This is not, however, to be taken as justifying vengeance. "Show forbearance and gentleness in teaching others and do not revenge unreasonable conduct." Consequently, magnanimity, generosity, and peace-loving became an heritage that is individual as well as social. They became moral forces acting through and upon the individual, expressing themselves in the social institutions that reflect him. Feuds very seldom take place in China. In this respect we must not judge China by the present,—a moment in her long national history; we must view that history

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as a whole. Chinese life is full of manifestations of these moral forces: it is not uncommon for evil-doers to repent and assume the consequences of their misdeeds without being punished or in any way coerced. Even the northern barbarians who invaded China were quickly assimilated by her civilization. This complete absorption of a strong alien conqueror by the civilization of the conquered is a phenomenon not duplicated elsewhere in human history. The European barbarians of the north who conquered Rome, while they absorbed many elements of the civilization they destroyed, actually (and only after the lapse of centuries) created a wholly new civilization. It is only by using moral weapons that we can spiritually conquer another people. This conquest of her alien conquerors proves better than anything else that Chinese society is maintained by moral control and not by law.

To live in the service of mankind, to respect parents and superiors (those who are superior to us in morality and knowledge), to be kind and helpful to those in need, to love all men, to serve a good ruler but withstand him to his face if he is bad, to die if necessary for a moral principle, — such is the ideal of personal conduct that Confucius taught to China.

On the side of political theory or form of government, Confucius's opinion was entirely democratic. He held that the people are by nature disposed to virtue; that they break out into mutiny only in times of distress. The duty of the ruler is to keep down taxation, to avoid harsh punishments and excessive forced labor. It is essential "to enrich the people first and then to teach them." In accordance with the doctrine of universal benevolence the people are the first object in the State, and the ruler is their servant. Here we have a theory of conduct as well as a theory of society. Confucianism was always the official teaching, the one in which candidates for the civil service were examined.

The result has been that for many ages the government has been in the hands of literary skeptics. In fact, they have adopted the *laissez-faire* policy advocated by Lao-Tze. Throughout her long history the population of China has been happy except where and when sporadic outbreaks of civil war have brought misery; all China's subject nations have been allowed

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autonomy. Confucius cherished internationalism with such assertion that to him "within four seas all are brothers."

With Lao-Tze and Confucius, Mo-Tze ranks equally. He was a philosopher, an altruist, a radical, and a social reformer. His most famous doctrine is the "universal love" from which are derived those principles, — "non-attack", "thrift", and "self-defense". All these principles could serve to carry out the doctrine of "universal love". This doctrine is not only advantageous to others, but to those as well who act according to its principles. Mo-Tze especially condemned war, — civil, national, and international. Three chapters in his book are devoted to describing the disadvantages of war. War is not only injurious to the conquered, but to the conqueror as well. Even though occasionally some of the States may make profit at the expense of others, it still cannot be justified. He made a comparison with medicine: if ten thousand people use a certain medicine and only four or five are benefited, it is surely not a good medicine. Thus he was strongly opposed to narrow patriotism and militarism. He did not press his principle of "non-attack", but he hoped that this conception would be put into practise. He saw that self-defense might be one means of attaining the aim of the principle. All his students took up the art of war, that is, they all understood strategy. Whenever Mo-Tze heard that one nation was preparing to attack another he would go to the aggressor in an effort to prevent the attack. If the intention was persisted in, then Mo-Tze and his students joined the invaded nation in its program of self-defense. This he did several times with great success. Apparently he stood for the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Once he said: "If the existence of the world depended upon my killing myself, that would mean that killing myself would be a benefit to the world, and as such I would be willing to do it." This shows that Mo-Tze possessed a spirit of self-sacrifice and charity. Progress, to him, is possible not by struggle and competition, but by mutual help and universal love.

In order to attain this aim, he gave special emphasis to social psychology and economic reconstruction. He and his followers lived a simple life, wore coarse clothes, and by their example encouraged hard labor. He laid down a formula: "Help

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others with your additional labor and distribute your surplus money." The Chinese people really carry out this formula, especially with their families, relatives, and friends. This is the reason why Chinese wealth is so well distributed.

What these Chinese philosophers created was democracy, cosmopolitanism, pacifism, a fair distribution of wealth, and, above all, freedom. Due to the influence of their teaching, for more than two thousand years neither priest, nor noble, nor feudal system has played any part in Chinese history. It is the only society which is truly democratic; it is the only one in which the administrative power has never been entrusted to rank, birth, or favor, but always to merit alone by a system of purely literary examination. In her own way, in her life as in her philosophy, China has subordinated everything to human reason, and built up a society in harmony with its precepts. Chinese philosophy, art, and literature are the most human. And in this quality of pervasive humanness we find the essence of Chinese civilization.

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THE SYMBOLIC BATHTUB

HARVEY MAITLAND WATTS

IF Cleanliness is next to Godliness and Americans are as well washed as they are reputed to be, the inference is obvious. An impassioned defender of American ideals advances the argument that the model bathroom is the sign and symbol of a "physical, social, and spiritual achievement the significance of which can hardly be exaggerated. Europe," he says, "has gone on unbathed for so many centuries that it has come to look upon uncleanliness as identical with local color, art, soul, and even religion."

IT was Sir John Foster who said that the real American emblem is not the Stars and Stripes but the American bathtub. He should have said the American bathroom, for this abode of shining white accessories gleaming against a porcelain-lined background, with its metallic glint of open plumbing, is the sign and symbol of a physical, social, and spiritual achievement which can hardly be exaggerated. Even Sinclair Lewis could not complete his caricature of our supposedly mechanized civilization, without dragging in our standardized plumbing by the ears. If it is to be considered a matter worthy of both foreign and native ridicule then so much the better for America. We can afford to flaunt both our flag and our bathtub and enjoy the comments of Europeans denied the protection of the one and the convenience of the other. In any jokes about our bathtub the laugh is with us.

Europe, including England, has gone unbathed for so many centuries from the dear old dirty Mediaeval times that it has come to look upon a certain kind of uncleanliness, dirt, and drudgery, forsooth, as identical with local color, art, and soul, and even religion. The Montmartre and the Montparnasse folk in Paris and their imitators in our own Greenwich Village are sure that dirt is an attribute of art and they have quite won over to their way of thinking the emotional tourist, who at home would be president of the "Clean-Up-Week Association". But other Europeans are not quite so sure of their ground, and while they are perfectly willing to make a virtue of their defects and have done so for centuries, especially when dealing with America, they are not so prone to defend a bathless and unwashed civilization as they are to hide home lacks by a persistent attack on what they describe as the deadening super-mechanics of home life in America.

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William L. George, for instance, supposedly familiar with the elegancies of American life, — though it seems to annoy him that even workmen over here go to their tasks in motors, — speaking presumably from the superior bounder refinements of the life led by the stodgy, bathless Nokes and Stokes, the yokels on the farm, the Hooligans of Whitechapel, and the drab and drunken proletarians of smoke and fog-begrimed Lancashire towns, — sees American life still "crude, rough, and awkward"; which it is not, either in the matter of our homes, our persons, our attire, our food, our masses, our morals, or anything else that goes to make up the American ensemble.

But one expects these last flings of an envy that knows better; for the British are hard put to it since they find that Europe is giving in to American ideals and that even the lowest classes over there are becoming convinced that the life of dirt and drudgery is not, after all, eminently desirable. And naturally the British are annoyed at our bathtubs and bathrooms, because we have beaten them at their own game. Read *Farington's Diary*. There you will see how Britons loved to travel on the Continent in the 1800's and assert in a self-glorifying manner what a condescension it was for them to be Britons and endure the lower standards of inferior if picturesque peoples. And then think of the shock to ladies and gentlemen who formerly lorded it all over the Continent laden down with bathtubs of tin and rubber at being told by the hotel people that it is the American woman who has forced on them the room and bath idea and those other conveniences and decencies of life which even the English have left undeveloped. This does irritate, and it is a significant fact that, not so long ago, a clever American hostess in London owed a large part of her popularity to the fact that her bathroom was a marvel of marble and porcelain and silver plating and, above all, warm! For after all, most of the din which Britishers arouse about their bathing fails to ring true. If you look into statistics of the water supply in British cities, you discover very soon that there is not enough water to go around, and if anyone wants a real bath it must be on rare occasions.

But even to-day the general European public is still the great unwashed! Over there caste and class show a grave disinclination to encourage the lower levels to imitate the ways of the

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elect. America's total disregard of these distinctions shocks them. For here, since the days of the first built-in bathtub, — the chroniclers say it was in Cincinnati in 1845, — we have gone steadily ahead in realizing for the greatest number in all classes those standardized comforts in the living room, kitchen, bedroom, and bath, which to-day the world over are called "American". And if this be a mechanical standardization of life and if there be something particularly objectionable in this standardization in the interests of comfort and cleanliness, so be it! Against it are ranged the dirt and drudgery of the European and Mediterranean background. It has been said of us that all this is a leveling to a plane of mediocrity, but if so, it is a leveling up and not down! And if one is going to object to standardization what, one may ask, can be worse than the century-old standardized background of the peasantry of Europe? People seem to forget that one Arthur Young wrote a vivid description of the wretchedness of town and country life in France in the days of Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI. And so far as La Belle France goes to-day, over two million American doughboys and officers and civilian workers, to say nothing of tourists, know a thing or two about the physical inconveniences and the wretched conditions of French country life. The savage bestiality of French rural life, which only a Zola could depict, has remained so unchanged for generations that it is hardly possible to differentiate life there to-day from life in the days of the Louis.

While, when it comes to English life, their everlasting problem novels, dealing with sculleries and drains and model housing in "Tooting, Upper Tooting", reveal the fact that they are not quite satisfied with the crudities and cruelties of homes without conveniences, cleanliness, and devoid of sanitation. They seem to sense the fact that such an atmosphere is not the best in which to train for a higher spirituality, something which so many of the critics of American ways assume as a postulate. One wonders if the peasant and the proletarian over there really believe that the difficulties of domestic life, — such as carrying water for two miles on top of one's head, — are wonderful things for the repose of one's soul; and if it is a soul-destroying thing to be transported to America where one is able to draw pure water, hot or cold at that, from gushing spigots in a sanitarily clean apartment.

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One must expect the slurs of the dethroned English and their bitterness. They have felt the horror, however repressed and polite, with which the traveling American views the approach of a small tin tub and a smaller basin of water for the daily bath; a clumsy ritual which seems to give the Englishman a spiritual, social glow in inverse proportion to the amount of water used and the amount of apparatus involved in the operation.

But the bathroom though a symbol is only one of the many ways in which Americans have relieved themselves from a recourse to round-about expedients and have left themselves free to think about something higher than the management of the basic elements of an everyday existence. That the perfection of mechanical things ties people to the mechanisms as if they were human slaves is a pet theory that Europeans like to suggest is true solely of American life. But there is nothing in the argument, for the European peasant, bourgeois, and upper class have to spend more time in securing what are called the cruder creature comforts than is the case with Americans, and it is this drudgery which drags on their physique, their soles, and their soul.

It is true that some nations take pride in discomforts. There are those who prefer the garret of the *Vie de Bohême* to a "parlor, bedroom, and bath" in a well regulated flat. The British, for instance, have made an additional self-denying virtue out of the insignificant heating of their homes, for they, in common with the rest of Northern Europe have never really solved the problem of comfortably heating a house. While we, over here, with not so much pride in the bad precedents of unprogressive and uninventive eras, and having to meet the rigors of a climate that is grippingly cold in winter and unendurably hot in summer, went at it very bravely from the days of Franklin and did a somewhat miraculous thing in creating a house that is cool in summer and uniformly warm in winter. This is another American miracle, which, in connection with the triumph of beauty in domestic architectural design, is, however, another story.

That the average American child is spoiled because it knows the motor, the radio, and the telephone, and electric instalments by which it gets over easily all those things which grandfather had trouble with, is downright nonsense. For, in general, the child which grows up with the cleanly, self-respecting conven-

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iences of the American home is thereby put on a superior physical, moral, and social level. How far the lack of the bath and other home conveniences have affected English health is shown in one amusing item: No American child or adult knows anything about chilblains, which is a common complaint among the elect, even among royalty in England.

The specialists who, to-day, blame every affliction, even natural shortcomings, on the condition of the teeth, have a tremendous argument in favor of American vitality, since with us good teeth are the rule rather than the exception. The neglect of their teeth in England has given rise to the classic joke of the condescending English matron, who, unfamiliar with the standards of dentistry for children in America, and startled by the appearance of a girl who might have posed for a dazzling advertisement of dentifoam, remarked that she liked American girls and thought they "were very pretty" but "was it not unfortunate that they all had recourse to artificial teeth at so early an age?" And even Kipling in describing the march of American troops in London pointed out that the great novelty in their appearance to the crowds that lined the streets was their shining white teeth.

But these bathroom and hygienic matters are but the fringes of a profound social and spiritual problem which has developed out of America having standardized those things in family life which in Great Britain and Europe have not yet been brought into the experience of all classes in the community. "You deride me," says the seer in *Œdipus Rex*, "in those things in which I am great." So the derision with which the foreigner attacks the very perfection of American conveniences is a very hollow laugh indeed for them, — not for us. It is no small thing that the small Philadelphia house with its parlor, its bedroom, its sitting room, its bathroom, and its inside kitchen with a summer kitchen and backyard became the American standard even in Philadelphia's and America's B.C. period, — "Before the Centennial". For it is the privacies and the reticences and the dignities involved in this kind of life which have been transferred in part by American ingenuity even into the more modern flats and apartment houses. And it is these that have given full opportunity to American idealism and American spirituality. It is to the credit of the

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American that whatever ideas he may have had about parlor, bedroom, and bath, he distinguishes among them and does not confuse them. And we have kicked over long ago the idea that living in dirt and drudgery on dunghills is the true gospel of our national salvation. It is only the shallow thinkers who derive soul from the worst of domestic experiences. Apparently, they believe that the unchanged linen and the matted hair shirt are the essentials of all religion and not something very much finer: that cleanliness of body, soul, and spirit, which is really next to Godliness.

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THE FIFTEEN FINEST NOVELS

ARTHUR SYMONS

MAKING lists of the finest novels is a perennial pastime, diverting as it is illuminating. Some months ago Professor William Lyon Phelps contributed his list of favorites in a FORUM *essay. According to his count, England scored six times, France four, Russia three, America two. Arthur Symons, dean of English critics and stylists, gives first place to France, with seven "bests", second place to England with four, while America shares the same meagre fate as Russia, Spain, and Italy,—one vote apiece.*

IT has been some time since that summer evening in Island Cottage, Kent, when, having lighted a wood fire on the open hearth, I read Professor William Lyon Phelps's article on "The Fifteen Finest Novels". I read his list with the greatest interest, although I cannot say that on the whole I agreed with him. But I do admit the "irresistible temptation" which this kind of novelty incites, — the temptation to make one's own list of what seem the fifteen finest novels. Such a pastime is bound to stir some readers' minds to a "cold fury", — and besides, as Professor Phelps admits with so nice a sense of modesty, "the list-maker can never prove he is right, and nobody can prove he is wrong." Moons pass, and moods; yet my list, as I made it that summer evening remains practically unchanged. I did not take these novels in chronological order, but more or less as they occurred to me.

1. *Don Quixote* by Miguel de Cervantes: — *Don Quixote* is one of the world's masterpieces. Cervantes, born at Madrid in 1547, Shakespeare born in 1564, both put off mortality on the same day, the twenty-third of April, 1616. The resemblance in their physiognomies is striking, even startling, but with a predominance of acuteness in Cervantes, and of reflection in Shakespeare. Shakespeare, Balzac, Cervantes, stake all upon each creation, leaving us no choice but to reject or accept each as a whole, precisely as we should a human being. The first aim of Cervantes was to ridicule the play of courtly romance, and, so far as the extravagant facts of chivalry were concerned, to "laugh Spain's chivalry away", in the words of Byron. Don Quixote is mad in the imagination, otherwise sane. Sancho Panza is the Knight's converse, for he has common-sense without imagination. Cervantes shows in both characters the mischief resulting from a

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severance of the two main constituents of sound intellectual and moral actions. And what is even more remarkable, he shows that each is dependent upon the other in the worst emergencies, and that each at times has a mastery over the other.

Cervantes made his scarecrow hero one of the most sympathetic victims of romance; the eternal idealist, — lovable, ridiculous, lamentable, heroic, — the sport of a rough world which is, after all, ever his servant. It was *Don Quixote* which awakened in me the passion for reading. My father had taken me with him on an errand to the convict prison at Princetown. We stopped at the house of one of the wardens and went in to get some tea. As my father talked with the man, a grave, powerful person dressed in blue clothes, I came upon a book and began to read it. I thought it the most wonderful book I had seen; I could not put it down and refused to be separated from it. The warden said he would lend it to me, and I might take it back with me that night. There was a thunderstorm as we drove back over the moor; the rain poured, and the flashes of lightning lit up the solid blackness for an instant and then left us in the hollow of a deeper darkness. I clutched the book tight under my overcoat, the majesty of the storm mingling in my head with the heroic figure in the book. I sat motionless, inexpressibly happy, and when we reached home I had to waken myself out of a dream. I had met *Don Quixote de la Mancha.*

2. *Gargantua* by François Rabelais: — Rabelais's genius was gigantic, his animal and imaginative existence being equally prodigious. The obscenity and ordure of Rabelais were to the taste of his time, — the span of his own life running from 1490 to 1553. I class Rabelais with the creative minds of the world; with Shakespeare, Dante, and Cervantes. In Panurge we find the wisdom and the cunning of the human animal; he is like the few other characters phantasmagoric; he is the boon companion, for drinking and wenching, of Shakespeare's Falstaff. Only he outstrips him in his inexhaustible wit. In both, one admires what is disreputable, both being to their creators, and to those who love such creations as these, very wicked, lewd rogues and, withal, the most virtuous men in the world.

3. *Clarissa Harlowe* by Samuel Richardson: — I have always had a sneaking admiration for *Clarissa*, but the immense length

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of these novels repelled me. It is probably due to the fact that when it was first published, as Professor Phelps states, "readers were kept in suspense as to the outcome," and so "the women read it sobbing, the men cursing, and all implored Richardson to spare the life of his heroine." I find myself repelled, in this writer, by his hot-pressed priggishness, his sentimentality, his almost maudlin morbidity, and by his manner of constructing his puppets with meticulous care out of frigid abstractions, and not, as Fielding did, of creating his characters out of flesh and blood. Yet, as Mr. Gosse says with splendid insight, "Richardson starts the cloistered novel of psychology, of febrile analysis." So Samuel Johnson may be right in declaring that there is more knowledge of the human heart in a letter of *Clarissa* than in the whole of *Tom Jones:* adding that Fielding could tell the hour by looking at the dial-plate, whilst Richardson knew how the clock was made.

4. *The History of Tom Jones* by Henry Fielding: — It is a curious coincidence that the three first great English novels, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Gulliver's Travels*, and *Clarissa Harlowe*, should have been written by Defoe, Swift, and Richardson, respectively, at the age of fifty-eight. No doubt the first two are, as one says, "among the immortals"; whereas the third is "among the immoralists." Still, it is in *Tom Jones* that the English novel is actually created. Mr. Edmund Gosse remarks, very much to the point: "*Tom Jones* was the first attempt made by any writer to depict in its fulness the life of a normal man, without help from the extraordinary conditions or events, without any other appeal to the reader than that made simply to his interest in a mirror of his own affections, frailties, hopes, and passions." Like Balzac, Fielding has portrayed *La Comédie Humaine;* but his imagination has never overpowered the coolness of his judgment. It is refreshing to read him at a time when this masculine observation is the one thing most clearly wanting in modern literature. Nothing more conclusive has been said on Fielding than by Leslie Stephen in this sentence: "He can see that a drunkard generally gets into debt or incurs an attack of *delirium tremens*, but he does not exhibit the moral disintegration which is the underlying cause of the misfortune, and which may be equally fatal, even if it happens to evade the penalty."

5. *Gulliver's Travels* by Jonathan Swift: — Swift's genius was

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a mixture of madness and sanity, of volcanic upheavals, of "vitriolic passion", of an abnormal obsession for filth and for obscenity, for vileness and for things abominable. I have never doubted that a vulture gnawed at Swift's vitals: his work when it is most stupendous and most despicable or damnable scents carrion, after the fashion of vultures. Without this, his sinister genius would have come to nothing; a horror, caused by his scorn of his physical frailty and the disease that was undermining him, seized on him to such a point that I can only compare it with *Timon of Athens*. Swift railed at God's injustice, as he heaped horror upon horror, — not without some strange sense of what beauty can become when mixed with evil. In his satire he spares no one as he revels in his inquities, omitting no detail of the most monstrous deeds in his, at times, magnificent arraignment of things.

Swift, apart from his lacerated heart, could be compassionate; apart from his disgust for life, he could not only be the bitterest reviler of humanity, but he could be ferociously contemptuous as in his assault upon Catholic dogmas. How this would have endeared him to George Borrow, had that man of inexplicable tastes ever turned Swift's pages! "Where," asks one critic, "did he learn the secret of that satire which resembles the stroke of a knout? How did any man's imaginings become so foul as to invent such nightmare horrors as the Struldbrugs or the Yahoos?" How could he have invented these "nightmares" unless he had read Rabelais? And yet when one thinks of the impure purity of Rabelais's imagination and of the deplorably foul imagination of Swift, a kind of "flaming gulf" opens between them. Coleridge summed up the case for Swift when he said, "*Cintres*, or wooden frames, are put under arches of a bridge, to remain there no longer than till the laths are consolidated. Even so, pleasures are the devil's scaffolding to build a habit upon; that formed and steady, the pleasures are sent for firewood, and the hell begins in this life."

6. *Le Père Goriot* by Honoré de Balzac: — Writing on Balzac in Madrid, to which I had suddenly come after a long period of quiet in Andalusia, I felt a new pulse in my blood, a keener consciousness of life, and a sharper human curiosity. Balzac is the equivalent of great cities. His novels are full of electric fluid;

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he seeks the soul always, and always in unison with the flesh. But to Balzac the soul, as nervous fluid, is the executive soul. He would surprise the motive force of life. Thus he creates, like the poets, a humanity more logical than average life, more subdivided among the passions, and having in its veins an energy almost more than human. Money and the passions rule the world of *La Comédie Humaine*. I choose Balzac among novelists because his mind is nearer to what is creative in the poet's mind than that of any novelist, and his method nearer to the method of the poet. Take *King Lear* and take *Père Goriot:* Goriot is a Lear at heart, and he suffers the same tortures and humiliations. But where Lear grows up before the mind's eye into a vast cloud and shadow, a monument of trouble, Goriot grows downward into the earth and takes root there, wrapping the dust about his every fibre. Baudelaire wrote: "To me it had always seemed that it was his chief merit to be a visionary, and a passionate visionary. In a word, every character in Balzac, down to the very scullions, has genius." The paragraph from which I quote these sentences, is, as Swinburne wrote, "the final estimate of the more special element or peculiar quality in the intellectual force of Honoré de Balzac, which could only have been taken by the inevitable intuition and rendered by the subtlest eloquence of Charles Baudelaire."

7. *Le Rouge et Le Noir* by Stendhal: — That the novel should be psychological was a discovery made as early as Benjamin Constant, whose *Adolphe* anticipates *Le Rouge et Le Noir*, — that rare, revealing, yet somewhat arid masterpiece of Stendhal. But that psychology could be carried so far into the darkness of the soul, that the flaming walls of the world themselves could be made to fade to a glimmer, was a discovery made by no novelist before Huysmans wrote *En Route*. And, as I have said, Stendhal undresses Julien Sorel's soul in public with a deliberate and fascinating effrontery. There is not a vein of which he does not trace the course, not a wrinkle to which he does not point, not a nerve which he does not touch to the quick. I should be the last to say that Julien's soul is not a creation, but he is not a creation after the order of Balzac. Yet we have been intellectualizing ever since Stendhal's substitution of the brain for the heart. It is by his method of unemotional, minute, rather ironical

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analysis that he can still fascinate us, as he does in four books only, — *Le Rogue et Le Noir*, *La Chartreuse de Parme*, *Racine et Shakespeare*, and *De l'Amour* which is a cold, penetrating study of the physiology of love.

8. *Salammbô* by Gustave Flaubert: — The certainty is that *Madame Bovary* is, if not the greatest, at least the most perfect novel ever written. And yet, I have an enormous admiration for *Salammbô*. What is common in the imagination of Emma Bovary becomes exquisite in Flaubert's rendition of it. Salammbô has something of the somnambulism which enters into the heroism of Judith; she has a beauty, and a consciousness as vague and pale as the moon she adores. Her body saturated with perfumes, encrusted with jewels like an idol, she passes before us like those Eastern women one sees in Constantinople, — women with oblique eyes and mouths painted into smiles, their faces curiously traced into a work of art, with languid movements of a pantomimic dame. She is for me, as she was for her creator, as inarticulate as her serpent, to whose beauty her own seems half akin. Mâtho, whom she has maddened with love, has the same somnambulistic life; he has an almost literal insanity; for he is the prey of Venus, the pitiless, cruel, implacable, and adorable deity.

9. *Anna Karenina* by Tolstoi: — I cannot agree with Professor Phelps's statement: "If I had to name the greatest novel ever written, I would name *Anna Karenina*." As a novelist Tolstoi kept closer to natural life, to the dust of existence than any other novelist, so that *Anna Karenina*, apart from being a masterpiece, is perhaps more painful to read than any other novel. It gives us body and soul, and it also gives us the clothes of life, society. It is so real that it seems to be speaking out of our own hearts and out of our experience. The novelist, more than any other artist, is concerned directly with life. He has to watch the passions at work in the world, the shipwreck of ideals, the action of society upon man, of man upon society. Tolstoi is so abnormally normal that he can express every feeling without having to allow for any personal deviation. Only when he produced his book called *What Is Art?* it seemed to me that the theory which makes feeling the test of art, an ennobling influence upon the emotions the aim of art, had never received so signal a discomfiture as in these pages where that theory is put forward as the only possible

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one, and carried, in the most logical way, to its final conclusion. I would not say, with the writer to whom I have referred above, that in such a book as this "Tolstoi becomes plainly mad." What I wrote at the time was, in effect, that the fatal difference is that in the stories he knew he was speaking dramatically, while in the doctrines and theories he imagined that he was speaking in his own person; and that it would scarcely seem that Tolstoi had much more of the necessary equipment for writing a book on art than, let us say, Bunyan would have had: but that if this man of genius, being one, had done so, we should have had a better understanding of that Puritan conscience which he embodied.

10. *Lavengro* by George Borrow: — *Lavengro* is an absolute masterpiece. Not only did Borrow reveal, before anyone else in the form of fiction, that Wandering Tribe, — the Gypsies, — but in his prose, which is unlike anything else in English, he appeals to our senses as a certain wayward and gypsy grace in a woman thrills the blood. Borrow is one of those writers one must love or hate, — there is no intermediary term between these contrary emotions. He was always true to that "peculiar mind and system of nerves" which drove him into all sorts of cunning ways of telling the truth and making it at once bewildering and convincing. There is nothing in any book that I have ever read which I can compare with that chapter describing his paroxysm of fear in the dingle; it goes deep down into some "obscure night of the soul". "The evil was upon me, — the screaming horror. I flung myself on the ground, gnawed the earth and swallowed it; and then I looked around. It was almost total darkness in the dingle, and the darkness added to my horror. I knew I was not a maniac. I sat down with my back against a thorn bush; the thorns entered my flesh, and when I felt them, I pressed harder against the bush. I thought that the pain of the flesh might counteract the mental agony. Presently I felt them no longer, — the power of the mental horror was so great that it was impossible, with that upon me, to feel any pain from the thorns." The reading of *Lavengro* did many things for me. From that book I got my first taste of a gypsy element in literature, — a taste that was to become a passion. It took my thoughts into the open air, and gave me my first conscious desire to wander.

11. *Mademoiselle de Maupin* by Théophile Gautier: — Théo-

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phile Gautier, like most Frenchmen who write at all, wrote enormously. He is exceptional, not in the quantity of his work, but in the quality. To be poet, novelist, and critic is nothing to a Frenchman; but it is not every one who can write poetry like the *Emaux et Camées*, tales like the *Nouvelles*, and criticisms like the *Portraits Contemporains*, — to say nothing of such inspired Baedekers as the *Voyage en Espagne*. With Gautier the first need, the first capacity, was to write. The choice of subject was a quite secondary matter. He disliked the theatre, but, by a natural irony of fate, he spent a good deal of his life in writing dramatic criticisms, which of course he wrote admirably. Caring for quiet more than for most things, he was often obliged to write at the office of his paper, with an accompaniment obligato of printing presses. *Mademoiselle de Maupin* was written in six weeks, in the midst of every sort of distraction. But always with Gautier, work seemingly so hurriedly done, was, in reality, done with the same exquisite sense of form, the same exquisite finish of style. Apparently it was impossible for him to write badly. His style, like his handwriting, was so perfectly under his control that it was equally out of the question for him to compose a badly-formed sentence or to pen a badly-formed letter.

Never was a compliment more deserved than the title of "*parfait magicien ès Lettres Françaises*", under which Baudelaire dedicated the *Fleurs du Mal* to his "*très-veneré maître et ami*", Théophile Gautier. *Mademoiselle de Maupin*, that "golden book of spirit and sense", is one long ecstatic hymn to Beauty, the pagan, not the Christian, ideal, — an ideal in which the soul counts for little or nothing, being at most a grace of expression: but an ideal in which the lines and contours, the delights of form and color, count for much. It is the same ideal, chastened, indeed, and less hotly followed, that we find in the carved and inlaid work of the *Emaux et Camées*.

12. *The Scarlet Letter* by Nathaniel Hawthorne: — Hawthorne is the most sensitive of those novelists who have concerned themselves with the soul's problems; and he concerns himself, though in hints and in reticence, with the great spiritual realities. The subject of *The Scarlet Letter* is the most poignant in the world. Hawthorne is at home in all those cloudy tracts of the soul's regions in which most other novelists go astray. Henry James has,

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very unjustly I think, accused Hawthorne of provincialism. On the contrary, Hawthorne had the Puritan sense of sin in the blood, and he knew how to use it artistically. Yet how few are willing to admit the possibility of reconciling genius with artistic skill, — a reconciliation not only possible, but absolutely necessary. Poe began by denying that Hawthorne had any originality, alluding to the "strain of allegory which completely overwhelms the greater number of his subjects, and which in some measure interferes with the direct conduct of all." Poe continues, "Hawthorne's distinctive trait is invention, creation, imagination, — a trait which, in the literature of fiction, is positively worth all the rest."

13. *Les Diaboliques* by Barbey d'Aurévilly: — All these stories are masterpieces of unimaginable horrors, of unheard-of crimes, of perverse passions, or vengeances, of atheism, and of gambling. The creator declared that he had invented nothing, that he had disguised the names and veiled the identity of these personages, adding: "'*L'alphabet m'appartient,' disait Casanova, quand on lui reprochait de ne pas porter son nom. Les Diaboliques ne sont pas des diableries: ce sont des Diaboliques, et il semble toujours que ce soit le Diable qui ait dicté!*" D'Aurévilly, whom in Paris they called "*Le Duc de Guise de la Littérature*", was the last of the Dandies; but what is more important, he was a writer of formidable and malignant and diabolical genius.

14. *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* by Choderlos de Laclos: — After more than a century of neglect, Laclos is beginning to be studied, and *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*, that masterpiece which scandalized a society that adored Crebillon, is beginning to be understood. This masterpiece, I admit, has always had for me an unholy fascination. In this terrible and ironic book, which denounces and exalts the vices of a virtueless century, there is more naked human truth than in any book since the *Satyricon* of Petronius. Laclos touches to the quick certain hard hearts, and he can discover the bare anatomy of the bones. He is not even cruel to his creations; he is neither logical nor merciless; he has the awful sobriety of Gaelic blood, which does not vindicate him from the fact that almost all his characters are immoral. He is, as in the sense of Gide's novel, literally the Immoralist. His sinister genius verges on the abnormal. He hammers out, even in the awkward form of

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letters, varieties of style which have both audacity and insolence. If Laclos invented nothing else, he invented a novel form of literature, in which he analyzes the sexes with neither scruples nor prejudices, but with deliberate malice. He gives an intense savor and an actual sting of salt to his most critical, his most erotic scenes, revealing his gifts of satire, of cynicism, of biting wit.

15. *Il Trionfo della Morte* by Gabriele d'Annunzio: — D'Annunzio's desire has always been to fuse life, — sensual life, — and art, — the art of the senses. In *Il Trionfo della Morte*, which I think d'Annunzio's masterpiece, passion has concentrated itself within a narrow circle where it turns upon itself, grown deadly, exhausting life as it seems to live with so swift a vehemence. Passion, into which the mind comes only as a reproach, a remembrance, has never been chronicled with a more minute fidelity than in this sombre book. This study in the psychology of passion is a book scarcely to be read without terror, so insinuatingly does it show the growth, change, and slowly absorbing dominion of the flesh over the flesh, of the flesh over the soul. After *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Tristan and Isolde*, one might have concluded that nothing new could be said on the subject which inspired those two supreme masterpieces. But d'Annunzio has said something new, for he has found a form of his own, in which it is not Antony who is "so ravished and enchanted of the sweet poison" of the love of Cleopatra, nor Tristan who "chooses to die that he may live in love" for the sake of Isolde, but two shadows, who are the shadows of whatever in humanity flies to the lure of earthly love. These live in themselves with so intense a personal or tragic life that they are forever outside us. But the lovers of *Il Trionfo della Morte* might well be ourselves, evoked in some clouded crystal, because they have only so much of humanity as to have the desires and dangers, the possible ecstasies, and the possible disasters which are common to all lovers who have loved without limitation, and without wisdom.

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TOO MANY FEDERAL COOKS

DONALD WILHELM

IN his "Federal Usurpation" in the January FORUM, *William C. Redfield pointed out that the growth of the Federal government has not been at the expense of States' rights so much as a part of the general expansion of all government. In the present article, Mr. Wilhelm maintains that this expansion should not be viewed with either approval or complacency, for it is the nemesis that pursues our government. Our Federal machine, already too big to function efficiently, may soon cease to function at all.*

A SUPREME issue, — none the less highly inferential because variously defined, — seems to confront the people of the United States. At grips over this issue are two main groups. There is one great body of Americans who contend that whenever or wherever social or economic or other betterments of our welfare cannot, in the nature of things, promptly be achieved by our States, communities, and citizenry, it is then the part of wisdom to invoke, through Federal statute or Constitutional Amendment, the domination of the Federal government.

There is, arrayed against this first group, the second, who insist, with Henry Thomas Buckle, the English historian, that "compulsion and interference are so essentially mischievous that it is often better (I believe I may say always better) to tolerate the worst social evils than to seek to remove them by the coarse hand of legislation." They point out that we are the most over-legislated land on earth; that we have on Federal and State statute books upward of two and one-half million laws, — which is a lot of laws, — indeed a lot of anything! They are afraid of a trend toward consolidation evident in the United States, in other nations, even as between nations. They insist that, for us, the part of wisdom lies with the intent of the Founders toward a minimum rather than a maximum of centralized authority.

The first group, oddly enough, has as its patron saint, Theodore Roosevelt, and the appeal of seemingly constructive effort, which is always potent in America. The second group argues mainly on historical and theoretical grounds. But both of these contending forces have neglected an aspect of the situation that begs the argument of the first, gives strength to the argument of the other, and in the end may be of supreme importance to us all.

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Neither side has looked to the condition of what may be called the "organics" of the Government itself. Neither has inquired, "*How large can our Government safely be?*"

Our Government was established, — on the very eve of our industrial revolution, — to be hardly more than a continuing factor of national guidance and safety for an enlightened citizenry. It was presumed that this citizenry would with experience become increasingly competent to share the honor and responsibilities of governing itself. Conversely, in unprecedented fashion, provision was made by the Founders to save our Government from entangling alliances with its citizenry or any disproportionate influences or pressures that might be contrived.

The City of Washington now manifests, rather symbolically, the change that has come about in our relation to our Government during these consolidating years. Washington is no longer the little city of procedure that it was when Roosevelt took office, nor the auspicious village where on occasion gathered a much-respected body of legislators to advise with the President during all the years before. It is now a city, a rather imperial city, of upward of a half-million people, where live a larger proportion of affluent lobbyists, busy propagandists, specialized lawyers, clever publicists, and members of organizations designed to exert influence than in any other city in America. Not counting these persons who are, of course, not officially connected with the Government, and not counting the Army and Navy, the Federal government has more than half a million employees on its pay-roll, receiving an aggregate of more than $700,000,000 in salaries and wages. The personnel of the Government has increased twenty-five per cent since 1914. And the pay-roll is, to-day, a fourth more than were our total Federal expenditures, chargeable against ordinary receipts, twenty-five years ago. In 1900 our ordinary expenditures amounted to $520,860,847. For the fiscal year 1923, exclusive of all war and other public debt and all provisions for the new sinking fund established in 1921, they amounted to $3,647,647,849.

All this is but another way of saying that the personnel of the Government is growing five times faster than the population of the United States; or that the Federal government, — that once pleasantly remote and tolerant small factor of guidance and

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safety, — has become the guardian and paternal dispenser of authority in almost everything pertaining to our daily lives.

It is the enterprising but not very effective guardian of what we drink. It inspects the meat we use, along with all manner of food and drug products. It has gone extensively into the business of teaching farmers how to grow vegetables, cereals, and much else. It sends women agents into countryside homes to demonstrate how best farmer wives should feed the baby, keep house, and do the seasonal canning. It provides infant and maternity care, in accordance with the Sheppard-Towner Act, which our virile and organized womanhood helped to pass. It demonstrates that there are dangerous bugs indigenous to the old family pump and romantic oaken bucket. It is carrying on a national campaign against social disease. If livestock develops certain contagious diseases, the Government is on the job. It ministers to the seals of Alaska and the elk in the National Parks, even unto the poor Indian. If we are out of work, it has an employment service for us. If we need to travel to a new job, it determines the railroad rate, and if we indulge in a sleeper, it says what we shall pay. It has an interest in our amusements, and taxes them accordingly. It is interested in education and has many educational institutions, — the 2673 agricultural schools that were assisted by the Federal Board of Vocational Education in 1923 are but part. It is running many hospitals. It is building roads. It has the largest shipping enterprise in the world; its legal department is the biggest in the world; its Veterans' Bureau has the biggest insurance business in the world; its Office of the Alien Property Custodian is the largest trust company in the world.

If we are in business we feel that the Government is with us always. It has a direct influence on the rates we pay for banking loans. It directs a wonderfully effective thing called the Federal Reserve System. It tells us how we shall keep our books and on occasion sends accountants to see how we are getting along. It analyzes our income and publishes the amount of the tax we pay. It tells us what boards of directors we may serve on. It intimates that we must confer with it before we undertake to handle foreign securities. It puts restrictions on Big Business striving to ameliorate conditions therein. It undertakes to interpret and to correct abuses in the trades. It makes analyses of trade currents,

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of world market conditions, and supplies a whole literature about foreign trade, its prospects, its needs, its difficulties, and so on. And in many other directions, — all too numerous to suggest here, — our Government has extended its reach into fields that of old were traditionally marked "Private. No trespassing here!"

It is true that during the last quarter of a century the United States has grown from a minor nation into a great world power, and it was inevitable that the size and complexity of our Government should increase to correspond with this altered status. But the fact remains that the British Empire, which dominates a third of the earth, has no central government comparable in size and complexity with our own. Part of the expansion of our Government over and beyond the inevitable was perhaps necessary to regulate and control swollen private fortunes and so-called trusts in the abuse of economic power which had resulted from the lusty exploitation of our plenteous national resources during the nineteenth century. But by far the greatest increase has come, not from such natural and inevitable causes, but from the steady development of persuasive schemes by which our Government has become the partner and paternal advisor of the States, counties, and communities in enterprises assumed to be desirable.

Oddly enough this trend found precedent in the South, after the Civil War. Then Federal assistance was so badly needed, and the spirit of States' rights was so beaten down, that this peaceful invasion excited little opposition.

Now coöperative work has come to be of such enormous variety and scope that it has doubtless increased the direct contacts between Washington and our citizenry a hundred fold. "And broadening of this field of activity," President Coolidge pointed out in his last budget message, "is detrimental both to Federal and State governments. Efficiency of Federal operations is impaired as their scope is unduly enlarged. Efficiency of State governments is impaired as they relinquish and turn over to the Federal government responsibilities which are rightfully theirs. I am opposed to any expansion of these subsidies. My conviction is that they can be curtailed with benefit to both the Federal and State governments."

The direct subsidies to States, as President Coolidge calls them,

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were fifteen times greater in cost in the fiscal year 1924 than they were ten years before. Not to count the recently signed Clarke-MacNary Act, which appropriates annually $2,800,000 to the States for their forestration work, nor other measures in the offing, such as the Sterling bill now before the Senate to appropriate $100,000,000 annually to subsidize State education. One dollar of every ten dollars of taxpayers' money spent by Congress in 1924, except that spent in National debt transactions and for National defense, was paid to States. It was not paid as a kind of *per capita* apportionment. It was not paid as a return on taxpayers' money. New York citizens paid in 1924 more than $474,000,000 in income taxes and received back only 0.84 per cent on their investment. The citizens of Nevada, of whom there are not many, paid $408,000 in taxes and received back 216.67 per cent on their investment. New England got a return on its income taxes of 2.61 per cent. The Mountain States got a return of 87.6 per cent.

There you have a reason for *blocs* in Congress, for organized pressures outside of Congress, for the sharp sectional cleavage in the last Presidential campaign, and clear-cut manifestation of the fact that it would be the strangest thing in the world if, when our Government reaches out, States, communities, citizens, and all manner of organized groups should fail to reach in.

It would seem thus that for many reasons we have reached a point of diminishing returns in the matter of State subsidies, exactly as we seem to have reached a point of diminishing returns in the matter of making laws.

The size and scope of our Government, we are beginning to perceive, is our central curse. Clearly, there *is* a point in the growth of any considerable organization where size may, and on occasion does, defeat itself.

Our large corporations, which are generally deemed to be the last word in organizing skill, long ago discovered that there is a point in the growth of large organizations at which, no matter how great skill is brought into play, profits fall off, implicit executive control is lost, and officers, directors, and stockholders no longer feel confident of knowing what is going on. Then the part of both necessity and wisdom is to create what are called subsidiaries, each of which, in the main, is self-contained. The

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United States Steel Corporation, the Standard Oil Company, the Ford Motor Company, indeed all our great corporations, long ago found it to be expedient, as a general thing, not to attempt to run any great and varied enterprise as a one-man business, from one desk and one treasury.

A corporation, moreover, — quite unlike our Government, — is a kind of autocracy. Its controlling head has almost life-and-death power over his subordinates and over the organization for which he is, to his board of directors, responsible. He knows that. He knows that if he fails to achieve the purposes in hand he is not subject to any slow and uncertain process of impeachment but is simply fired. He knows that there must be no evidence, no suggestion, of mal-functioning, — no scandal! He knows, for instance, that if there should be any evidence of any official or group giving over for private gain some hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of oil lands, then, before the sun set, there would be what is called a reorganization. He knows, simply, that it is for him to build up an organization that in point of plan, finance, and personnel is tight as a drum, fool-proof, burglar-proof, highly responsive to command, economical in its management, and productive. Therefore he surrounds himself with reliable administrative assistants such as vice-presidents. Typically, one of these has charge of all engineering, another has charge of production, another of sales, and so on. In the very nature of things all personnel and activities related to production are thus assembled in the province of the vice-president who has charge of production. Like goes with like. Any needed skill or device that will facilitate production must be had. Balance-sheets will tell the tale, facts are definitely ascertainable!

But our Government is not a corporation. In ways innumerable it is not so well equipped as a modern corporation to grapple with size. Yet, though our great corporations are presumed to be the last word in point of effective management, and have, for instance, no boards of directors composed of upward of 500 Representatives and Senators, still our Government is, by every measurement conceivable, vastly larger and more difficult of handling than any corporation.

Its annual expenditures for operation are more than three times the total capital stock of our largest public service cor-

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poration, the American Telephone & Telegraph Company. Indeed its annual pay-roll alone is almost as much as this company's capital stock.

Its employees number approximately a third more than those of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company. Since, in the nature of things, they are neither selected nor retained always in strict accord with merit; since the Civil Service Commission at best has nothing to do with the selection of more than 100,000 of them, and patronage and favoritism still hold sway in measure, it may be questioned if the Government, whose salaries in many instances are comparatively very low, can enjoy the same high ratio of skill. Nevertheless, in point of variety of skill, it needs men and women of infinitely more varied training than any corporation.

In point of plan, — and plan is always basic to success, — it is gravely doubtful if our Government can even be considered in comparison with such a corporation as the American Telephone & Telegraph Company. A corporation, as Herbert Hoover again and again has said, must be continuously at work making test of its machinery, making improvements in it, endlessly planning for present and future. For years, thus, the American Telephone & Telegraph Company has had a body of highly-paid experts continuously at work making plans and perfections in plans for the installation of automatic telephones. Our Government, on the other hand, has no central group, such as every large corporation has, with ability and authority to make alterations. The President himself has no such authority, though in some minor respects it was accorded him in the Budget and Accounting Act of 1921. That is one reason why each of the last five Presidents has recommended reorganization of all the many units of the Government as an imperative administrative need. Not in more than a half century, — in which half century the science of organization has been born, — have the Departments and other agencies of the Government been reorganized. Periodically, comprehensive efforts have been made, and as often blocked in Congress by interested bureaucrats and disinterested legislators. Once these experts of ours called Congressmen build into our great inverted pyramid a new part, it is written in the everlasting truth of things that this part is there to stay.

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Then, too, there is another vast difference between our Government and any efficient corporation. The typical corporation has, as a rule, to do with one main activity. Thus the American Telephone & Telegraph Company has in the main to do with nothing but wire communication, and, though it has not so many agencies as our Postoffice Department, and by no means as many employees as the Government as a whole, one of its sorest problems is that of keeping adequate executive control of its main activity. President Taft, years back, pointed out that our Government then had more activities than all private businesses combined, — and the Government has enormously increased in complexity since then. In fact now, in no uncertain sense, so vastly has it extended its reach and power that it comprehends all private business and has bearing on all significant social, industrial, and economic progress in America.

Is it the fault of a President that he cannot possibly know all that is going on in the many cavernous recesses of the huge machine for which, in the main, we hold him responsible? He has a Cabinet, to be sure, but there is scarcely one important activity save the carrying of the mails and the handling of large finance which does not ramify through more than one Department. More than a score of Federal agencies are doing what might be called public health work; more than a score are doing engineering work; nearly a score are tinkering with aviation in one way or another; and other multiplications or duplications or confusions of effort can be greatly extended. Moreover there are now twenty-three considerable independent agencies, including the Shipping Board and the Veterans' Bureau, which by the way has more employees than the entire Government had a century ago, and these independent agencies report to no Cabinet member, are presumed to report, but in some cases seldom do, to the President. But the President has only forty employees, all told, in the White House offices: only four of these are above the clerical grades; not one has ever had large experience in a great business organization; there are no continuous files; there is not even an organization chart. In such circumstances, then, is it fair to presume that any man in the President's chair can hope to understand and to control all that goes on in our enormous governmental machine, — that he can hope to do more than keep

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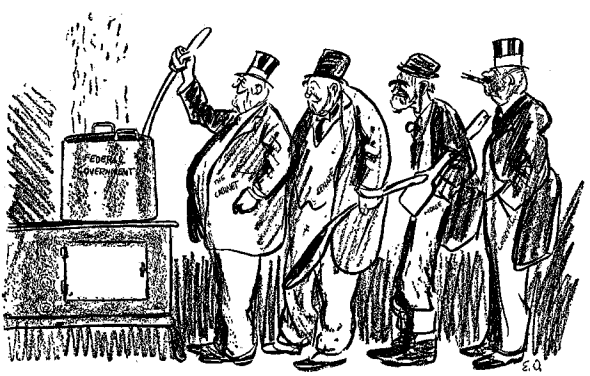
up appearances and do the traditional thing of dealing, as well as he can, with the press, the public, and his party?

The trouble with the Presidency is the size and the scope of the job. That, too, is the trouble with Congress. In the first two weeks of each new session, into the hoppers of Congress are cast approximately 10,000 bills and resolutions. Is it any wonder that barter hesitates and business groans when Congress convenes? Is it any wonder that our legislators have steadily lost prestige, that many of us look upon Congress as a kind of watch-and-ward society? As a veritable assemblage of *belles dames* who know they must talk?

And is it any wonder that Washington is the battlefield of the new and ever-increasing forces of invisible government, — all sorts of organized social and economic groups or pressures? Indeed it would be strange, when our Government has grown so huge and reached out in all directions, if men and women with special interests at stake should fail to organize, to reach in, to wield propaganda, exert influence, play their game of skilled thrust and parry.

Our Government, in departing from its old-time functions as a mere factor of guidance and safety, has reached a point of diminishing returns. Theories and disputes about States' rights are beside the point: the supreme issue confronting the American people to-day is this curse of size. There are too many Federal cooks.



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THE NEW ENGLAND CONSCIENCE

A. B. Coolidge

Illustrations by Charles Locke

I WAS surprised in talking the other day with a friend from a Southern State to be assured that it flourishes in his immediate neighborhood, and therefore it would seem that it is not necessarily of New England origin. One associates the New England conscience with high foreheads, long faces, and straight hair, or at any rate with hair which has never been slyly trained to curl. These unfortunate beings are, owing to the possession of searching and chiding consciences, in great need of the companionship of the gay and light-hearted, but they are seldom allowed this lightening of their burdens. The frivolous fear them as persons easily shocked and likely to answer their best tales by the serious glance and earnest query: "Are you sure that story is quite accurate?" Therefore they are cut off from many a harmless tale and possible laugh. It always seems to me that these over-conscientious souls have a heavy enough burden to carry without being deprived of harmless wit and gaiety, as they so often are.

There is another phase of New England conscience, — the fear of lateness, which may cause delay in serving meals or rudeness to the hostess of an entertainment. I give but a single instance to illustrate my meaning. What is more trying to a host or hostess than an over-early guest? — one who arrives ten minutes before the time, fearing perhaps that her watch was slow or the roads slippery. The host, catching a hurried glance at the evening paper before putting on collar and tie, hears the peal of the door-bell. He rushes frantically down the back stairs, a wine bottle in each hand, and up again, and has just time to snatch a collar and tie from the drawer and flee from the room, swearing softly. Is this

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the way to propitiate the host who is shortly to take you out to dinner, wreathed in smiles, but nervously fingering his cravat? The hostess in the dining room, surveying the flowers and the cards at the plates, also hears the peal. Gliding around the table, she hurriedly drops the cards and speeds from the room, with an uneasy foreboding of having, in her alarm, seated a husband next to his wife. She flies up the front stairs, slips on her rings, collides with her husband in the doorway, and flushed, but bravely smiling, seats herself in the parlor. All this caused by the well-meaning, uncontrolled New England conscience!

Sometimes the over-conscientious are harassed with the desire to be helpful. What country person does not know the would-be helpful neighbor who runs in to see if she can be of use, at your busiest moments, who lends books, asking for a return in two days, when you have not an idle moment. You would not hurt her feelings for the world. She brings in her work because she thinks you are lonely, when leisure and a few moments to yourself were the craving of your soul.

Do not many of us know the New England consciences in our homes, the warm-hearted thoughtful women who love us, yet urge us on in the path of virtue, sometimes to our secret or even unconcealed annoyance?

We hear the familiar words: "Dear, have you written to thank Mrs. Jenkins for sending you those flowers? Why, it is days since they came!" "Jack, have you been to see dear Aunt Lucy, who is laid up with a sprained ankle? It would give her so much pleasure to have you come in." He goes and blushes a little as he hears her say at his departure: "Dear boy, how thoughtful you always are of me. You do not know how happy you have made me!"

Even our dull consciences tell us often that we are sailing under false colors.

"Dear Mary, you know you promised to send some little articles to the fair." Murmuring she collects and sends the bundle. It is received with a glad cry: "What a comfort you are,

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Mary. You never forget like the others." So we, the thoughtless and unmindful, glean the credit, and the New England conscience in our midst pursues her thankless task, unmindful of the results to herself, since others profit by her unremitting labors.

A lady whose home for many years had been in a small country village, which had been her birthplace, once said to me, on hearing of the death of a neighbor, "She was a good neighbor. She never borrowed anything and never came to see me."

With the New England conscience often goes the necessity of absolute sincerity and frankness. Do we not know these very dear but alarming friends who feel they must constantly tell us that they do not agree with us? They feel it would not be sincere to allow our opinions to go unchallenged. Unfortunately, as a general thing people are not so anxious to hear the opinions of their listeners as to state their own.

A friend once told me of a conscientious lady, who called the doctor at night and said her child was ill. He was most sympathetic and although unable to leave his home recommended another doctor. This man after some delay was found and sent word that he would come, but the affair did not stop there. The lady hastened again to arouse the first doctor, saying, "I knew you would be glad to hear that Dr. Blank is coming before long." She felt he could now sleep in peace.

One could enumerate many more instances. How the family were all aroused at night by the unmistakable sounds of footsteps, causing each member to carry out his or her "burglar theory". One rings a bell, one glides to the chamber telephone, another draws up the sheets and hides within, fearing accomplices, the boldest peers into the hall. It is your guest tip-toeing downstairs in a wrapper. She explains she has forgotten to put the newspaper where you asked her to place it, and she fears it will be thrown away.

What is the cure, and how administer a remedy, when the slightest criticism or censure puts you in the wrong? How much easier to cope with the careless, the thoughtless, to reprove whom is a virtue! I have long considered this problem. It seems to me the New England conscience, over-nurtured in some cases, is like many poisons which can be taken to advantage only with judgment, due care, and much dilution. If taken in large doses

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and undiluted by common sense, tact, or a sense of humor, it produces a benumbing effect on the individual who indulges in it and becomes a menace to the community.

Let us not, however, take this problem too seriously. While we consider it, behold, the New England conscience may be disappearing from our midst. The time may soon arrive when we long for the loyal old friends, who at times caused us to sigh. Their friendship, high standards, and good intentions will be sadly missed in the rush and hurry and every-one-for-himself policy of modern times. It has often been said that blessings brighten when they take their flight, — so it may be with the New England conscience.

NEW ENGLAND SABBATH

Sunshine and asters,
Sermons and pastors,
Organs and singing
And temple bells ringing, —
These and the swallows,
Hilltops, and hollows
Incite us to riot,
O calm, Sabbath quiet!

— *Margaret Tod Ritter*

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ALSACE-LORRAINE UNDER FRENCH RULE

LLOYD MORRIS

ALSACE-LORRAINE has been disputed territory since the dawn of history,—fought over by Gaul and Teuton, incorporated in the Roman Empire, conquered by the Franks, lost to the Germans, retaken by France in 1648, torn from her by Prussia in 1871, and finally, in 1918 restored to France as a result of the Allied victory in the World War. An American observer reviews the record of six years of French rule and relates how France has performed the intricate task of reassimilation.

WHEN the Radicals and Socialists gained the upper hand in the French Government by the general elections of May 11, 1924, certain features of their political policy caused grave disquiet in the "lost provinces" of Alsace and Lorraine. Nearly all the electoral programs of the successful parties not only repudiated the restoration of diplomatic relations with the Vatican achieved by the late Government, which had been ruptured by the Separation Law of 1905, but declared that the political restoration of the recovered people had not been rapid enough. As the majority of these people are Roman Catholics, whose religious affairs were still directed by the Concordat of 1801 and the Organic Laws of 1802, which Germany had not repudiated when she took over the territory in 1871, the Alsatians fully understood the significance of the complaints of the extremist Deputies in the Palais Bourbon. With the rest of Catholic France their clergy and laity arose in remonstrance.

Then on February 2, 1925, a curious paradox was disclosed in the French Chamber. M. Herriot, the President of the Council of Ministers, usually called the Premier, had judiciously decided that the easiest way again to sever relations between the Quai d'Orsay and the Papal See would be to omit from the budget the credits for maintaining an embassy at the Vatican. This was done, when the Government's legal department informed him that as the Concordat still obtained in old Alsace and Lorraine this territory must be represented "near" the Holy Father. So, much to the discomfort of his Socialist supporters, he made the disclosure on February 2, and the Chamber voted, three hundred and fifteen to two hundred and fifty, that Alsace-Lorraine should have an agent at Rome, thus disposing satisfactorily of an extremely serious issue.

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But after over six years of restitution, what have the French accomplished in the restored territory? What is the feeling, the sentiment, the aspiration of the people there?

It is well, before discussing these questions, to recall clearly the official attitude of the French toward the restitution of Alsace-Lorraine, since it has constituted the basis of administrative policy since 1918. Officially, and in 1918, the French held that the Germans, in February 1871, had annexed three French departments whose population formed an integral part of the French nation. From this point of view the task of the French was the dis-annexation from Germany of this territory and the reintegration of its population in their status of French citizens. The provisions of the armistice did not distinguish between the restitution of Alsace-Lorraine and the evacuation of occupied French territory, and in the eyes of the French government they have offered only one problem: the problem of the development of appropriate means for absorbing back into the life of the nation approximately one and three quarter millions of people who for nearly half a century had lived under alien rule and institutions.

Germany had tried abruptly and then more judiciously to turn these people into Germans. She had failed. Did that failure imply that the population, even after the German failure, could suddenly be changed back to a Gallic status of thought and habit? To envisage the problem from this point of view was equivalent to completely eliminating the issue of nationality. It was equivalent to proclaiming that regardless of birth, education, and previous political training the inhabitants of the restored provinces were French.

The difficulties contingent upon this fundamental assumption are probably apparent to the reader. A vast majority of the inhabitants of Alsace-Lorraine were born under German rule, received their education in German schools, conducted their occupations under German laws, amassed their savings in German money, and habitually spoke only German or the Alsatian dialect. Irrespective of their political sympathies any abrupt change threatened confusion, if not catastrophe, to the practical routine of their daily life. Consider, merely as a single illustration, the question of currency. The collapse in value of German marks precipitated by the armistice held the possibilities of ruin for the

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inhabitants of the restored provinces. For the French to have replaced the mark by the franc at the new low level of exchange would have been politically disastrous, no matter how profitable financially. Retirement of the mark at the prevailing post-armistice rates would have been equivalent to penalizing the population of Alsace-Lorraine by making it subject to the economic disaster which overtook Germany as a consequence of her defeat. And so the French retired the mark at the rate of fifteen to one, effectually obviating any serious losses to the people of Alsace-Lorraine, an operation which cost the French nation more than two billion francs.

In addition to the economic, legal, and governmental difficulties with which the situation bristled there were two issues of paramount importance to be taken into account. One was the question of the German citizens domiciled in Alsace-Lorraine; the other, the psychological attitude of the population in general.

When Germany took over the territory a declaration of citizenship was demanded. This caused the migration of nearly 160,000 persons to France. The French officials with whom I talked pointed with pride to the fact that German citizenship is in itself no disqualification for continued residence in the "dis-annexed departments". During the fifty years of German rule there had been a considerable immigration from Germany, largely however of administrative officials and employees of the various public services. The French, after the restitution of Alsace-Lorraine, allowed all civilians not employed in any administrative capacity or engaged in any of the public services to retain their German citizenship and continue their residence. Administrative officials and employees of all kinds were required to return to Germany. Up to the first of August, 1923, the total of German citizens leaving Alsace-Lorraine for Germany since the armistice numbered 78,133. This total includes both voluntary repatriations and political deportations or expulsions, and most of the departures which it records occurred in the period immediately following the armistice.

The psychological factor, the frame of mind of the population of the restored provinces, constituted a difficulty for reasons which have all the superficial quality of paradox. The events which took place in the years preceding the war, among them the

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fiasco of the constitution of 1911 and the Saverne incident, indicated to the people of Alsace-Lorraine that, far from being considered German by the Germans, they were still regarded as an alien and subject people. Their experiences during the war were finally convincing. For Alsace-Lorraine suffered during the war from the fact that it is practically self-sufficient economically, and that its normal production in certain lines yields a considerable surplus over local requirements. The economic exactions of the Germans during the war were excessively onerous, as was, perhaps, inevitable in view of the progressive diminution of supplies within the empire. But the method of enforcing these exactions was almost precisely that to which the Germans resorted in the case of conquered and occupied territory, — the method of confiscatory requisition. With it was coupled a system of military and political espionage which made life during the war almost intolerable to the civilian population. Superficially this might be thought to have been advantageous to the French, but actually it had the effect of making the problem of repatriation more difficult.

When the French authorities arrived in Alsace-Lorraine they were met with demonstrations of enthusiasm. Yet in the minds of the population one question was uppermost: would the privilege of full citizenship be conferred upon them immediately, or did the coming of the French presage the beginning of another period of discipline and political tutelage? If the experience of the war served to increase popular sympathy with France, it served equally to increase potential hostility to any status inferior to full and free citizenship. It served in short to intensify what may be termed the race-consciousness of the population, trained by a long tradition to attach the greatest importance to its local dialect, its indigenous costume, and its native customs.

This local race-consciousness, peculiarly acute and sensitive in Alsace, is perhaps the most delicate factor in the situation. Yet it should be recalled that it is by no means a novel ingredient in French national life nor in any sense restricted uniquely to Alsace. Rather is it characteristic of France as a whole, the result of centuries of peasant proprietorship and consequent infrequent migration of the rural population. The Alsatian feels himself to be an Alsatian to precisely the same extent that a Provençal feels

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himself to be Provençal, or a Basque feels himself to be a Basque. Yet the Provençal, the Basque, the Savoyard, and the Norman think of themselves as Frenchmen also. And it has been the task of the French in Alsace to restore that intimate contact with the national life which alone can strengthen and develop the national consciousness, while allowing free play in Alsace as elsewhere to the local race-consciousness.

The elections of 1919 marked the completion of the political reintegration of Alsace-Lorraine by adding to the Senate and Chamber of Deputies of France the elected representative of the three departments constituting the restored provinces. But the matter of local administration, touching as it does the daily routine life of the people, is of even greater significance. And the record in this matter of the General Commission charged with the reorganization of the territory merits some attention. The personnel engaged in all the public services of Alsace-Lorraine in 1923 attained a total of 64,998 persons. Of this total, 57,209, or eighty-eight per cent, were native-born inhabitants of the two provinces, and only 7789, or less than twelve per cent, were natives of other parts of France. In 1924 the number of non-Alsatian civil servants was increased. The railways, probably the most highly developed public service of the two provinces, afford an excellent illustration. During the last year of the German occupation practically all the employees of the central administration of the railways, sixty-four per cent of the engineers and seventy per cent of the station-masters, were of German origin. After the armistice some 6000 German railway employees of all classes left Alsace-Lorraine for Germany. The French administration promoted to a higher grade 3582 employees who were native-born inhabitants; the average annual promotions in the classes affected had been only 743 under German administration. The necessary replacements were likewise recruited among the local population, with the result that of the total personnel of the railways, only one hundred and twelve employees were natives of other parts of France. This number was augmented in the latter part of 1923 owing to the demand for Alsatian service in the occupied region of the Ruhr.

A somewhat different situation obtains with respect to the teaching staff of the elementary schools of the two provinces.

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The reorganization of the schools by the French resulted in the retention of 5743 teachers of native origin and the addition of some 1500 teachers from other parts of France. The whole question of education in the "dis-annexed" departments hinges upon the problem of language, which has its practical as well as its sentimental aspects. By far the greater proportion of the rural population speak and understand only German or the Alsatian dialect, usually written with Gothic characters. On the whole, however, the bourgeoisie, the business-people and tradesmen, and the clerical employees in the cities understand French and speak it, though native colloquial intercourse takes place in German or the Alsatian dialect.

When the French took over the administration of the schools they were faced with two distinct problems. The first problem, purely temporary in nature, related to the instruction of children whose education had been begun under the German administration. The second involved the formulation of a program of study for beginners, establishing the representation of both French and German in the entire elementary curriculum. The instructions of Monsieur Charlety, Director-General of Public Education, specifically stated that the German language must have a place in the curriculum of the schools in Alsace-Lorraine, both as a subject of study in itself and as an instrument for the transmission of knowledge. In the case of beginners the use of German during the first two years of primary education was limited to the teaching of religion, the equivalent of four class-hours a week of a total of twenty-five. Children entering the primary schools in Alsace-Lorraine therefore received twenty-one hours a week of instruction in French and four in German. The study of the German language itself is not begun until the third year of primary school, when an additional three hours each week are devoted to the study of German. Thus in the third year of their education the children receive eighteen hours of instruction in French, and seven in German.

Meanwhile, for the generation whose education had already begun before the restitution of Alsace-Lorraine to France, special provisions have been made both for the conservation of the early German training and for the rapid and systematic development of French. Children already in the fourth or fifth grades now receive

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seven hours of instruction in German each week. Children in the sixth, seventh, and eighth grades receive eight hours of instruction in German each week, four hours each being devoted to the study of the German language and to religious instruction in German. History, geography, mathematics, the sciences, literature, and composition are taught in French. Yet the actual instruction is only theoretically given in French. Where the children are insufficiently equipped to receive instruction in these subjects in French, it is given in German, but at the end of every lesson a résumé of the lesson in French is committed to memory by the class. In mathematics, for example, the preliminary steps in the solution of problems may be undertaken in German, but the actual operation of solving it and the statement of the solution must be expressed in French. "The present generation," remarked Monsieur Charlety, "has been held to be a sacrificed generation. But it must not be!" And the efforts of the educational authorities in Alsace-Lorraine are concentrated upon the task of making the education of the "war generation" as complete and comprehensive as possible.

Adult education in French is likewise being intensively prosecuted through Alsace-Lorraine, and voluntary classes for adults have been organized in practically every school in the provinces. These have met with remarkable response from the population, not only in the cities but in the rural districts also. The burden put upon teachers of French is therefore unusually heavy, and it is chiefly borne by the 1500 teachers of non-native origin. Under the German administration the study of French was not required in the normal schools, and the result is that the great majority of teachers of native origin employed in the schools of Alsace-Lorraine are insufficiently equipped to give instruction in any subject exclusively in French. Yet the French educational authorities are consistently urging counsel of patience. "We all have the greatest desire," observed Monsieur Charlety in his official instructions to the teachers of Alsace-Lorraine, "to bring Alsace and Lorraine to the largest possible participation in French thought by means of the diffusion of the French language. But we all know that it will be a long-winded job. . . . Those who wish to succeed too quickly in reality lack the virtue of abnegation. We should possess abnegation in giving ourselves

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entirely to our task and in resigning ourselves to not witnessing its completion. Therefore, do not be hasty!"

What has been the effect of the restitution of Alsace-Lorraine to France upon the population of the two provinces? Down to the time of the recent conflict over the matter of diplomatic representation at the Vatican, it is certain that politically the vast majority of the people were absolutely satisfied. But this satisfaction was then modified by the fear of what a radical Government might do to them unless strongly opposed by the rest of France, where the struggle to preserve diplomatic relations with the Vatican has not failed to arouse sympathy for the people of the restored territory of infinite future value. These people still enjoy full representation in the national government and complete political equality with every other French department. The local administration is carried on practically exclusively by native-born inhabitants of the two provinces. The personnel of the public services is constituted almost entirely by native-born employees. The change from German civil and criminal law to French has been accomplished gradually. Native customs and native traditions are respected. The local dialect, jealously guarded by the population, is not only not interfered with but encouraged by the national authorities.

When I attempt to formulate a single, concise statement of popular feeling in Alsace-Lorraine, I invariably see before me the Place Kléber in Strasbourg as it was on the evening of the fourteenth of July, 1923. The large, open square is surrounded by tall, high-gabled, ancient houses from which festoons of blue, red, and white lights and strings of French flags are swinging. The square itself is densely packed with people, most of them clad in the familiar Alsatian costume. On three sides of the square, spaces have been cleared for dancing, and to the music of three bands men and women of all ages are dancing local, traditional folk-dances. Everywhere one hears German spoken, or the Alsatian dialect. There is an incessant explosion of fireworks. Suddenly the noise abates, and the music ceases. It is midnight. A band begins to play a familiar tune, a song composed in Strasbourg during the French Revolution by order of the Mayor of the city and by a native Alsatian. There is a moment of silence, then wild cheering by the crowd. The tune is the *Marseillaise*.

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COMMON-CENSORSHIP

WASHINGTON PEZET

FOR a long period it was the proud boast of America that ours was the only land without a censorship of some sort. We cannot make this boast to-day. What other nations have learned to do without we have had to adopt.

There are those who treat this censorship question lightly. It is a "tempest in a teapot", "a passing hysterical phase". Our local wits and humorists have honored us with many quips and jests on the subject. It would be easy and really delightful to treat the matter flippantly. Temperamentally, I should be inclined to do so. Certainly the antics of our "hysterio-moralists" furnish gorgeous material for satirical treatment. They and all their silly works should be laughed out of court. But I am afraid that, as a whole, we Americans are a serious-minded people, — that is, a people who laugh at jokes. And because our moral reformers are not so labeled, we do not laugh at them. The truth is that all of us, with the exception of a very few, are tainted with the same disease that so completely dominates the mental processes of our professional moralists, — the Puritan moral code.

This Puritan moral code which we have inherited from the pre-scientific age is a code that holds to the reality of abstractions. It believes that there are such things as Right and Wrong, Good and Bad, capitalized. It is amusing to note that those among us who cling most tenaciously to the Puritan moral code are also those who believe most implicitly in progress. Progress may be an illusion, but if it is anything at all, it is change; the very word implies motion. An institution that is shackled cannot progress. Our business men, many of them moralists in matters that lie outside their business, protest that government interference in business is hindering industrial progress. In much the same way, the control of public morals hinders moral progress.

In the April FORUM, John Jay Chapman maintained that the Roman Catholic Church is un-American because it stands for external Authority in religious and moral matters, whereas the essence of Protestant 100% Nordic Americanism is to be found in reliance upon the Private Mind. Heretofore we have thought the

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Private Mind, exercising its freedom of choice at the box office, a sufficient guardian of public morals as exhibited on the stage. Now we have abandoned our historic attitude, shackled the Private Mind, and accepted the Catholic doctrine of external Authority, — for by derivation, a censorship means an authoritative guardian of morals and manners.

The irony of it is that this surrender to Catholic principle has not been brought about by the priests of Rome, — it is not they who have shrieked for the censorship, — but by our Methodists, Baptists, and Presbyterians, the spiritual descendants of the men who first fought the good fight of the Private Mind.

To-day we know that as an abstraction morals have no existence. There is no absolute good and bad, right and wrong. All things are relative, and to have even the semblance of reality a thing must exist in space-time. A specific play produced in New York City on a specific night, before a specific audience, may be judged either moral or immoral according to its ultimate effect upon the social behavior of its audience. But who is to ascertain that ultimate effect, — how can it possibly be ascertained? The same play produced before another audience, or before the same audience ten years hence, might well have shifted from the moral or immoral side of the balance to the other.

To me a play of a decade ago hailed by thousands as a great religious tract was the most immoral play I have ever seen. It showed a boarding house filled with as rotten a set of petty humans as were ever assembled on one stage, it then brought into their midst a mysterious stranger who passed among them dispensing beatific sayings, and presto, in the third act the whole caboodle of sinners was metamorphosed into a hierarchy of saints and angels. This play and all of a similar uplift variety are immoral to me because they imply that our defects of character can be overcome by external pressure without effort on our part, that old habits can be discarded and new habits acquired without the supreme moral effort necessary to achieve such results. To me such plays are immoral because they enhance our moral laziness, because they abet the moral inertia which keeps most of us savages. I consider the social effect of one such play far worse than all the tawdry, pathetically pornographic exhibits which arouse the ire of our moral reformers. But how can I prove it?

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I know an aristocratic lady of the old school who never ceases to rail against the type of play, usually a musical comedy, which shows the little gutter-girl being transformed into a "lady" by the magic of costly clothes. "They are immoral plays," she argues. "They teach that clothes make the lady. It is not so. One may be in rags and still be a lady. Refinement and culture are matters of breeding and training, not of money and clothes!" True enough, but how is she to prove that the witnessing of such a play is inimical to society and therefore immoral?

By the same token, I argue that those whose only idea of immorality is sexual immorality are equally helpless. It is possible and probably true that the sort of play they condemn is bad for them as individuals, for they usually possess the type of prurient mind which, through the inhibition of normal instincts, has resulted in the creation of a sex-complex. Being thus confronted with a moral dilemma, they rationalize their abnormality by attributing it to the rest of mankind.

They cannot prove that the risqué farces of which they complain are immoral. Indeed there is something to be said for these risqué farces, — tawdry, cheap, and vulgar though many of them have been. Discounting their offenses against good taste, they have performed a real social service, — they have made fun of sex, and to make fun of sex is to drag it down from that pedestal of fictitious importance to which the sentimentality of Victorian morals had exalted it. It is one of the real achievements of our age that with our laughter we have dethroned sex, stripped the mystery from it, dispelled the bugaboo of its pretensions, and so cleared the way for its revaluation as the aesthetic instrument of a biological necessity. In so doing we have released untold human energy for the creation of newer, finer spiritual and cultural values.

A censorship, no matter how innocuous it may seem, will tend to reverse this happy evolution. If we are to progress morally, if we are to develop a new moral code to fit the needs of a scientific age, it must have its roots in science and not in superstition. It will have to be born of the travail of the present generation, by the method of trial by error, by the social interplay of free acting Private Minds. Whatever moral progress we have made has been achieved in this way. If most of us do not do murder upon the slightest provocation, it is because we have bred a race to whom

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murder is abhorrent. If we wish to uproot the display of pornography which so horrifies our moralists we must breed and train individuals to whom this type of vulgarity will be abhorrent.

It is a most arrant absurdity to say that the present-day public wants only clean plays. The public finds some clean plays acceptable and others merely dull. People want to see risqué plays. They want plays with a dash of pornography; and the proof of it is that they pay to see them and don't walk out. And the audience which attends these so-called immoral plays is not a selected salacious group; they are the average theatre goers, — Mr. and Mrs. Perfectly-Respectable-Citizens from Oshkosh, Roxbury, and Herkimer. They are in New York, the wicked metropolis, and they are out to be devilish. These people seek in the theatre the little sexual thrills which their humdrum and commonplace lives deny them. It is not the libertines and the harlots who support such plays. The libertines and the harlots indulge themselves actually, not vicariously. Suppress such plays and respectable people will get their vicarious sex thrills in some other way.

If this citizens' jury represents the average of common-sense public opinion, then it is quite useless, for that is already represented by the public exercising its free choice at the box office. I once saw a play that really offended people; they walked out, and in two days it had closed. No one now remembers it.

What this common-censorship actually accomplishes is to substitute the Private Minds of a chosen few for the Private Minds of the majority of theatre goers. Since there exists no moral standards for them to judge by, they will base their judgments upon their own opinions, and inevitably their opinions will be colored by the self-consciousness due to their rôles as censors. They will represent not public taste as it is, but public taste as they think it should be, — that is, public taste dressed in the tawdry raiment of its hypocrisies. The majority of adults of our generation has not yet achieved a scientific approach to morals. Most of the jurors will reflect to a certain degree, however slight, the Puritan moral attitude simply because it is the only articulate moral attitude in this country. They will regard sexual immorality as the only immorality, and any play which seriously undertakes to exploit a new moral ideal will be damned. And the stage of America, which shows some slight sign of achieving artistic adolescence will be perma-

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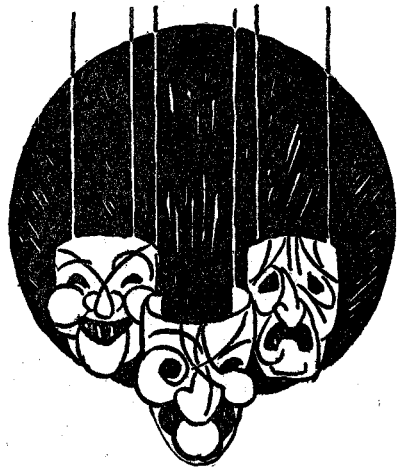
nently closed for the artistic exploitation of new ideas. Writers who can think will abandon the theatre for some uncensored avenue of self-expression, if any such exists in the future.

I believe that this censorship marks only the beginning, only the initial triumph of that minority which is trying ceaselessly to establish the supreme authority of its narrow, unscientific moral code. It is a minority of weak-minded, quasi-degenerates who believe quite sincerely that the healthy mass of mankind share their moral dilemmas and who seek protection and survival for their kind in the adaptation of the environment to their specific limitations.

If I am wrong in this conjecture, it is a small consolation. If this censorship really exists in response to the will of the majority, it means that most of us have abandoned the faith of our fathers, that we have so far degenerated that we are willing to establish a moral tyranny among us.



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CURTAIN

VIOLA PARADISE

THE dirty-coated White Wings scurries out of the way with his cart, and the funeral procession insists desperately on the dignity of death, in East Tenth Street. First five open carriages of flowers and wreaths and purple gauze streamers, bright and grand with the name of the departed or a timely sentiment. And then a band, and the wailing funeral march. Lowering eyebrows to contradict the merry expression which the puffed out cheeks of the blowers give. Now ten horses — ten! — drawing the hearse. Ten horses in pairs, each covered with a heavy purple netting, heavily fringed, and with great black pompoms at the ears. Two by two, these horses, and astride the left one of each pair a slim man in a tight fitting suit and a tall silk hat. And then the hearse itself, the fancy coffin showing proudly through its glass sides. Now another band, for the moment silent. Its red-headed little drummer boy cannot suppress a grin at his importance, at his luck in having this job. Next the mourners' carriages, the curtains pulled down over their too great grief. Traffic stops the procession. Inadvertently a peddler's wagon, — "oranges 11 for 25 cts," — gets into the line. A sudden manoeuvring. The peddler jumps down from his wagon, fright is on his face, he contrives to worm his vehicle out of the procession. But will it bring bad luck? Perhaps those oranges, eleven for twenty-five cents, will be left on his hands at the end of the day? He crosses himself, hurriedly.

On the sidewalks, the neighborhood is watching. A peaked baby gurgles with hand outstretched towards the horses' pompoms. Its mother shifts it to her other hip. Shrugs, — Jewish, Italian, — pitying, impressed. Now the procession crawls on again. But first an eye and a finger at the edge of a curtain. And then, — the spring must have been only just renewed, — up flies the curtain. A fat pudgy hand pulls it swiftly down, but meanwhile there has been a glimpse of the faces, the two faces in the carriage. Fifteen more carriages, a little less close kin in grief, for their curtains are up. No crowding. Each carriage holds two, — except one with two children in the backward-riding seat. One

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child is gleeful, surely his first funeral, his first grand ride in a carriage! Otherwise, nearly all the faces have the same expression: dutiful solemnity. Hiding what thoughts? The anticipated pleasure, — oh, well, satisfaction, then, — of telling about it when they get home? "A beautiful funeral. No expense spared. Two bands. And the flowers, *Madonna!* And the horses, gosh!" ". . . I wonder if Tony is paying attention to the business in the store. So many hold-ups. This traffic is slow. Will the ceremony be long at the grave? . . . So much time to lose, just before Easter!"

In the first carriage, — those two faces: The woman's a mask. The usual number of features, but quite unconnected with the inner person, — as if it were detachable. Any thought, or none, might be behind it. Blank. The acme of expressionlessness.

But the man beside her! Behind his fat red cheeks, and anxious eyes, and down-pulled mouth, what feelings are chasing? ". . . I *was* a good son. I never meant it when, sometimes, I talked sharp to him. If he can see this funeral from — up there — Besides, any son — And he could, yes he could, be exasperating. But now he's gone. Gone. He won't *be* there, any more. He won't be there to mumble and mutter, 'Who is this Mussolini?' or 'D'Annunzio, that's the man!' or to talk of Garibaldi, pretending, — thinking he could make us believe that he knew him! or to complain that the *pasta* was cooked too much; or that Angelina goes out too much with the boys. So old-fashioned. Poor old man! If only he didn't slobber when he ate . . . But it is a sin to remember those things. I *did* love him . . . I wonder what people think of this funeral. The men in high hats on the horses, — that's something! Just wait till I tell the old man, — only I can't. He won't be there . . . Death . . . In the ground. And what if, down there in the ground — But there are candles burning in the church . . . How shameful, — they'll think out there that I pulled up the curtain to show who was giving this funeral. . . ."

On the street two old Jews have moved their pushcarts close to the curb. "It's respect for the dead, so much money for a funeral," says one.

"It would be better to give the money to charity," says the other. "A poor widow could live a year on what that cost."

"Oh, not a year!"

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"Well, the dead cannot smell the flowers. Charity is from the heart, even the dead can smell it."

"Ikey, you talk crazy! Is that in the Talmud?"

"Oh, I talk crazy, do I? Well then, I talk crazy."

"No, I didn't mean crazy. Only — See! How many carriages! They must be rich people! . . ."

What was behind the woman's blank face?

DREAMER'S CAUTION

Send your dreams bravely wide,
beyond three seas and seven hills
toward the impossible, the rarest heights.
There only are they safe.
Let them not tarry,
timid, on the perilous thin edge of truth.
For truth's a tricky chasm, bottomless,
and dreams, treading too near,
may fall, crashing to destruction.

So send your dreams off mightily,
relentlessly, afar.
Let them not stop to cuddle
what a to-morrow easily could bring, —
a letter in the mail, a visitor.
Dream not too near the truth.

— *Viola Paradise.*

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FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

By the Pedestrian

YOUTH AND AGE

YOUTH is in the saddle. Allan Hunter writes to that effect in the December Forum. Clark Trow, risking at thirty the imputation of senility, girds at him in the January *Rostrum*, to be sure; but it is not insignificant that The Forum, arch-apostle of debate, does not appear to consider this a debatable question. Youth gets the main article, — let the old dogs growl in the *Rostrum* if they must! The case is closed; Youth is in the saddle.

That's what the other magazines seem to think, too, and the reading public, and even respectable middle-aged people, who foot the bills. How grotesque would appear to-day Bacon's suggestion in the *New Atlantis* that those who deserve the greatest authority in the government should be old in years, and that the chief power should be in the hands of men who can boast thirty descendants. Instead, one seems to hear a cry that the chief power should be in the hands of young people, who can boast no descendant. And it never dismays us that haply not only Bacon, but all antiquity, from Abraham to Gladstone, might smile at *us*. No — the case is closed; Youth is in the saddle.

Even those egregious philosophers who refuse to consider the case closed are curiously committed to alternatives. They maintain that there is something to be said for Age *as against* Youth. It is the same sort of *either . . . or* imbecility that keeps our sex altercations going, — Woman *versus* Man. There will come a time no doubt, at this rate, when we shall be seriously considering whether the left, the "pure idea" of *leftness*, is superior to the glorious concept of right; and in that bright day we shall probably be able to decide the vastly debated question, whether Caesar was a greater man than Napoleon. Yet we smile, forsooth, over the mediaeval worthies who were concerned to settle whether the Cherubim or the Seraphim were higher in the celestial hierarchy. No — the case is obviously closed; Youth must be in the saddle!

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Even in better days (that is, better from the point of view of the egregious philosophers) Youth and Age have been usually treated as alternatives. The only difference is that hitherto Age has been in the saddle. Few subjects, moreover, have had greater attention, especially from the old men; and writers, taking their cue from Cicero, have till recently decided that there may be consolations and dignities in old age which compensate for short breath and tottering knees. Raleigh, to be sure, and those Elizabethans who never grew up, wrote of old age and death with the profound dismay of youth in a graveyard. And when the pendulum swung the other way, solemn folk, like Jeremy Taylor, who apparently forgot that they ever were children, derived a dismal exhilaration from warning the young that "the clock strikes and reckons on our portion of eternity." Charles Lamb, of course, remained a gentle rebel to the end; even when he settled in what he called "this vale of deliberate senectitude," he "resented the impertinence of manhood." Generally speaking though, the old men have for centuries protested that Age has virtues no less renowned than Youth.

Then comes Browning and goes them one better. Age, he cries, is not only as desirable as Youth, but far better; indeed, Youth has no point without Age to crown it, — "the last of life for which the first was made." Perhaps he protests a little too much, but he does give the old folk a battle-cry. Stevenson, in certain moments, liked no doubt to look forward and picture the placidity of himself by the fire, — when he should "remember the faces of women without desire and the deeds of men without envy." But taking his cue from Browning, he preferred generally to sound the brave note of the high youthful heart even in the face of bodily dissolution. He has had perhaps as much influence as anyone in setting up the popular ideal of "young at sixty". It is a pretty delusion this, — that, if you will, you can be young at sixty. It is a romantic way of disposing of one of the alternatives. Presto! Age shall be transfigured into Youth. Whatever virtues it has are nothing, are mere consolation prizes, compared to the shining glory of Youth!

How much of a delusion this theory is may be seen if we reverse the picture. We swallow readily enough the idea that it is possible and altogether fitting to be young at sixty, but how

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about being old at sixteen? Yet why not? It's just as reasonable when you come to think of it. The first is a pretty picture, — grandma stepping on the gas, and grandpa tempering his conversation to adolescent nonsense, — but how would it look if Betty forsook her glad youth at sixteen for the knitting serenity of grandma, or if Roger settled into mature wisdom in his freshman year? We should not like it. We don't want it, — and so we think it absurd. But we forgive grandma and grandpa their spectral attempts at rejuvenation. We even applaud them. It's all they can do, poor dears. They have abandoned the case for Age. They have left themselves only a pathetic imitation of Youth.

The trouble, I suspect, is not wholly that Youth is in the saddle, but is rather that Age has taken riotously to kiddie cars. For the old folk certainly over-act their part. Pretending to be about sixteen, they put on the charming *insouciance* of six. They forget all about the *teen* that marks your genuine adolescent. No wonder serious young men and women feel that they alone must run the world. Yet the amazing thing is that when the old people sit down solidly like old people and talk about grown-up things out of their deep experience and in their own language, instead of in the patter they mistake for a symbol of Youth, the young people (not so dreadfully stupid, after all) are only too eager to gather round and listen.

But this sort of normal blessedness is not likely to return, except in isolated cases, so long as we persist in the notion that Youth and Age are separate, antagonistic states of being, — or in the more fatuous delusion that Age can be transmuted into Youth. If we could realize that they are after all, as we usually think of them, mere abstractions, conveniences of the pinchbeck philosopher, we might the sooner realize that in actual experience they are not separate, but make up a continuous performance in the life of each individual. The virtues of one predict or reflect the virtues of the other. There is no time when one ceases and the other begins. It is a one-act show; the curtain never drops till the end of the play.

May our old men have the courage, then, to be sixty at sixty, — to substitute wisdom, rather than nonsense, for senility. When they do, it is a fair venture that the young will again seek their

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advice. Only a *both . . . and* state of mind can make anything of the complicated civilization we have contrived for ourselves. For the young men need the old men, — *in their right minds*. As a rustic philosopher commented when I sounded him on this idea, "Well, I guess it all comes down to this: if the old men had a little more say just now, the world wouldn't go around quite so fast, — and I misdoubt that's about what she needs."

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POETRY

Edited by Walter S. Hinchman

SAN FRANCISCO

Sea fog lifting will disclose
A city like a climbing rose
Upon steep hills of green;
A jewel set here between
Sapphire of sea and sapphire sky.
This might — who knows —
Be only a mirage. The enchantment grows
Until a new spell falls:
Cries of the flower vendors from their stalls,
The urban haste, the crowded, friendly ways,
Treasures in narrow space between high walls
That scarce can keep a footing on the hills;
And, like an island in a sail-filled sea,
A street of slant-eyed men among
Their jade and flaming silks and tea,
Speaking a strange, old tongue.
Night draws the soft spell closer as she throws
A veil of plum-blue dusk down tilted lanes,
The city's swiftly-running veins.
Street cries and hurrying horns
To one chord sweep.
Fog creeps in from the dark sea again
To hush the town asleep.

— *Helen Ives Gilchrist*

THE DESERT

Sand and the endless gray-green
Of the unwearied sage;
Sand and blue sky, and, between,
A slow steam of clouds.
Lizards asleep in the sun,
Cactus in attitudes.

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Nothing is ended, nothing begun;
And the saffron sand drifting,
Whispers old wisdom, —
"The world is but dust
Past and to come.
I am the future,
I am the past.
Only the present defies me;
Time does not last."
A lizard unfurls,
The old shadows lengthen
By cactus and rock.
Stiffly the sage brush
Rasps a dry greeting
To slow winds of twilight.
Nothing goes home;
There is no meeting
Of seeker and sought.
This is the desert.

— *Helen Ives Gilchrist*

TWO HILL POEMS

HILL PHILOSOPHY

"We live alone," she said, "just him and me;
Six children livin', but all gone away,
And all done well — so well they ain't come back,
Although we're allus hopin' thet they may.

"They never liked the farm, and then I guess
We ain't as stylish as they've growed to be.
It's kinda lonesome, yes, but sakes alive,
There's lots we kin remember, him and me!"

— *Medora C. Addison*

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NEVER A THRUSH MAY SING —

Never a thrush may sing
  When hills are blurred in the twilight,
Never the crescent moon
  Hang low in a cool green sky,
But life seems a bitter thing
  And love that we dreamed eternal,
Brief as the thrush's song
  And swifter than moons to die.

— *Medora C. Addison*

SOUTH SONG

I'm for the South, — for the black-eyed South
With Art in its fingers and Love on its mouth,
With scent in the stars of its eyes, and its tune
From Beauty's warm lips on the bride-bed of June.

Oh, the North Folk are grim folk
From Shetland east to Maine:
Brooding lonely grim folk,
Plagued with the lust for pain;
So I'm for the clear-souled South Folk
Of Richmond and Rome and Spain.

Woe is the lot of the north lands,
North of fifty three, —
Of the sin-eating, blood-sweating north lands
That kneel with a knotted knee:
Gorky's dazed folk of the north lands;
Fiona's wierd folk of the north lands;
Tolstoi's troubled folk of the north lands;
  And Ibsen's dour folk by the sea.

Brooding and bale in the north nights;
Hard strife for the day's short span;
And a grim gray fate for the souls that mate
Where toil is the measure of man:

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Where the great blond gray-eyed North Folk,
The Berserker moralist north folk,
Gloom and fume in the starlight,
Hate and mate in the moonlight,
Dream and scheme by the lamp light —
Till the earth runs red with their wars.

So I'm for the South, — for the black-eyed South
With Art in its fingers and Love on its mouth,
With scent in the stars of its eyes, and its tune
From Beauty's warm lips on the bride-bed of June.

— *Roy Helton*

GREAT LOVERS

Like carillons their names are chiming yet
From the ivory towers nor winds nor wars o'erthrow,
Hero and her Leander; Romeo
And his red rosebud broken, Juliet;
Blithe names of Aucassin and Nicolette;
Tristram and Iseult throbbing heavy woe;
Sigurd and Brunhild, tones that gleam and glow,
And tinkling Pierrot and Pierrette.

Star-music names there are of sweeter lure
Than even those, — names of Columba, calling
Wild wings of air and gleaming fins of sea
To blest Iona; God's dear troubadour,
Saint Francis; gentle Woolman, fainting, falling
Beneath men's griefs; Jesus of Galilee.

— *Katherine Lee Bates*

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The editors will be glad to publish brief letters from readers relating to topics discussed by FORUM *contributors, or to any views expressed in these columns*

Side-Shows

Editor of THE FORUM:

My friend went to the circus. Afterward, he owned that he did not see the circus, but sat in the side-show all day. The latter contained nothing but a lion in a cage. The performer was a poor hick who constantly thrust his hand into the cage and jerked it out when the lion leaped at him. My friend stuck right there for fear he might miss something. Hereafter, it's me for THE FORUM side-shows if such brilliant intellects as Burton Rascoe and the Princess Radziwill are going to juggle verbal brickbats. I wouldn't give a whoop for the main tent. It's worth being a princess if the training gives one the delightful aplomb necessary to slam the "applesass" back in his face; and it's worth being a literary critic if it enables one to stand right up in meeting and "sass" a princess.

R. D. BOOK.

Corning, Ohio.

In connection with the Rascoe-Radziwill discussion, the following letter is of interest:

Editor of THE FORUM:

Lest I should miss something, I always read THE FORUM from cover to cover. So I stumbled on the remark of the Princess Radziwill that she had never heard of a Bavarian language.

The official language of the Reich, as well as of Bavaria, is German, nearer defined as high-German (*hochdeutsch*). But as Germans comprise a number of Teutonic tribes, there are several dialects, some very unique in words and expressions, which are spoken by the peasants and the common folk.

Owing to a rivalry between Prussia and Bavaria, this usage is extensively adhered to in the latter state. In fact, one meets people who will not use any other idiom, and whoever makes the acquaintance of these mountaineers knows how obstinate they can be, especially if provoked. Also many of them forget the high-German that they learned in school, or they speak it with such a strong accent that to an outsider it seems something entirely divorced from German. As the lower-German (*plattdeutsch*), in use on the northern coasts, is a language of its own, the Bavarian also is quite often so considered, though erroneously. I am of the opinion that Mr. Steed made this common error.

NICHOLAS FREESE.

New York, N. Y.

Hocus Pocus?

Editor of THE FORUM:

I wish to protest against the sophomoric futility of an article in THE FORUM for March. Your policy is usually both liberal and logical, hence a protest is more in order than the silence which I believe would serve as a more dignified reception of the so-called controversy, entitled "Is Psycho-Analysis a Science?"

When will the American public learn, one wonders, that it is the object of amused contempt to all transatlantic gen-

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ius? What idea has a chance to mature slowly and healthily, with the monster of publicity crouching in these States, ready to argue it pro and con into distorted imbecility? We Americans are the "lunatic fringe" of every great movement. We are the fanatical extremists, who destroy everything by our ignorant enthusiasm or our still more ignorant prejudice. I am speaking here, of course, of our millions who can read newspapers, and who have mastered the technical difficulties of penmanship; not of those of us who really read and write. The reason, therefore, that I comment upon our national stupidity is that that stupidity is connected with THE FORUM, in that it was obviously in the rear-apartments of Mr. Aldous Huxley's spacious mind when he amused himself with his diatribe on "Our Contemporary Hocus Pocus."

Mr. Aldous Huxley, be it understood, is truly a member of the Aristocracy of the Intellect, and that is why he enjoys writing for Americans. He is an extremely clever man, and he is also a scholar, and he knows that we, as a nation, worship cleverness and are capable only of an undiscriminating reverence before grounded knowledge. Consequently, when Mr. Aldous Huxley takes his pen in hand to *épater les Americains*, he favors whatever gods there be with a knowing wink. One cannot resent this whenever the outcome is the gullibility upon which Mr. Huxley counts. But one does resent it when this brilliant young man does not take the trouble to distinguish, anent his probable readers, "gems from paste."

"Our Contemporary Hocus Pocus" is a most amusing article. As an apology for personal prejudice it is as adequate, as searching, as revealing an article as I have ever read. As the reverse side of a controversy, dealing, supposedly, with the questionable scientific basis of pyscho-analysis, it is a negligible sort of farce, — the kind of farce which, as no one knows better than Mr. Huxley, the American reading public studies with conscientious gravity. . . . Please, when we have "scientific" articles, let us see scientists behind them. And when we have whimsical, intimate essays, which play lightly over the surface of grave subjects, let us have titles to match, because, as I have already hinted, we are a nation not susceptible to irony. We like to take our culture as we take other things — neat. There are many good titles which Mr. Huxley might have used. "Dream Fugue" is one; we all know what sort of thing to expect when we see it. "Nocturne" is another. "Reflections Induced by Reading Freud" would have been excellent. And as far as I know, the copyright for Charles Lamb's most fitting title, "Imperfect Sympathies", expired long ago.

ELEANOR CARROLL CHILTON.
Charleston-Kanawha, W. Va.

May we quote, in part, from the Editor's answer?

I am afraid that I can't quite agree with you that Aldous Huxley's purpose in writing "Our Contemporary Hocus Pocus" was to "*épater les Americains*". His essay was, I believe, written for an English audience, but we got hold of it beforehand. And I don't entirely agree with you that writers other than scientists should be barred from discussing the subject of psycho-analysis.

I think there is more foundation for your criticism that our debate was a little unbalanced. As a matter of fact, Mr. Huxley had no idea, when writing the article, that it was going to appear as one side of a debate. But when we accepted it we did so on the condition that it be published along with an article which should defend the doctrines of Freud. After giving us a good scolding you weaken it by admitting that you "marvel at his (Mr. Huxley's) versatility, admire his honesty, enjoy his books." Don't you think that in itself justifies us in publishing the essay?

Good Cheer

Editor of THE FORUM:

Let him who would believe that a woman lacks logic read Elizabeth Robins Pennell's essay, "Our Democracy of Bad Manners", in the April FORUM and acknowledge his error. Nothing could be more logical, nor more convincing, than her argument to prove that "it is precisely because of their uselessness that they (good manners) are of such importance." I admire the 1925 girl for her good health, her sensible, becoming dress, her love of

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the outdoors, and her frank outlook on life. If she would only add good manners to these advantages, she would be the most admirable girl of any age since the days of ancient Greece. I say nothing of the boy, the young man, because what his manners are depends largely upon the girl. Boys in our city high schools have grown wary about lifting their hats to their feminine class-mates, fearing the derisive laughter that will greet their small show of deference to the potential mothers of the race. I wish Mrs. Pennell could have her way, so there might be a "Politeness Class in every kindergarten, school, and college in the land."

I want to thank you for Mrs. Pennell's article, and also for everything else in the April FORUM, with especial mention of "The Submarine Menace", by George Wheeler Hinman, Jr. A submarine is an ocean pussy-foot, a sneak among honest men, a degenerate among sea-going vessels, a pervert in the good family of battleships and cruisers. Mr. Hinman, who seems to have his subject well in hand, does the public a great service in showing what we still have with us, and against us, — the submarine. His article throws a revealing light on the futility of the Arms Conference. "The Submarine Menace" provides food for thought for Militarist as well as Pacifist, for Loyalist as well as Internationalist, for Conservative as well as Radical. Long live THE FORUM!

JEAN WEST MAURY.

Brookline, Mass.

Too Bad To Be Good?

Editor of THE FORUM:

You present to your readers, as a rule, a very attractive and satisfying literary menu. That is the reason I am entering a protest against such a story as "Too Good To Be True" by James Aton, in your March number. I had to reread it to get the full flavor. The author presents an inane situation, a plot with no development nor anything to develop. His use o the English language should receive meri in the junior class of the high school. Th story carries neither wit, humor, nor morals, and frankly I cannot understand why it was put in your magazine except for padding. If it is a rebuke to a religious element of missions, then it is as clumsy a one as was ever attempted by a misunderstanding intellect.

SAMUEL GARVIN.

Colorado Springs, Colo.

Dear Editor:

The story "Too Good To Be True" is really horrifying. I can understand its insertion in a pagan magazine; but how a neutral magazine could print such an effusion is hard to comprehend. This story is the first piece of literature I have ever read which deals with the central mystery of the Christian religion humorously. A least one supposes that the effect of humo is intended by all the ghastly irreverence.

MARY MCENNERY ERHARD.

Hoboken, N. J.

Catholicism in America

The Editors are gratified to report that the series of articles on "America and Roman Catholicism" have evoked a widespread response from FORUM *readers. We have received many worth-while letters expressing a great variety of opinions. As the series is still continuing, however, the Editors deemed it fairer to postpone publication of these letters until a later issue, thus giving* FORUM *readers an opportunity to base their comments upon the series as a whole, rather than upon a part of it.*

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They swayed upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus.—*Keats*

The reviews in this department are contributed by readers of THE FORUM *and are, with very few exceptions, unsolicited. Payment for all reviews accepted is at the rate of fifteen cents a line. On the manuscripts submitted please indicate price of volume discussed, as well as name of author and publisher. The Editors cannot promise to acknowledge or return manuscripts of all the reviews found unavailable for publication. Only manuscripts which are typewritten will be read. Reviews must not be over 300 words in length, and those of 200 words are especially desired.*

Literary Passports

"What books are you taking to read on the steamer?" I asked a friend who was sailing the next day for Cherbourg.

"The new Edna Ferber, Ring Lardner's latest, and a few magazines and plenty of cross-word puzzles," was the reply.

"But," I continued, "I mean travel books, the sort . . ."

"Oh, yes," he answered, "my wife has Baedeker, Muirhead, and a new edition of *The Satchel Guide*, and I have here" — he took it out of his pocket — "*Mr. and Mrs. Haddock Abroad.* It's a present from my partner. That ought to do us."

Why should anyone on the way to Paris prepare for the ordeal by doing cross-word puzzles? Why not a little Victor Hugo, Balzac, or Romain Rolland, interspersed with George Moore and some French history? But in my mind's eye I saw my friend, driving in the Bois, buying diamonds for his wife along the rue de la Paix, and otherwise "going the rounds", — and understood.

Even so I thought I would try an experiment. I made up a package of books and sent them to him at the steamer, — just a few carefully chosen volumes which I hoped would work their charm upon him during the voyage and lead him on to a France which is more than shops and cabarets and watering-places and long, straight roads for motoring.

With all due respect to Miss Ferber, my first selection was Anne Douglas Sedgwick's *Little French Girl*, — which I purposely gave directions to have put on top, — for I know of no book in which the delicate nuances of the French character are more skilfully drawn. Miss Sedgwick tells a good story and her work is a just tribute to a people whose temperament is not readily comprehensible to English or American minds. Next came *French Traits* by a man who has shown that criticism can be made a fine art, — W. C. Brownell. Although his study does not have the advantage of the fictional method which Miss Sedgwick employs, it is none the less readable.

Then I selected an old favorite of mine, *The Arm-Chair at the Inn*, which, if there were any chance of its fading from memory, would immortalize the quaint old hostelry of William the Conquerer upon the Norman coast at Dives. Here in the

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flower-choked courtyard surrounded by a chain of moss-encrusted, red-tiled, seesaw roofs, is spun a yarn which will hold the reader to the last page. It could have been written by no one but F. Hopkinson Smith.

Miltoun's *Rambles in Normandy* I put in too, and Medill's *Little Book of Brittany*, although Clive Holland's *Things Seen in Normandy and Brittany* is also good. Then Anne Wharton's *In Chateau Land*. There seemed to be no end, nor was the clerk at my elbow lacking in suggestions. Next came Frances Elliott's *Old Court Life in France*, with its fine historical background. I hesitated over Clara Laughlin's *So You're Going to Paris* because it seemed so obviously written for the "tourist", and chose instead Ernest Dimnet's *From a Paris Balcony and About Paris*, by that inimitable pair, Richard Harding Davis and Charles Dana Gibson, both of whom possessed faculty for discovering the unusual. Lucas's *A Wanderer in Paris* is always indispensable. It really should have come first.

Archibald Marshall, having strayed from Exton Manor, recently found himself in France with nothing to do but have a good time. Just see the result: *A Spring Walk in Provence*, as finished a piece of work as one could wish. That is what comes of being born an author; even one's holidays can be made to count. Of course I included it. Then my eye fell on a book which I had not known before — *The Lost Kingdom of Burgundy*. I read at random from the jacket: "It marshals the ghosts of tatterdemalion kings and emperor dukes, lute-playing princes and tarnished princesses, — all of whom still wander among the ruins of a hundred Burgundian castles . . . Hotel rates and architectural specifications have been culled out to make room for more interesting mediaeval gossip . . . It speaks without candor of sundry folk who are still discussed about the firesides in the Rhone Valley." What could be better?

From Burgundy, with thoughts of Dijon, Clugny, the old glory of Avignon, and the trim, tender vineyards about Besançon, my mind drifted South again, to Gascogne and Languedoc. Surely he knows not France who knows not the Pyrenees! Amy Oakley has caught the spell of this country in her *Hill Towns of the Pyrenees*, and Paul Wilstach is no less successful in *Along the Pyrenees*.

My friend, I knew, would tour the battlefields. Everybody does. So I concluded my purchases with Miss Laughlin's very significant *Martyred Towns of France*, and, having far exceeded my intentions, hurried away from my bookseller's lest he should bethink himself of something I had unwittingly omitted.

England . . . yes, there are good books on England too. If one must be strictly up to the moment, there is Osborne's *As It Is In England*, surely to be placed at the head of the list, both in point of information and literary style. What is more, Mr. Osborne writes of the hoary Thames, of hawthorne hedgerows, and the mystery of Oxford spires, in such a way that you feel impelled to jump aboard the next steamer. The book will be welcomed by those who read the chapter on England in his *Finding the Worth While in Europe* and, like Oliver Twist, wanted more. I also like Charles S. Brooks's *A Thread of English Road* but confess that the facetiousness of this genial Yale professor becomes tiring as the book progresses. Yet you feel that he would be the best of companions on a bicycle trip down through Surrey and Hants.

One cannot give much thought to preparation for a trip without coming to the conclusion that a background of good fiction and history will do more than the most comprehensive of meticulous "travel" books. For instance, why should one read a new book on *The Kipling Country* by R. Thurston Hopkins, excellent though it may be, when the author's own books are available? Olcott's *Country of Sir Walter Scott* is likewise valuable, but not as a substitute for *Kenilworth* or *Marmion*. Similarly, unless one is fairly familiar with authors, I would not recommend E. Beresford Chancellor's two volumes, *The London of Thackeray* and *The London of Charles Dickens*. Nothing is more helpful than a book of this sort when one has something to build on. Who can think of Edinburgh without R. L. S., or of the Lake Country except in terms of Wordsworth?

The traveler with a predilection towards a literary pilgrimage should find room in his satchel for Gordon S. Maxwell's *The Author's Thames*, and take the same trip up as far as Windsor for he will find no other region richer in association with

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English literature. For sound reading one sooner or later comes back to Henry James's *English Hours;* and W. H. Hudson's *Afoot in England*, which is in a class by itself, should accompany every pedestrian.

When it comes to books about London, and they are legion, Lucas's *A Wanderer in London*, now in something like its twenty-fifth edition, is the standard. Mr. Lucas's books abound with facts, yet they possess charm as well. Helen W. Henderson, author of *A Loiterer in London*, new this season, writes with a zest for her subject, for she believes that to reach London is to "achieve the grand destination". Her book should be read after Mr. Osborne's, for her method is much the same, and Mr. Osborne has omitted London because, he says, it is "too vast and too varied a subject to be combined with any other."

While Oxford has a secure place in all guide-books and has never been in danger of slight by weavers of romance, I wonder how many readers have happened upon Chapter Nine in Stark Young's *Three Fountains*. Mr. Young is thinking of two walks, Addison's Walk, by Magdalen, "with the gentle morning on it, the soft gray perhaps, the English thing", and, the other, that grandiose line of cypresses, of hidden water-courses, and ilex trees, which is the garden of the Villa d'Este at Tivoli. He writes of the external differences of these scenes, but something deeper is implied in their unlikeness. Is it the subtle contrast between the English and the Italian temperament, between the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin?

The Three Fountains is a group of vignettes, sketches, essays, mostly Italian in setting, which reveal the author's power as critic, stylist, and artist in prose. I can think of no book which I can recommend more highly. *The Enchanted April*, however, elicits the same order of praise for it attains the same level of excellence, although written in a different key. It concerns the unprecedented exploits of a group of English people transported for a month to a square yard of Italian sunshine. It should not be missed by anyone who is going to Italy, nor by anyone who would like to go.

Henry James Forman's new book, *Grecian Italy*, is an informal account of his trip with the artist, Frederick R. Gruger, through Sicily, Calabria, and the toe of the boot that is Italy. Mr. Forman will be remembered as the author of *The Ideal Italian Tour* which has delighted thousands of wayfarers. Luigi Villari's *Awakening of Italy*, also new, is a study of the Fascist movement and gives a general survey of modern political conditions throughout Italy. Much of it will be better understood if the reader has first looked into Bagot's *Italians of To-day*.

Books born of Italy are thick as autumnal leaves in Vallombrosa. Have not poets of all ages fled out of the North and basked beneath its skies? Byron, Keats, the Brownings, Shelley, all knew what lay beyond the Alps. M. Maurois has told in *Ariel* of the sense of peace and creative power that came to Shelley at Casa Magni, and Anna McMahan develops this thought in her volume, *With Shelley in Italy*. George Eliot captured the spirit of Florence and put it into *Romola*, Ruskin loved the stones of Venice, and it was in Rome that Hawthorne wrote *The Marble Faun*. William Dean Howells forgot American authors long enough to write *Venetian Life*, Hopkinson Smith left all else for *Gondola Days*, and John Addington Symonds did nothing greater than his *Rennaissance in Italy*. Marion Crawford lived near Sorrento and wrote of love and intrigue at Rome.

Of a more descriptive nature, Max Vernon's *In and Out of Florence*, Maurel's *Little Cities of Italy*, and Williams's *Hill Towns of Italy* are excellent. One can well afford also to look over the innumerable titles that bear the names of Forman, Bagot, Grant Allen, Mrs. Oliphant, Olive Potter, and Ernest Peixotto, before sailing.

Someone once said that every man has two countries, his own and Italy. He would be guilty, I think, of no greater exaggeration if he had added that every man who has ever written a book has written another about Italy. And I for one am not sorry.

DALE WARREN.

Plainfield, New Jersey.

A Cheerful Church

A genial ecclesiastic, or a large-hearted saint like Santa Claus, appeals to the human heart. It may be on account of the element of the unexpected, but we will

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not pursue that idea. A friendly, cheerful little church makes the same appeal. For proof of it read George MacAdam's THE LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER (G. P. Putnam's Sons, $3.75). A book like a Dickens's Christmas story, it leaves one laughing, wet-eyed, and filled with human kindness. It is an interesting narrative of two long lives overflowing with cheerfulness and kind deeds and love toward God and toward everyone else. Two Dr. Houghtons, uncle and nephew, built, enlarged, and made beautiful the Church of the Transfiguration and made it a home for all who need it. Its doors were never closed against anyone. Whether a stray dog, or a dead actor, a crowd of Negroes huddled in terror of rioters, or a General Convention which responded to his hospitality by denouncing the candles and cross on the altar, the first Dr. Houghton welcomed them all. He was as brave as he was kind, a man who renews one's faith in things. Everyone knows the story of the way the Little Church got its name, but it is for the book to disclose the delightful fact that Dr. Houghton, at first, distinctly resented having his church called "little" by the Rector of a smaller one. It is interesting, too, to find that this friend and defender of actors never went to the theatre.

No reason is given for the growth of the tradition in the second Dr. Houghton's time, that the Little Church was the place to be married. It was certainly not because he made marrying easy. The many anecdotes of his struggles with the couples who came to him from far and near to be married are such a mingling of grief and mirth and wrong, and such a record of patience and courage on his own part, that one rises from the reading of it an emotion-shaken creature.

God rest both Dr. Houghtons, and the thanks of many readers to Mr. MacAdam, who, from fragmentary and dispersed records, has made such a living story of The Little Church Around the Corner.

ELIZABETH HALE GILMAN.

New York City.

"Every Hare Run to Earth"

When one poet writes of another, it is doubtful which personality will prevail. There is more of Shelley than of Keats in *Adonais*, more of author than of subject in Francis Thompson's essay on Shelley. The publication of JOHN KEATS by Amy Lowell (Houghton, Mifflin, $12.50) is, however, an event of equally happy significance for both poets concerned. For Keats it means the clearing away of much biographical and critical rubbish that has long cluttered about his legend and his poetry alike. For Miss Lowell it marks the achievement of a thoroughly disinterested piece of criticism. In her books on French and American poets she was not free from the imputation of manhandling her contemporaries to the advantage of her theories. Of Keats she writes with the cool objectivity of an artist whose faculties are absorbed in his subject.

Not that Miss Lowell is altogether subdued. In a book of twelve hundred pages there is ample room for outcroppings of temperament. She is capable of lecturing like a novice in a nunnery on elementary grammar and prosody. She can squeeze internal evidence from parallel passages that would elude anyone but a neophyte graduate student in search of a dissertation. She supports her keen insight into character by psychological *clichés* that date "early twentieth century" as plainly as phrenology dates "early nineteenth". She cannot always resist the collector's impulse to discourse on Keatsiana of minor importance. And she is determined to find the note of modernness in Keats's mind, even something Japanese in his descriptions. But after all the reader forgets Miss Lowell's eccentricities in admiration for her faithfulness to fact, where faithfulness involved a huge task of collection and verification; for her decisive and large hearted judgments of character, where a change in accepted judgments required courage; and for her illuminating and finely sympathetic comments on Keats' poems in detail and on the processes of poetry in general.

As a factual record of Keats's life Miss Lowell's biography is, let us hope, definitive. She has run to earth every hare that anyone ever started on the subject of Keats. The huge bulk of the book is due to her scrupulous care in quoting sources and explaining the grounds of her inferences. It was worth while for someone to do this once for all, and no one could

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have performed the task more honestly and comprehensively. Since Miss Lowell has made full use of material in private hands, especially of documents in her own rich collection and in the Morgan library, the chances of new revelations on the poet's life are small. Probably we now have as complete a picture of Keats's external life, of his immediate background, of his friends and reading, as we are ever likely to get. Miss Lowell's organization of the material is superb. Her artistry is nowhere more apparent than in her power to infuse vitality into masses of detail. The large chapters move with continuous and compelling sweep, and mount, in the restrained narrative of Keats's illness and death, to a poignance of almost histrionic intensity.

The sheer malignity of fate in cutting off untimely the most promising young poet of his generation set Keats's friends hurling accusations right and left. It has taken biographers a long time to disentangle the snarl of asperities and to realize that no one was really to blame. Keats was on the whole not unworthily befriended; in fact when we remember that it was nobody's business to look after a young surgeon who had abandoned his profession to write poetry, the devotion of Woodhouse and the generosity of the publisher Taylor are no less than remarkable. Miss Lowell convincingly shows how little anyone of Keats's circle, though its periphery included Hunt, Haydon, Lamb, Shelley, was able to understand the full measure of his genius, but some had faith where they could not clearly see and all were kind after their fashion. Hitherto, however, the chief displeasure of Keats-idolaters has been directed against Fanny Brawne. Miss Lowell, whose virtue as a biographer lies in not taking a man in a lump but studying his character from month to month as it develops under stress of circumstances, reverses the accepted version of the story. No one can doubt after her presentation of the facts that Miss Brawne more than any other person understood and loved Keats, that she bore with his fits of jealousy, his self-centred passion, his weakness and depression, that she allowed him to immerse himself in poetry at a time when most women would have demanded a lover's undivided attention, and that she unfalteringly sacrificed herself to give him comfort when all hope of their marriage was gone. Keats was not an admirable lover; he was a dying man, tortured by ambition, despair, and passion. Miss Brawne greatly deserved the tribute paid to his Bright Star.

In her treatment of the poems Miss Lowell follows the same exhaustive method as in her interpretation of biographical fact, placing each poem in relation to Keats's mind at the moment of composition. The necessary preliminary of dating the poems she has carried out with meticulous accuracy. She has searched the books that Keats is known to have read, often in copies which he used and marked, for hints that he may have turned to literary account. And from first drafts or early manuscripts she supplies canceled readings which reveal the poems in process of emergence. One may agree or not with Miss Lowell's identification of sources for *Endymion*. In the opinion of the reviewer the resemblances on which she relies are very shadowy supports on which to build a "certainty". But one can only be grateful for the vigor with which she dismisses previous attempts to allegorize the poem; her own long analysis is the best of guides to its tangled loveliness. Miss Lowell's taste in the discussion of the narrative poems and the *Odes* is faultless. To follow under her guidance the maturing of Keats's powers is a liberal education in poetry.

GEORGE F. WHICHER.
Amherst, Massachusetts.

The Study of Man

It is characteristic of man that he should have turned his curiosity and attention to the stars thousands of years ago and only recently turned them upon himself. Because man has rather taken himself for granted, astronomy is the oldest science, and anthropology and psychology two of the youngest.

Probably no two sciences have ever suffered more at the hands of the "pseudists", — the dabblers, meddlers, and premature interpreters and appliers of, — than these. Some of the most unmitigated nonsense in print has been written by reviewers, self-conscious *litterateurs* who approached the task of criticizing books on

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sciences about which they are profoundly ignorant, not with becoming modesty, but with the *aplomb* of "wise guys" eager to show the world that no mere scientist could slip anything over on them. The result has been further to confuse a public which already has a most garbled notion of what psychology and anthropology are about.

According to J. B. S. Haldane, the British bio-chemist, in the March FORUM, in its development every science goes through four phases: there is the initial stage of the mere observation of striking phenomena; this is followed by the precise measurement of the data obtained; during the third period these measurements are correlated in graphs and tables; in the fourth and final phase "there suddenly appears a new and easily grasped idea." What Mr. Haldane neglected to point out, probably because it seemed too obvious to him, is that these four stages overlap, and that even when the fourth stage is achieved, work in the other stages continues, for new facts are constantly being discovered.

Now the important thing for the layman to bear in mind is that neither psychology nor anthropology has yet reached the fourth stage. To be sure certain general inferences have been drawn, certain hypotheses have become fairly well established, but none of them has attained the dignity of a law. Psychology, as a whole, with the advent of the behaviorists, is just entering upon the second phase. Anthropology is in the third phase. Science is a method which advances by the succession of hypotheses, — kings who rule for a limited time and then are overthrown in favor of younger monarchs. To the general public all this is very confusing. We are not yet quite accustomed to the idea of a changing world. We still fondle the delusion of a static world, of absolutes of knowledge, — a world in which things are so and stay so. This constantly shifting ground on which the scientist builds up his vast theoretical structures amazes the average man. He reacts to it in one of two ways. Either he hails some scientific hypothesis as an ultimate truth, nails his flag to it, girds on his armor, and goes forth to fight for something which he awakens one dark day to find isn't so, or he gives up in despair and denounces science and all its works as so much damn foolishness. In a more decorous and seemly age the inevitable teapot tempests of the scientists would be conducted in the cloistered seclusion of laboratories and libraries, away from the noisy partisanship of the crowd. But in this day of a gargantuan press hungering for news, every new hypothesis is hailed as an epoch making, revolutionizing law of science, and the whole conflict goes forward in the open, to the accompaniment of the jazz bands of rival press agents and the egg-slinging of rival factions. It is all very comically sad.

As a result of these methods, psychology has become a word which means anything, from the latest way to advertize chewing gum to the newest spook or faith-healing hocus pocus. In the first chapter of his new book, PSYCHOLOGY: WHAT IT HAS TO TEACH YOU ABOUT YOURSELF AND YOUR WORLD (The People's Institute Publishing Co., $3.00) Everett Dean Martin, with admirable clarity, sets forth what psychology is and what it isn't. He brilliantly exposes all the quackeries and mummeries that flourish in its name, cuts away the weeds of metaphysical speculation, and gives psychology a chance to bloom in its own patch of garden. He gives us a succinct history of the development of psychology up to the present time. He discusses the twilight zone between psychology and physiology on the one hand, and psychology and philosophy on the other hand, and delimits each field in a clear and unpedantic fashion.

He acknowledges the tremendous indebtedness of the science to William James and then tackles the controversial subject of Freud. Though he began his career as a physician, it is not as the inventor of a therapeutic method that Freud interests Martin. He does not swallow Freud's highly speculative hypotheses uncritically; he rejects some, adopts others, and pays tribute to Freud's solid achievements, — achievements which have nothing to do with the success or failure of psychoanalysis as a curative formula.

In Chapters V to IX, devoted to Consciousness, Habits, Instincts, Emotions, and to Thinking, Martin firmly establishes a claim to high rank among contemporary psychologists. He discusses these topics without a trace of dogmatism, with a quiet, humorous sanity that is amazingly compelling. He makes his bow to McDou

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gall of Harvard, crosses swords with him, and leaves him flat on his back with his Heinz-like list of instincts and emotions lying dejectedly all about him.

In the XII chapter Mr. Martin performs a real service in discussing Intelligence Tests *intelligently*. Most of the people who have attacked or defended mental testing have helped to vindicate the results of the Army tests as to the prevalence of near-morons in the population.

In his next two chapters Mr. Martin summarizes those contributions of his own to which he devoted greater space in his previous book, *The Behavior of Crowds*. The importance of Mr. Martin's interpretation of group psychology, propaganda, and so forth is such that if he were anything but an American he would already have received international recognition. His work to a great extent supersedes and renders obsolete the classical work of Le Bon, which nevertheless continues to be numbered among our "sacred books".

In the chapters on politics, ethics, and progress, Mr. Martin's trenchant prose becomes the flare of a searchlight that illumines the dark places of popular superstition and reveals stark, naked truths. He is at his best, and most delightfully readable in these chapters. There are lines so aptly phrased, so witty and humorous, that one breaks the silence of the library with what can only be described as "belly laughter". One is thankful to Mr. Martin that he is able to give credit to behaviorism as a method, without feeling obliged to accept its mechanistic implications. In pointing out the essentially metaphysical element in the extreme behaviorist position, Martin neatly turns the tables on them.

Altogether it is the most admirable, clear, comprehensive, useful, and readable book of a general nature on psychology, which, to my knowledge, has ever appeared in the English language. Not to own it if you can afford it, and not to get it from a library if you cannot afford it, is to miss the opportunity to expand your mental horizon as no other book can expand it.

I have omitted reference to two chapters. The one on religion seems to me quite inadequate. I have a feeling that Mr. Martin included it because he felt he ought to, and that some day he is going to expand it into a really first-rate book. In the chapter on racial psychology it seems to me that Mr. Martin's reasoning wabbles a bit. He demolishes McDougall and others, but fails to prove his own case that there are no psychological differences between races.

Thus we come into the field of anthropology, which is the subject matter of the other four books discussed in this review.

In his CIVILIZATION AND CLIMATE (Yale University Press, $5.00), first published eleven years ago, and now not only revised in the third edition but practically rewritten, Ellsworth Huntington of Yale makes a really great scientific contribution with his hypothesis on the effects of climate upon man and his civilizations. It is an hypothesis which explains many things hitherto quite unexplainable and it is developed with a great brilliance. There are few scientists who can write as glamorously and entertainingly as Huntington; he can make even statistics thrilling, and the weather something ineffably romantic.

His most recent book, THE CHARACTER OF RACES (Charles Scribner's Sons, $5.00), though it is as well and as delightfully written, is not nearly so convincing. It shows some signs of hasty composition; there are inaccuracies of statement; and especially to be regretted is the light-hearted way in which he swallows Dixon's dubious racial hypotheses and nomenclature, hook, line, and sinker. To me this complete absorption of Dixon's unverified findings rather invalidates part of Mr. Huntington's conclusions. His explanation of the manner in which America was populated is especially unconvincing. There are contradictions and stretchings of logic, which he overcomes only by a prodigious display of verbal legerdemain. On the other hand there are chapters whose value and importance cannot be minimized simply because they happen to be speculative. Provided that one accepts the book as the engrossing speculations of a keen and fertile imagination and not as scientific gospel, it is eminently worth reading.

Lothrop Stoddard's RACIAL REALITIES IN EUROPE (Charles Scribner's Sons, $3.00) differs widely from the other books we are discussing. It is not, properly speaking, a scientific book. It is a book which treats political Europe from a scientific rather than a political point of view.

Mr. Stoddard shows very clearly, very

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forcefully, and effectively that the basis of those differences in national character which astonish and entertain the traveler is essentially racial. He exploits the division of the European peoples into Nordics, Alpines, and Mediterraneans, an hypothesis which finds acceptance by the vast majority of anthropologists. Notwithstanding this fact, Mr. Stoddard has been attacked and roundly abused for adhering to this nomenclature. Needless to say he has been attacked not by scientists, but mostly by radicals suffering from inferiority-complex, — members of the anti-Nordic camp.

Around the word "Nordic" there rages a puerile controversy, — the braying of many asses. On the one hand we have a "Nordicult" supported by the Ku Klux Klan and other organs of enlightenment and civilization, and on the other hand a "jewry" which cries, "Guilty, — to the guillotine with all Nordics!" Mr. Stoddard is the storm centre of a controversy not of his making. Whether there actually are three distinct "races" in Europe or not, no one with eyes in his head can deny the existence of three very different types of white human beings; and that the differences and intermixtures of these types is the chief basis of national character in Europe is certainly a tenable hypothesis. Mr. Stoddard has offended some critics by his apparent dogmatism. They overlook the fact that he has written a popular book, not a scientific treatise, and that he has purposely left out those qualifying phrases and the footnotes which would confuse and bore the average reader.

THE MONGOL IN OUR MIDST (E. P. Dutton, $1.00), by Francis Graham Crookshank, advances the most startling anthropological hypothesis of the century. I shall not discuss Dr. Crookshank's book at length, for I am sure that no one can read his article in the present number of THE FORUM without wanting to read his longer work. In the book itself Dr. Crookshank marshalls a simply astounding mass of facts to support his hypothesis. Throughout his work, between the lines, we sense the moderation, the greatness of the true scientist. Should his hypothesis withstand the investigation, research, and dissection to which it will inevitably be subjected, should it serve as the basis for all future anthropological advances, it will rank as one of the greatest scientific achievements of our times.

W. P.

To insure more facile reading, as so many volumes are mentioned in Mr. Dale Warren's review of travel books, the prices and publishers' names were purposely omitted. Below are listed some of the most recent publications.

A SPRING WALK IN PROVENCE
(Dodd, Mead, $3.50)

THE LOST KINGDOM OF BURGUNDY
(Century, $4.00)

FRENCH TRAITS
(Scribner's, $2.00)

ALONG THE PYRENEES
(Bobbs, Merrill, $4.00)

MARTYRED TOWNS OF FRANCE
(Putnam, $3.50)

A WANDERER IN PARIS
(Macmillan, $3.00)

AS IT IS IN ENGLAND
(McBride, $2.50)

A THREAD OF ENGLISH ROAD
(Harcourt, Brace, $3.00)

THE AUTHORS' THAMES
(Brentano's, $4.50)

ENGLISH HOURS
(Houghton, Mifflin, $2.00)

THE LONDON OF CHARLES DICKENS
(Doran, $6.00)

A LOITERER IN LONDON
(Doran, $5.00)

THE THREE FOUNTAINS
(Scribner's, $2.00)

IN AND OUT OF FLORENCE
(Henry Holt, $2.50)

GONDOLA DAYS
(Houghton, Mifflin, $2.50)

WITH SHELLEY IN ITALY
(McClurg, $3.00)

GRECIAN ITALY
(Boni and Liveright, $3.00)

THE AWAKENING OF ITALY
(Doran, $4.50)

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TODOR ALEXANDROFF

The Macedonian leader, victim of recent "Pistol Shots in the Balkans", from a photograph taken only two weeks before his assassination

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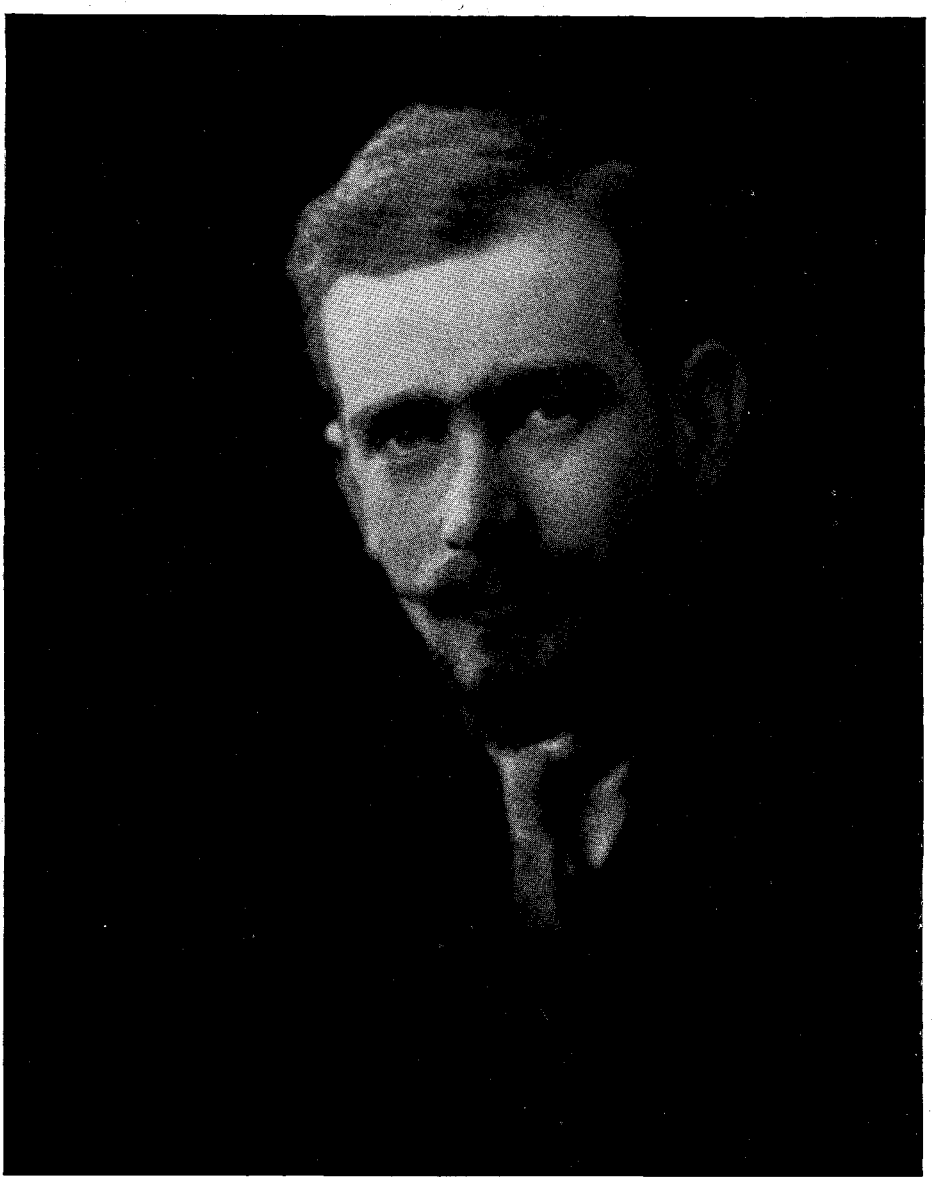

RICHARD HUGHES

British dramatist, who is now in America arranging for the New York production of one of his plays

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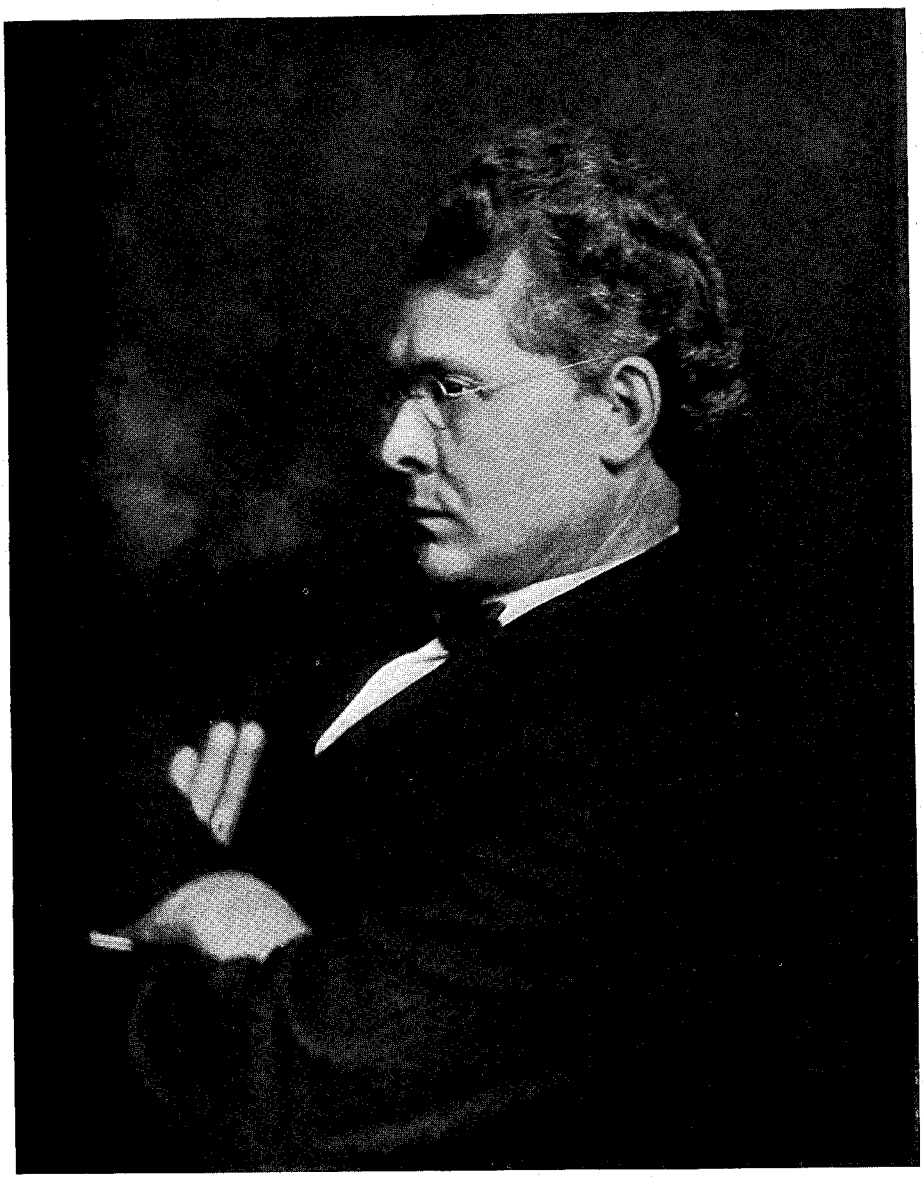

ALFRED VANCE CHURCHILL

Professor of the History and Interpretation of Art at Smith College, director of the Hillyer Art Gallery

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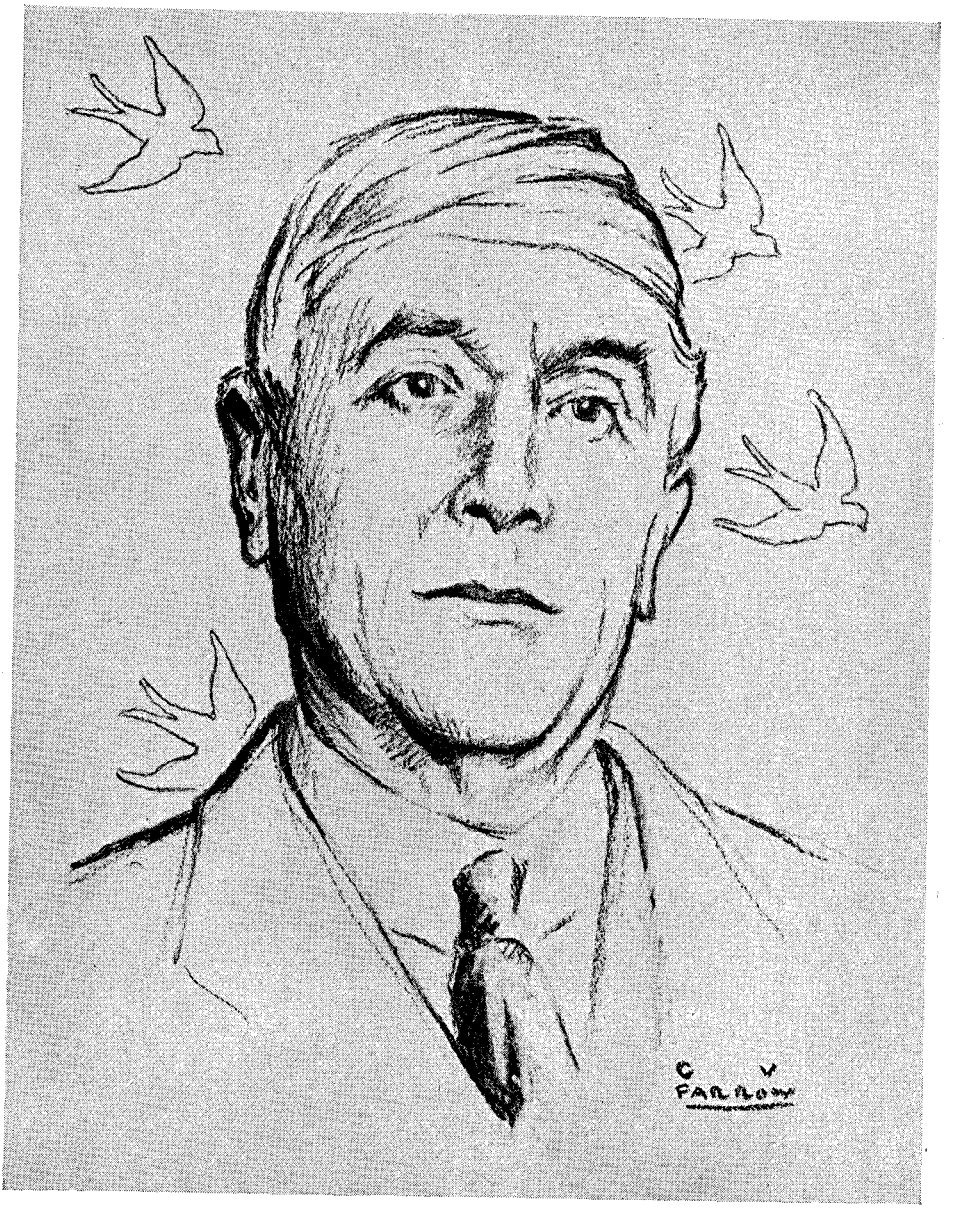

MAURICE MAETERLINCK

The author of The Blue Bird *and* The Life of the Bee, *who contributes the Answer of Egypt to* THE FORUM'S *"What is Civilization?" series*

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PABLO PICASSO

The brilliant Spanish painter, who founded the school of Cubism, and one of whose abstract paintings is the subject of the present FORUM *debate*

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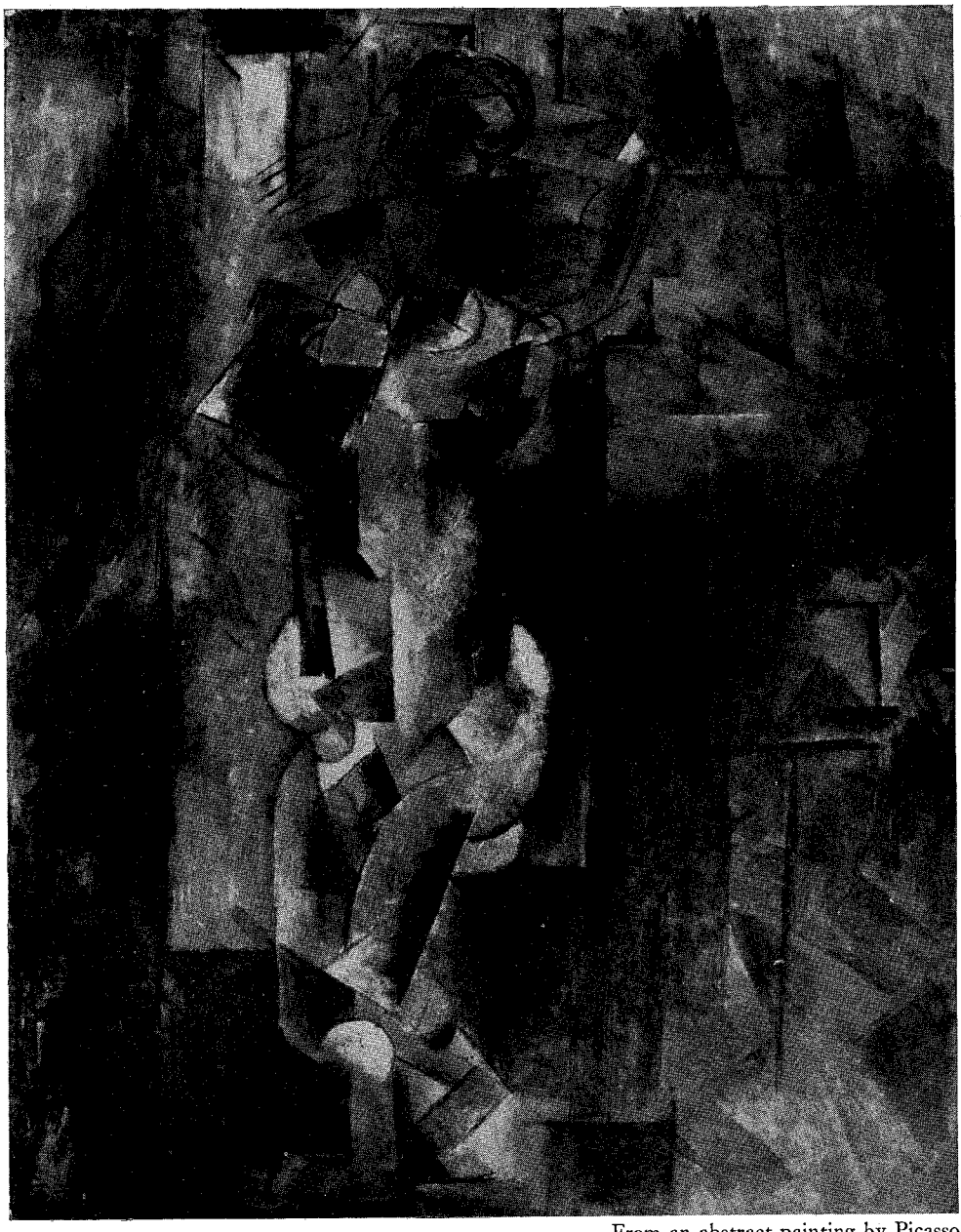

From an abstract painting by Picasso

Is This Art?

We have learned to whittle the Eden Tree to the shape of a surplice peg,
We have learned to bottle our parents twain in the yelk of an addled egg.
We know that the tail must wag the dog, for the horse is drawn by the cart,
But the devil whoops, as he whooped of old; it's clever, but is it art?

— Rudyard Kipling

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